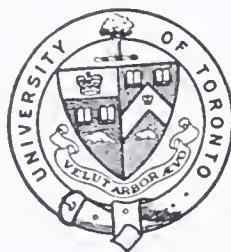


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LIFE OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY  
THE QUEEN.







LIFE OF  
OUR MOST GRACIOUS MARY, S<sup>r</sup> -  
THE QUEEN.





LIFE OF  
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

# THE QUEEN

BY  
SARAH TYTLER

*EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY*

LORD RONALD GOWER, F.S.A.

VOL III.

TORONTO  
VIRTUE & COMPANY, 10½ ADELAIDE STREET EAST.

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# QUEEN VICTORIA.

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## CHAPTER I.

HOUSE-WARMING OF THE GLASSALT SHIEL.—VISIT TO INVERTROSSACHS.—OPENING OF BLACK-FRIARS BRIDGE.—DEATH OF CHARLES DICKENS.—THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.—ARRIVAL OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH IN ENGLAND.

IN October, 1868, the Queen was at Balmoral, from which she drove to the Glassalt Shiel, in order to spend her first night in the little lodge she had built on Loch Muich. It had been a favourite project with the Prince Consort to have such a summer retreat “in the wilds” in the heart of the mountains, and the Queen preferred to have the house here rather than at Altnaguithasach, where the couple had been often together. She describes with pleasure the different comforts and conveniences of what was a veritable little rustic sheiling to her. She goes on to tell of the old Scotch custom of “the house-warming,” to a version of which she had readily consented, in order to give pleasure to her companions. The little dining-room was cleared of its furniture, and five animated reels were danced to the music of the pipes. The dancers included all present, save the Queen, and ranged from Princess Louise and Prince Arthur and Lady Churchill to the cooks and the housemaids, the stableman, and the policeman who did duty at night. The Queen drank to the “house-kindling” in the whisky toddy which was handed round, and Grant the keeper made a speech, wishing the mistress of the house long life. Cheers in the Highland fashion, one foot on the table, or the chair, if the table was not to be had, and the glasses waved over the heads of the men who cheered, accompanied the drinking of Her Majesty’s health. She praises “the merry, pretty little ball,” which ended at a quarter-past eleven, and has no objection to the singing in the steward’s room afterwards; she was out of hearing, and it was a sign of the happiness of the party. As for herself, there was the pensive recollection of the happy past, and of the husband

whom she fancied she must see, together with the thought that this “was the first *widow’s house*, not built by him or hallowed by his memory.” But there was consolation in the conviction that she was sure his blessing rested on it, and on those who lived in it.

Various Highland practices and rites interested the Queen, and she was not only present at them, but recorded how much struck she was by their picturesqueness and impressed by their simple solemnity. She witnessed a sheep-juicing, or dipping in a trough full of water, mixed with soap and tobacco. Another year she saw the still more imposing performance of sheep-clipping, when the sheep are stripped of their fleeces. At Balmoral the performance, which in the Lowlands is accomplished by men, was undertaken by women. After the shepherds had caught the penned-in sheep, and tied their legs together, women sitting in half-circles, and armed with sheep-shears, held the struggling animals between their knees, and clipped off the heavy wool.

The Queen graced the rural christenings, or “Kirstenens,” in the families of her retainers, specially if the child to be baptised received the name of “Victoria” when a girl, or of “Albert” when a boy.

This sacrament of baptism which the Church of Scotland was wont to hold, and is holding again, in the parish kirks, was, on the occasions cited by the Queen, celebrated in the houses of the parents, a custom which prevailed for a number of years, till zealous Presbyterians procured a return to the older mode of conducting the service. Her Majesty admired the Scotch form of baptism, and thought it “most appropriate, touching, and impressive”: the little friendly gathering, the clergyman in the midst (with or without his Geneva gown), the prayers, which include a thanksgiving for “a living mother and a living child,” the verses explanatory of the rite, the questions to the father, the natural sponsor, whether he pledges himself to bring up the child till it reaches the years of discretion, in Christian knowledge and Christian duty, the child put into his arms by the mother or a female relative and friend, and held up to receive the sprinkling with water at the hands of God’s servant, and with it the name it is thenceforth to bear; then follow the solemn “I baptise thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,” the blessing of the child, and the blessing of the assembly. The Queen could respond to all, and to the general congratulations, in the course of which she offered her present, kissed the baby, tasted the refreshments of oat cakes and whisky, in which she as well as the others drank to the health of the mother and the child.

In 1869, the Queen was at Balmoral in August. An aged “cottar,” whom Her

Majesty had known since her first coming to Balmoral, was dying of dropsy. Over and over again the Queen visited the sick woman, carrying to her such comforts as she could bestow. When all was over the Queen went to the house of Death, and saw her old friend in her shroud on her bier. Her face looked peaceful in her usual cap, and on her feet were the socks which the Queen had given her two days before. The ties which bound the Queen to these primitive country people, living their homely lives within a stone's throw of her gates, were very close and tender.

In the following month of September, the Queen varied the circumstances of her stay in the Highlands by borrowing the house of Invertrossachs from Mr. and Lady Emily Maenaghten, and staying there for ten days. Happily the weather was fine for the most part, and the rheumatic or neuralgic illness which her expeditions provoked did not disable her till the close of her stay. She had time to become intimately acquainted with the charming landscape, in which Ben Ledi, Ben Venue, Ben An, Ben Voirlieh, and Ben Lomond, with the Lochs Katrine, Lomond, Vennachar, Achray, Menteith, etc., etc., are conspicuous features.

Around her lay "the broomy braes of Teith," with the ruined Castle of Doune, from the battlements of which were seen the gibbets on which James I. hung his innocent cousins, the sons of his treacherous uncle, the Duke of Albany; the proscribed Macgregor's country, from the Braes of Balquhidder to Glengyle, with the grave of Rob Roy himself; the Lake of Menteith, and its islets; Ellen's Isle, the spot where Snowdon's knight lost his gallant grey; and the pass where he fought his duel with Roderick vich Alpine. Grand as were the Swiss Mountains with which the Queen had recently become acquainted, they were not so near her heart as her Scotch Bens, far inferior in height, but blooming purple in heather, and rich in memories of her Stuart ancestors, from "the Laird of Ballingeich," who was *not* "King in Kippen," to the royal child, Mary, with her four noble child Maries, kept for safety in the island refuge of Inchmahome, in the Lake of Menteith, where the children's gardens are still to be traced. The Queen says of Scotland, with affectionate partiality, "I prefer it greatly to Switzerland, magnificent and glorious as the scenery of that country is."

In the little steamer *Rob Roy* she sailed up Loch Katrine, and landed on "Ellen's Isle." On another day she drove by "the Braes of Balquhidder," and stood at the grave of Rob Roy and Helen Macgregor. On a third expedition, she sailed up Loch Lomond, sketching when she could, and drove back by the Trossachs.

The Queen had with her, for the first time in such circumstances, her twelve-year-old daughter, Princess Beatrice. Her governess was left behind, and she was promoted

for the occasion to be, like Princess Louise, her mother's companion. Girl-like, she keenly enjoyed—the Queen sympathising with the enjoyment—the promotion, whether it consisted in riding on her pony by the side of her mother's pony, driving and sailing with the grown-up people, or sitting up to share their dinner, or taking her part in reading the Sunday's lessons with the Queen and Princess Louise. More than eight years had passed since the death of the husband and father—all of us, poor mortals, must learn to bow “before the Awful Will,” and “bear it with a reverent heart.” The Queen was a contented woman again, gratefully conscious of the many strong and kindly ties which bound her to earth, fit for wholesome work and innocent pleasure; but who that has ever sounded the depths of sorrow, can fail to perceive or can wish away the minor chord that runs through, deepens, and in a sense, sanctifies all, “the wistful longing, the fond regret, the faithful, ever-present remembrance!” “Very melancholy and yet sweet were my feelings,” writes the Queen, “when I landed” (on “Ellen's Isle”), “and found on the path some of the same white pebbles which my dearest Albert picked up, and had made into a bracelet for me. I picked up and carried off a handful myself.” Again, on Loch Lomond, “we went at once on board the fine steamer *Prince Consort* (a pleasant idea that dear name should have carried his poor little wife, alas! a widow, and children, on their first sail on this beautiful lake, which he went to see in 1847).” Always the “How he would have admired it! How he would have enjoyed it!” with sometimes the patient and half-wondering little moan, “Could it be that such happiness was to return in this world never, never more!”

There are those whose experience has been limited to summer days, who are impatient of the softest echoes of grief, and would have characters and histories as Queen Elizabeth would have had her portraits, without shadows. But surely even they may comprehend something of the uses of adversity, and of that “chastening” which helped to make Queen Victoria the good, true woman, tender to the core, the memory of whom and of her great love and loss will survive throughout the generations.

In November, 1869, the Queen reappeared in state in the City, after her long absence. She came out of her retirement accompanied by her youngest son, Prince Leopold, and her younger daughters, Princess Louise, and Princess Beatrice, for the double purpose of opening Blackfriars Bridge and the Holborn Viaduct, her carriage being the first to cross the bridge and traverse the Viaduct after they were declared open. The streets were densely crowded, and she was received with a perfect ovation of welcome by her loyal citizens on her reappearance among them—yet many eyes, especially those of the foreigners in the throng, marvelled to see her still

in widow's mourning, while her servants wore black bands on their sleeves, 1870 began peacefully enough. On the 11th of May, the Queen opened the building erected for the University of London, which had been doing its work since the year of her accession. She was accompanied by her younger children, and received by Earl Granville and the historian, Mr. Grote. The impressive figure, as if cut in ebony, of the Hindoo, Baboo Keshub Shundar Sen, was conspicuous in the audience. When the words, "I declare the building opened," were audibly spoken, the silver trumpets sounded and the ceremony was concluded.

In the course of the spring, General Grey, loved and trusted both by the Queen and the Prince Consort, died. His death caused a blank not easily filled in the household.

On the 6th of June, 1870, a death was lamented far and near, above all wherever the English language was spoken. It was that of the people's novelist, Charles Dickens. High and low, though not to an equal extent, fell under his spell; yet it is a little difficult at the present moment to realise fully what he was to his contemporaries. The habits and tone of middle and lower class life which he has described with astonishing minuteness and no little humour, have grown a little antiquated. The very language which he puts into the mouths of some of his best-known characters\* has largely passed away. We have had time to recognise the faults of his style—his mannerisms, his exaggeration and tendency to caricature when he pushed comedy into farce, and was so sentimental in his minor tragedies as to convert pathos into bathos. But when he wrote first, his work was a revelation. He preached eloquently on the text that nothing is common or unclean. There might be found, by those who knew how to seek for them, in the quiet homely landscape of rural England, inexhaustible freshness and picturesqueness. Beneath the simple, common, even vulgar or sordid surface of ordinary life, there was wealth untold of generosity and tenderness, common-sense and racy wit brimming over with fun. No class could resist the charm of finding the world so much richer than they had imagined. The special classes he painted successfully, saw their individual portraits taken with pleased delight, and as their numbers were legion they swelled the brimming tide of his popularity, which has hardly abated to this day. There are few alive who can remember the sensation created by the publication of the earlier *Waverley Novels*, but for every reader Sir Walter Scott possessed, Dickens had scores and hundreds. It remains to be seen, however, whether the later author will stand the test of time to the extent which has been done by his great predecessor.

\* The language of the *Wellers*, father and son, proves the statement.

Born near Portsmouth in 1812, Dickens' progress after he had overcome the hardships likely to be encountered by the son of a poor man with the propensities of Mr. Micawber, was little short of a triumphal march. His keenness of observation, and unique talents and energy, made way for him everywhere, till from a newspaper reporter he established his footing on the steps of various journals and magazines, and commenced to tilt passionately at social abuses, and at the same time to call forth peals of hearty laughter by the drollery with which he seasoned his attack, until he burst forth in one of his masterpieces, the "Pickwick Papers." When both fame and fortune were secured, "Nicholas Nickleby," "The Old Curiosity Shop," "Barnaby Rudge," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "David Copperfield" followed in rapid succession and were devoured by voracious multitudes. Everybody read, everybody quoted, Dickens—not to know Sam Weller, Squeers and John Browdie, little Nell and her grandfather, Joe Willet and the host of the Maypole, Dolly Varden, Dick Swiveller, the Marchioness and Sally Brass, Mark Tapley, Ruth Pinch and her brother, Barkis and Peggotty and Miss Betsy Trotwood, was to let oneself sink into the depths of humiliating ignorance and mental starvation. With "Dombey & Son," in spite of Cap'n Cuttle, and especially with "Little Dorrit" and "Bleak House," the stream began to flow in a more forced and artificial manner; the veins of human nature and genuine humour exposed to view were less precious and more fantastic. Occasionally there were splendid exceptions to the gradual deterioration, as in some of the Christmas Stories, and in the "Tale of Two Cities," when Dickens's dramatic power reached its highest level. This dramatic power was unquestionably a strong element in his genius, whether as an author, or in the amateur acting which was his delight, but it sometimes led him into the production of extreme contrasts and violent effects. In the last years of his life, when he was figuring before the public as editor, author, actor, reader, the instinct tempted him to replace failing imagination and failing health of body and mind, by painfully elaborate plots and desperately ingenious mysteries which were not worthy of the prime of his art. His "American Notes," "Italian Pictures," and "Child's History of England," showed him, in spite of his many and great gifts, incapable of any breadth of view in the present, or sympathetic insight into the past.

The Queen, like her subjects, admired and enjoyed Dickens, but her intercourse with him was exceedingly limited, while her intercourse with Thackeray may be said to have been nil. Thackeray's wittily sarcastic strictures on "the Four Georges" offended her sense of kinship with her ancestors, yet the tender reverence with which he treated good old King George III. in his double affliction, together with Thackeray's cordial

appreciation of the virtues of George III.'s daughters, indeed of virtue wherever he could realise it, might have disarmed her natural displeasure. For the Queen herself, Thackeray, of all men, would have been the first to experience and express unbounded loyalty and heartfelt homage.

What stood between Dickens and any personal display of the Queen's regard for the worshipped author was not so much his manly independence, as a certain touchy vanity and restive self-consciousness which distinguished and did something to spoil the man. When Wilkie Collins's play "The Frozen Deep" was acted by Dickens and his amateur company in 1857, the Queen expressed a wish that he should play it before her and her court at Windsor. This Dickens declined to do, but invited her to come with her friends and witness a private performance of the play. The Queen accepted the invitation, and sent Dickens "kind words of praise," asking him to come round to her box and receive her thanks in person. Dickens begged respectfully to be excused on account of his stage dress. The Queen repeated her request, saying his dress could not appear so ridiculous; but he would not yield. In the following year the Queen wished him to read the "Christmas Carol" to her, but he evaded the gracious intimation on the ungracious plea that he must have an audience to his reading, so that he could only beg Her Majesty to make one of an audience.

In 1870, learning through the friendly intervention of Sir Arthur Helps (Clerk to the Council, himself an eminent author), that Her Majesty would like to see the engravings of the battlefields in the American Civil War which Dickens collected, he had the grace to send them to Windsor. The Queen again asked him to come and receive her personal thanks, and this time he made no objection. She expressed her regret that she had not heard him read, and praised his performance in "The Frozen Deep." In fact, she smoothed the ruffled plumes of the morbidly sensitive author. She begged copies of his works, and gave him "Leaves from her Journal in the Highlands," with an autograph inscription. It was on this occasion she made the remark that the humblest of authors would be ashamed to offer her book to one of the greatest, but that Mr. Helps (he was not Sir Arthur then), having been asked to give the volume to Mr. Dickens, had said he, Mr. Dickens, would value it most from her own hands.

Afterwards Dickens went once to Court, to attend a levee, while one of his daughters was presented at a drawing-room—an acknowledgment of social rank at which one is tempted to think he had been aiming all the time. Charles Dickens died rather suddenly at his place in Kent, Gad's Hill, and was buried among the illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey.

In 1870 the Franco-Prussian War convulsed France, and not Germany, as its originator had intended. Louis Napoleon was harassed by a sense of the instability of his throne. The traditions of his house pointed to what might be its best safeguard, in flattering a susceptible people with the dream of military glory. It was rather in order to prolong and confirm his dynasty than from restless ambition or craving greed for fresh territory, that he went seeking laurels in Italy, on the battlefields of Magenta and Solferino, founding an empire in Mexico, and at last disturbing the frontier of Germany. The Germans rose as one man to guard their beloved Rhine. Their forces, their very Landwehr, constituted substantial and stubborn facts, against which the army of France, great on paper, but, in spite of many a gallant spirit in its ranks, a delusion and a snare, found itself most unequally matched. It was really lacking lamentably, both in solidity and in training. It was the evil fruit of a corrupt government and a fraudulent administration.

Both of the Queen's sons-in-law, the Crown Prince of Prussia and Prince Louis of Hesse, were engaged in the war, happily on the same side this time. The loss on the part of the French, of the Battle of Sedan, was followed by the far more bitter and irreparable defeat, when Marshal Bazaine surrendered the strong fortress of Metz to the enemy. His division of the army marched out prisoners of war, the Emperor of the French was himself a prisoner, and the road to Paris was left open to the Germans. The end had come with inconceivable rapidity, for though Paris stood the horrors of a siege, it was hopeless from the beginning.

The Empress Eugénie was the first of the family to take refuge in England, as the Orleans family had done twenty-two years before. The Prince Imperial followed in September, coming from Belgium; and the Emperor arrived when he was released from his detention at the country house of Wilhelmshöhe, near Gotha.

The Emperor and Empress, with their son, resided at Chislehurst, and there the Queen received and returned visits from them—the Emperor coming in great privacy to Windsor—the whole circumstances in striking contrast to those of his former visits. The Bonaparte family were not like the Orleans family, connected with the Queen by many links of kindred, neither were they, as their predecessors in exile were, and as she herself was, the descendants of a long line of kings; but they had been Her Majesty's allies and friends. No doubt the armies of Germany, in which she had so deep an interest, had been recently fighting against the foreign invaders in a struggle when, if France had been victorious, as the credulous world had been inclined to expect, Germany would have been robbed and insulted. In addition, the Queen could have no sympathy

with Louis Napoleon's political views. But she did not forget either the obligations of former friendly intercourse or the claims due to misfortune. She treated the Emperor with earnest courtesy and anxious consideration for the feelings of others. For the Empress and the Prince Imperial, she always showed kindly regard. Farther she could not go, with due respect to France, as distinct from its Emperor.

What added to the pain and awkwardness, and to the distress of the situation to all concerned, was the deplorable state of the Emperor's health, attended as it was by great bodily suffering. Seen accidentally close at hand, when alighting from a drive with the Empress, in order to make an incognito, impromptu visit to the Crystal Palace on an ordinary shilling day, he has been described as in reality receiving from his wife's arm, which rested in his, the support he appeared to be lending to her as he walked with tottering steps down the nave. He was a little man, like his great uncle, and his whole aspect was rather that of a cadaverous corpse than of a living man. He seemed incapable of realising the attention he excited, or of replying, as he drove off, to the salutes and intermittent, half-muffled cheers, which were more of a generous tribute to his past compact with England and to his present reverses than of faith in the man and admiration for him. The Empress did duty for both, bowing formally from side to side, as she had been accustomed to do, with the set smile on her beautiful face which only served to increase the haggardness that recent events had imparted to it.

In the meantime, Germany was offering its Imperial Crown to the King of Prussia, when he lay with his victorious army at Versailles. The terms of peace between Germany and France were being settled. These included a heavy indemnity to be paid by France, with the cession on her part of Strasburg, Alsace, Metz, and a part of Lorraine. The claim upon Belfort was renounced, in consideration of the compliance of France with the hardest stipulation of all—the march of the German troops through Paris as far as the Arc de Triomphe. The very Germans showed no exultation on the march—from the sight of which Frenchmen withdrew in pent-up rage and an agony of shame. The horrors of the Commune were yet to come, when the beautiful capital fell into the hands of the fiercest, most sanguinary of demagogues, who turned upon and rent her, burning, ravaging, and slaying till the aid of the Germans had to be called in to save the city from utter destruction.

## CHAPTER II.

THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS LOUISE.—ILLNESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—PUBLIC THANKSGIVING.—DEATH OF DR. NORMAN MACLEOD, ETC., ETC.

THE death of the Queen's physician, Sir James Clarke, at Bagshot, in 1870, was the severance of another of those ties to the past which time breaks inevitably ; but, in the case of one of high estate and far-reaching connections, more impressively than where humbler individuals are concerned.

The great doctor was an old man, eighty-two years of age. He was a Scotchman by birth, and his long career was singularly varied. He had studied in Aberdeen and Edinburgh, where he had taken his diploma. He had been a naval surgeon for six years. He had travelled much, and settled in Rome, where he practised his profession for eight years. Removing to London, he brought out two medical works highly approved of by the faculty. As in the case of Baron Stockmar, it was to Prince Leopold (afterwards King of the Belgians), who had appointed Clarke his physician in 1824, that he first owed his connection with the English Court. In 1835 he was named physician to the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria, who was then a girl of sixteen. From that time to this, a period of five-and-thirty years, he had been on the most intimate terms, invested with all the influence and authority which is the due of a trusted physician. He had watched over the Queen's health and wellbeing since the days of her girlhood ; he had attended her children in every illness, great and small ; he had stood by the dying beds of the Duchess of Kent and the Prince Consort. It was difficult for any other physician to be to the Queen what Sir James Clarke had been. In some respects, his place could not be refilled.

When the Court was at Balmoral, on the 3rd of October, 1870, Princess Louise plighted her troth to the Marquis of Lorne, eldest son of the Duke of Argyle. The affair had been pending with the Queen's knowledge and approval for some time. The decisive words were spoken amidst the most romantic surroundings (as when the Crown Prince





of Prussia gave the tuft of white heather to the Princess Royal), in a walk between the Glassalt Shiel and the Dhu Loch, when the lovers were chaperoned by Lady Ely and no less a personage than the Lord Chancellor for the time being (Hatherley). It was very long since an English princess had married a subject, though English princes had been less fastidious. One had to go beyond the Georges, beyond the Stuarts in England, as far back as the earlier Tudors, to find a precedent. But the Queen, though loth to lose a daughter, was content with the family and the character of the future bridegroom.

In 1871 the Queen again opened Parliament in person, when the approaching marriage of Princess Louise was announced in the speech read by the Lord Chancellor. The wedding was to be celebrated at Windsor, where, for the first time since the death of the Prince Consort (indeed, the practice had been intermittent on many previous occasions), the Queen spent the anniversary of her marriage-day.

Dr. Guthrie has a lively and graphic account of the marriage, on the 21st of March (during Lent), of the Princess Louise, to which he was summoned. Every honour was done to Scotland, when "Macallumore" appeared in full Highland costume, and the bride's travelling wrap was of Campbell tartan. After describing *con amore* St. George's Chapel, with its Knights of the Garter's stalls, swords, and banners, Dr. Guthrie goes on to say of the seats—the stalls:—"Fill these seats four deep with ladies, nobles, and gentlemen, in all manner of brilliant costumes, and throw the sunbeams in, as they came streaming down that day on my side of the choir, turning diamond wreaths and coronets into living, flashing beams of light, and you will then have some idea of the scene St. George's offered to my admiration.

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"Drums roll, bugles sound, the organ puts forth all its power and pipes, and everybody says to himself, 'Now appear the Queen.' Gold Stick and Silver Stick, tabarded heralds, and Garter, all in cloth of gold, walking backwards with admirable dexterity (art here conquering nature). Then enters Majesty herself. All the house on foot, down goes every head, and bent is every back as she sails magnificently up the passage, bowing now to the right hand, now to the left. . . . I had no eyes for any but the mother and daughter. The song, 'There's nae luck about the hoose,' describes my feelings in the line, 'In troth I'm like to greet.' I thought of the Prince Consort that day, sleeping in his tomb; of my kind friend, the Duchess of Sutherland, and how happy she had been had she lived, to see her grandson standing at the altar with that fair royal maid. It was a most touching sight, to see the widowed Queen, with her heart in her husband's grave,

taking the place of the dead, and leading up her daughter to the marriage altar ; and, to the credit of humanity in high places be it said, other eyes than mine were wet.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had never seen the Queen before, except for a brief moment, on a cold day, as she sat wrapped up in her carriage at Ballater, when passing on to Balmoral. Here, on the wedding day, she was radiant with smiles bright as the diamonds of the tiara on her head. The broad blue riband of St. George, crossing one shoulder, passed over her breast ; some grand orders there, and a brilliant piece of diamond jewellery. It was wonderful to see, little and stout as she is, what majesty and dignity were in her port. . . . Victoria really looked every inch a Queen. The habit of command has stamped majesty on her brow and bearing.

“ I saw in this woman also the majesty of law. . . . It was wonderful to see one, herself physically weaker than any man in that room, receiving the homage of all as their sovereign ; in whose presence all stood uncovered ; before whom, as she advanced up that choir, with no armed men at her back, not even a crown on her head, all heads were bowed. She was there the embodiment of Law *versus* License, of Order *versus* Misrule, and it was wonderful to think that as such, a hundred thousand swords would leap from their scabbards, to obey that little woman’s orders, and defend her person and her throne.”

Dr. Guthrie saw the Queen again in the White Drawing-room, when, along with other guests, he waited for luncheon being served in the Waterloo Gallery. He was talking to Mr. Theodore Martin, when, as he says, “ I saw a movement ahead of me—a moving of the waters, as it were. Behold, the Queen had come to see the guests. I was reminded of the parable of the marriage feast. She was sweeping rapidly along inside of the oval figure into which the two hundred guests had opened, as if her entrance had been the discharge of a *mitrailleuse* in the crowd, and was on the outside of the oval, with four or five deep between Her Majesty and me. As she marched along, she bowed in passing, carrying a handkerchief in one hand ; she gave to those she specially noticed a rapid wave with the other. She had almost finished the circle, when I saw, as she raised her head and looked round, that her eye had caught me. She must have known me, probably from the photographs.” (The good Doctor was a notable figure, tall enough to warrant the pet name of “ Long Tam,” applied to him, in all respect and affection, by the populace of Edinburgh, with whom he was a deserved favourite. He had a finely-cut, thin, marked face, from which fell back waves of snow-white hair.) “ She immediately turned to Lord Lorne, whispering in his ear. He looked in my direction, and I saw that

after a little, he also discovered me. On this he spoke to her, and immediately, attended by him, the Queen swept across the open space, and came right up to us. I had by this time a pretty clear idea of what was to happen, but, like a 'canny Scot,' gave no sign. The Marquis, with a very audible voice, as he stood by the Queen, called out 'Dr. Guthrie,' and then, to be sure, a lane was made in the ranks before me, and, stepping forward, while Her Majesty said something I could not catch, I recalled on a sudden the facings of the dancing-school (where I very unwillingly went through my 'steps' fifty years ago), and made what I thought a very handsome bow."

Princess Louise was twenty-three, Lord Lorne twenty-six years of age. They have a suite of rooms in Kensington Palace for their London residence.

In March, 1871, the Queen opened the Albert Hall, expressing her satisfaction with the building, and in June she opened St. Thomas's Hospital.

In the course of the summer there was a slight renewal of the murmuring at Her Majesty's non-appearance in society—an ill-timed grudge, as her health was less good than usual. When she paid her customary visit to Balmoral she was suffering to a trying extent from sore throat with swelling of the glands. However, she was able before she left to be present on the 13th of November at Crathie Church, on the "Sacrament Sunday." She was greatly struck with the scene, and has described with graphic simplicity and reverent sympathy what is not, as a rule, familiar to the English public.

"A very bright morning, with deep snow. At twelve o'clock I went to the kirk with my two ladies (the Duchess of Roxburgh and Lady Ely), Lord Bridport being also in attendance. At the end of the sermon began the service of the Communion, which is most touching and beautiful, and impressive, and moved me much more than I can express. I shall never forget it. The appearance of the kirk was very striking, with the 'tables,' in the cross seats on either side facing the pulpit, covered with a white cloth. Neither Brown, though he came with us, nor any of our Scotch servants, sat behind us, as usual, but all below, as everyone does who intends taking the Sacrament at the 'first table,' a table also covered with a white cloth, and placed in front of the middle pew, directly facing the pulpit. The service was the same as that on ordinary Sundays, until after the sermon, excepting that every psalm and prayer had reference to the Lord's Supper, and the sermon was on the *perfect obedience of the Son* (Hebrews ii. 10). The prayer after the sermon was very short, after which Dr. Taylor delivered an address from the pulpit, in which he very beautifully invited all true penitents to receive the communion, the hardened sinner alone to abstain. It was done

in a very kind and encouraging tone. Dr. Taylor adopted part of one of the English prayers, only shortened and simplified. . . . After this address, 'the Feneing of the Tables,'\* as it is called, the minister came down to the small table in front of the pulpit, where he stood with the assistant minister and the elders on either side, and while the 35th Psalm was being sung the elders brought in the elements and placed them on the tables, viz., the bread cut into small pieces on two large plates lined with napkins, and the wine in four large silver cups. The minister then read the words of the institution of the Lord's Supper, from 1 Corinthians xi. 23, and this was followed by a short but very impressive prayer of consecration.

"This done, he handed the bread first, and then the wine right and left to the elders, Francis Leys (Brown's uncle), Symon, 'the merchant,' Hunter, and Dr. Robertson, to dispense; himself giving both to one or two people nearest to him who were in the middle pew, where the Thomsons all sit generally, and in which on this occasion were old Donald Stewart and his wife (eighty-six and eighty-one, looking so nice and venerable), the young Donald Stewarts, the Thomsons, old Mr. and Mrs. Brown (he eighty-one, and very much bent, and she seventy-one †). Old John Brown and old Donald Stewart wore large plaids; old Smith of Kintore was likewise in this pew. The bread was then reverently eaten and the wine drunk, sitting, each person passing it the one to the other; the cup being replaced by each on the table before them after they had partaken of the wine, and then the elders carried it on to the next pews in which there were tables, until all those in that portion of the church prepared for the Lord's Supper had communicated. After which the elders replaced the elements on the table before the minister, who delivered a short address of thankfulness and exhortation. He then gave out the 103rd Psalm, which was sung while the communicants were leaving the tables, to be occupied in turn by others.

"We left after this. It would indeed be impossible to say how deeply we were

\* In the stormy days of Scotch Calvinism, especially among a Celtic population, this office was often discharged with such austerity, that many of the parishioners—by no means the most ungodly or loose living—abstained habitually from "taking the Sacrament" in terror, lest they should make what was called "an unworthy approach to the Lord's Table."

† The first table is usually appropriated by the aged and invalided; at the same time there is a strong feeling that the communicants should "go up" to the tables in families. The Scotch communion is not what is denominated an "open communion," free to all comers. Any man or woman intending to join in the sacrament must first have procured, personally or through the head of the household, from the minister, or from one of the elders, a "token," mostly a small numbered piece of lead with the parish church stamped on one side. This is a sign that he or she is known to the ecclesiastical authorities as a Christian of reputable life, therefore admissible to the sacred rite. The tokens are given up to the elders in attendance as the communicants prepare to be seated at the tables.

impressed by the grand simplicity of the service. It was all so truly earnest, and no description can do justice to the perfect devotion of the whole assemblage. It was most touching, and I longed much to join in it. To see all these simple good people in their nice plain dresses (including an old woman in a mutch), so many of whom I knew, and some of whom had walked far, old as they were, in the deep snow, was very striking. Almost all our own people were there."

At the close of the month of November, the Queen on her arrival at Windsor received the shock of the intelligence that the Prince of Wales had been attacked by typhoid fever, on his return from a visit to Lord Londesborough at his seat near Scarborough. A fellow guest, the Earl of Chesterfield, had been stricken down with the same malady, to which he quickly succumbed.

When we consider the fact that the much-loved Prince Consort had died of this fever exactly ten years before, that the season and month were the same as those which saw the Prince of Wales prostrated, we can guess the consternation of the nation and the distress of the Queen. She proceeded to Sandringham on the 29th of the month, and was relieved to find the disease progressing favourably, while the Royal patient, in addition to the services of the most skilled physicians—Jenner and Gull, at their head, with their trained nurses—was devotedly watched by the Princess of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Princess Alice, who happened to be on a visit at Sandringham when the illness began.

With her mother's heart comforted and her fears allayed, the Queen returned to Windsor to await the issue. Her presence in a country house with even the smallest suite, and with her share of the business of the country to be transacted, could only occasion complications of trouble and inconvenience. Within a week a dangerous relapse occurred, and the Queen with her younger children were imperatively summoned back to Sandringham.

There had been a conviction in the public mind that the anxious physicians, desirous to the last of sparing Her Majesty's feelings, themselves hoping against hope, and depending on rallies of strength and of the vital power which did not take place, had delayed too long, both in the case of the Duchess of Kent and in that of the Prince Consort, in informing the person chiefly concerned of the imminence of the danger and the probable nearness of death. It is possible that the principal sufferer from the delay took steps to prevent the recurrence of the excess of caution. At least there was no long tarrying in informing the Queen of the change for the worse in the condition of her son, and she set off instantly for Sandringham again. She has given no account of that melancholy journey on the quickly darkening December day when the experience of the past and that of the present blended together in sharp anguish and miserable

apprehension. Those who saw the Royal party start on their journey remarked with commiseration, the downcast looks and starting tears of the young brother and sister, but the Queen mother was beyond any outward sign of emotion. Sandringham reached, brought no diminution of the fears entertained for the Prince. He hovered for many days between life and death. One of his physicians said afterwards that he had heard of men with one foot in the grave, but that the Prince had both his feet in that last resting-place. It would be hard to realise the anxiety and alarm which pervaded the nation. That the Prince, the heir of England, the young head of a family, should at the age of thirty share the fate of his father, still tenderly mourned, who had passed away at a little over forty, was a climax of misfortune for which the country was unprepared, with which it strove, kicking against the pricks. It is a thing to remember to have seen the crowds in the murky winter fogs watching in a solemn hush for the next bulletin to be put up on the Mansion House, to have been in a city house after night-fall when an unusual sound broke on the ear through the subdued traffic, and the windows were thrown up simultaneously in awed affright to ascertain if it could be the boom of the great bell of St. Paul's announcing to the metropolis the death of the son, as it had announced at midnight, but ten years before, the death of the father.

The securities in the money market, with the exception of consols, fell one-half in value in view of the unsettled and adverse circumstances which might attend on what would, in all probability, be a long regency.

Representatives of the press, Her Majesty's messengers, interested inquirers with leisure to gratify their interest, hurried in troops along the quiet country railway to the Norfolk country house and its neighbourhood. All along the road they were met by the same disconsolate faces, the same reluctant tale of "no improvement" of high fever, sleeplessness, breathlessness, increasing weakness, the same kindly words from kindly human hearts moved by the same instinct. How easy it had been to please him, how ready he had been to recognise cheerily, familiar faces, how he had never had any save pleasant words for the small services rendered him. One jolly railway porter would not give up hope. He had suffered from the same fever, some of his mates had been down with it too; one of the maid-servants at Sandringham had been attacked since the Prince was seized. The disease was as common as the crows on the furrows. Why should it go harder with him than with any one else? No, no, let them wait and see—some fine day he would "sing out" for a glass of beer, and then he would be all right. Every post brought accounts of marvellous cures with prescriptions for whose efficacy the writers vouched, urging their application on the Prince.

A form of prayer was drawn up, issued, and used in the churches. The Princess of Wales left her husband's sick room for half an hour to join in the prayers of the congregation in the parish church, pleading that if it were God's will the stricken man might be healed.

Three times the Queen and all the family were sent for to see the Prince die, three times as by a miracle he struggled out of what had appeared the death pangs. As the tenth anniversary of the Prince Consort's death approached a kind of horror took hold of the multitudes hanging upon the wavering breath; surely now at last the end must come. The day was fatal to the family, and the very sound of the date must have echoed like a knell in the Queen's ears. Those who noted the coincidence ominously forgot that the ten years of greater youth on the Prince's side presented an incalculable advantage in a case of rallying from fever. It was not the Prince of Wales of all the members of the Royal family who was to follow his father on the sadly marked 14th of December. A few more years, and there was the death, on the well-remembered anniversary, of the gentle, thoughtful young girl who had nursed the Prince Consort with inexhaustible devotion, and upheld the Queen with wisdom far beyond the daughter's years. Since then she had lived a life involving many cares, sacrifices, and losses. She had been again the faithful nurse in an outbreak of terrible illness. Brought face to face in her girlhood with an overwhelming trust, exposed in her early womanhood to a sore strain of misfortune, worn out before she had attained her prime, it was she who had best earned the rest remaining for the people of God.

On the much-dreaded 14th December, the Prince of Wales instead of giving up the ghost, showed the first faint signs of recovery. These became so marked and confirmed that five days later, on the 19th of the month, Her Majesty was sufficiently reassured to return once more to Windsor. Then, in another week, she wrote a grateful letter—like herself, thanking her people for their sympathy with her in the strait she had been permitted to pass through without further deprivation. "The Queen is very anxious to express her deep sense of the touching sympathy of the whole nation on the occasion of the alarming illness of her dear son, the Prince of Wales. The universal feeling showed by her people during those painful and terrible days, and the sympathy evinced by them with herself and her beloved daughter, the Princess of Wales, as well as the general joy at the improvement in the Prince of Wales's state, have made a deep and lasting impression on her heart which can never be effaced. . . . The Queen wishes to express, at the same time, on the part of the Princess of Wales, her feelings of heartfelt gratitude, for she has been as deeply touched as the Queen, by the good

and universal manifestation of loyalty and sympathy. The Queen cannot conclude without expressing her hope that her faithful subjects will continue their prayers to God for the complete recovery of her dear son to health."

Soon the Prince of Wales was convalescent and able to drive out. In his first drive, accompanied by the Princess, the carriage was made to stop at the door of a cottage for the purpose of inquiring into the condition of the maid-servant who, like her master, had fallen a victim to the fever. The Prince was ordered abroad in order that he might have the benefit of a milder climate for the spring months. Before his going the solemn ceremony of a thanksgiving in St. Paul's was to be celebrated, when all England was startled by a wanton, merciless crime, committed by a felon of the lowest type, on a high official in the Queen's Eastern dominions. Richard Southwell Bourke, Earl of Mayo, Governor-General of India, was assassinated when on a visit of inspection to the convict settlement on the Andaman Islands. His career had been that of an able and highly-esteemed statesman on the Conservative side in politics. Born in Dublin in 1822, educated at Trinity College there, Secretary of State for Ireland under more than one administration, in 1868, he was gazetted Governor-General of India, where he performed his onerous duties carefully, and conscientiously, to the satisfaction of his party and of the public. The most notable event of his rule in India, was his meeting with Shere Ali, the ruler of Afghanistan, when the Eastern magnate, by consenting to the obligation of granting subsidies, and presenting gifts, practically acknowledged the subjection of his state to the suzerainty of Great Britain. Lord Mayo met his death in inquiring personally into some disturbances which had occurred in the convict settlement. He was a brave Irish gentleman of fifty-five years of age. He went fearlessly on his errand, and was somewhat impatient of the requirements of official dignity, and the precautions taken for his safety. Although he was accompanied by eight policemen, in addition to his suite, two ticket-of-leave men could get so near him as to address him; when they were told that their petitions, duly forwarded, would be attended to. Night fell as the Governor-General took his way along the pier to the steam-launch awaiting him, so that he had to be preceded by two torch-bearers, while all around was in darkness. Lord Mayo, a little in advance of his companions, had walked one-third of the length of the pier, when a man jumped upon him from behind, and stabbed him with a common knife over the left shoulder, and a second time under the right shoulder blade. The unfortunate gentleman either jumped or fell from the pier into the water alongside. When he was raised up he could only utter one or two words, and died in a few seconds.

The assassin was instantly knocked down and seured. He was a native of one of the Northern provinces, and had come from the neighbourhood of the Khyber. He had been convicted and sentenced to transportation for life because of his concern in the murder of a relative—the motive of the mnrder having been one of the native blood feuds. The murderer denied that he had accomplices in the assassination of the viceroy. He declared “It was fate,” and that he had “committed the act by the order of God.” He was tried, found guilty, and executed. The widow of Lord Mayo reeeived the appointment of one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber to the Queen.

The 27th of February, 1872, was the Thanksgiving Day for the Prince of Wales's reecovery. The scene in London beggared description ; great preparations in decorating the streets on the line of route had been made, though the season admitted “*nor leaves nor flowers.*” The weather was fortunately fine. The swarming population of the great city was all astir, and was reinforced by crowds of country people. The occasion was singularly impressive. Perhaps, of all the great galas of the Queen's reign, the coronation of the girl Princess, the marriage of the young Queen to the man who was emphatically the husband of her choice, the opening of the first Great Exhibition, the two galas which surpassed all others in meaning and pathos, were the Thanksgiving Day, and the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee.

In the whole long course of English history those two events were only paralleled in the reign of the Queen's grandfather, George III., for Queen Elizabeth's Thanksgiving for the defeat of the Spanish Armada was on different lines ; curiously enough, they were both represented in St. Paul's, though in different circumstances. George's thanksgiving was the good old King's humble and pious acknowledgment of the mercy shown to him in the restoration of his reason after his first fit of madness. The passage of scripture read in St. Paul's by the King's express desire was from the 4th Chapter of Daniel. In that is recorded, first, the propheey against Nebuchadnezzar, and its fulfilment when the great king was driven from the company of men, and became like unto the beasts of the field ; second, when the happy time arrived that he lifted up his eyes to Heaven and his reason returned to him ; then he blessed the Most High, and with a contrite heart confessed, and repented of the day when he walked “in pride.” In the shaken state of the King's bodily and mental faculties, it was not held desirable that he should witness the subsequent illumination of London. He only saw the glow in the sky from his distant palace, sharing the sight with the child of his old age, Princess Amelia, whose innocent prattle soothed and amused him. His jubilee was but the last gleam

of sunshine before the dark night of blindness and insanity, from which there was no dawn in this world, set in again.

A more hopeful thanksgiving, a more auspicious jubilee, were those which Queen Victoria was called on to celebrate. One can conceive the mingled feelings of congratulation for the Queen, regret for themselves, and in one case, the gnawing pain of disappointed ambition with which the ex-Emperor and Empress of the French witnessed the setting out of the procession of nine Royal carriages with the usual escort from Buckingham Palace. The gorged streets resounded with joyful acclamation, and with incessant cries of "God save the Queen," and "God bless the Prince of Wales." The Queen, a proud and happy woman, sat beside her son, still pale and weak from recent illness, but insisting on acknowledging the enthusiastic reception by continually raising his hat and bowing to the people. Opposite Her Majesty and the Prince were the Princess of Wales and Princess Beatrice.

At Temple Bar the Lord Mayor and a deputation of the Common Council, gorgeous in their official robes, and mounted on white horses, met and received the Royal visitors to the City. The City sword was presented and returned, though Temple Bar was open and the ceremony of offering the keys was omitted, probably in order to lessen the inevitable fatigues of the day for the person most to be considered under the circumstances. The Lord Mayor, with his company, then rode before the Queen to St. Paul's.

In the Cathedral a congregation of thirteen thousand worshippers had assembled. The Queen walked on her son's arm—it was observed supporting, rather than being supported by him to the Royal pew. The Te Deum was sung. A special prayer was given, "Oh! Father of Mercies, oh! God of all comfort . . . we praise and magnify Thy glorious name, for that Thou hast raised Thy servant, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, from the bed of sickness." The Archbishop of Canterbury preached from the text, "Members one of another."

The returning procession was led by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen as far as the bounds of the City. Buckingham Palace reached, the Queen and the Prince gratified the eager people by appearing for a few minutes on the central balcony. As on "the Thanksgiving" in the reign of George III., the day ended with a grand illumination of London.

Only two days afterwards, by one of those sorry contradictions which occur in the lives of monarchs, as in those of more obscure individuals, a dastardly, senseless, well-nigh ludicrous threat against the life of the Queen was uttered. The miscreant was a half-crazy Irish lad named Arthur O'Connor, whose sympathies had been with the Fenians, while he was holding the useful, but not heroic, post of clerk to an oil and

colour merchant. Her Majesty was returning, on the 29th of February, from her afternoon drive, when just beyond the foot of Constitution Hill, and within the palace courtyard, the lad, who had managed to climb the railings unobserved, sprang before the carriage with his arms extended towards the Queen—a petition in one hand, a pistol in the other. There was no ball in the pistol—in fact, it was broken, but who could tell that? A weaker-nerved woman than the Queen might have been seriously shaken by the alarming demonstration; she sat unmoved while her servant, John Brown, promptly seized the lad and snatched from him his missile. The public indignation was great, while the miserable offender was a wretched foe to fight against. Like other half-witted aggressors of a similar description, he was sentenced to confinement at Her Majesty's pleasure. The pity of it was that as an insane craving for notoriety, and a marked desire to be mixed up with some great public event is infectious and not rare, the possibility of such idiotic attempts at crime being at some future date disastrously successful, has limited the personal freedom of the Queen, and rendered it necessary for her, especially when from home, or in public, to be surrounded by such careful guards and elaborate precautions as she would have willingly dispensed with. A story was told of her stay at Lady Emily Maenaghten's house at Invertrossach which bore on this necessity, and had a plausible air of probability in its details. Lady Emily in quitting the house during the Queen's occupation of it had inadvertently left behind her some portion of her dress which she afterwards required. It was in a locked wardrobe in a room adjoining the suite of rooms appropriated to the Queen. Lady Emily despatched her maid with the key of the wardrobe to procure the missing article. The woman, familiar with the place, and not dreaming of trespassing, having procured admittance to the house, and having been recognised by some of the servants about, walked straight, and without further ceremony, to the room in question; she opened the door, advanced to the wardrobe, and was proceeding to unlock it, when from an unsuspected corner a large dog—mastiff or collie—sprang upon her and held her fast till her cry of terror brought a man-servant to her rescue; and she was told that for the better protection of Her Majesty such a dog was kept on occasions in the vicinity of her apartments. Unquestionably, when the Queen stayed at Inverlochy, she was accompanied and closely attended, according to the record in her journal, by her fine collie, "Noble."

The first recipient of the gold medal and of an annuity of twenty-five pounds which the Queen instituted as a reward for exceptionally faithful service from her domestics, was John Brown. His homely sagacity, self-command and self-resource, together with

his unstinted regard for Her Majesty's comfort and wellbeing, had been amply shown in his encounter with the lad O'Connor.

In 1872 the tidings reached England of the discovery of the great missionary Livingstone, whose whereabouts and condition had been for years a subject of anxiety to his countrymen. The adventurous discoverer of the lost man was Henry Stanley, a Welshman by birth, but a naturalised citizen and journalist of New York. His editor, Bennet, the editor of the *New York Herald*, had the public spirit to despatch Stanley on the arduous undertaking, with the happy result that he arrived in time to deliver Livingstone from what was likely to be the hapless experience of final expatriation among African tribes, and of ultimate oblivion. Most people are familiar with the meeting of the two white men in the centre of their black brethren in the wilds of that great continent of Africa, which within the present generation has taken a conspicuous place on the map of the world, and grown the scene of the most active commercial speculation. In acknowledgment of the service rendered to Livingstone by Stanley, the Queen sent him a gold snuff-box set in diamonds.

The Queen went, as usual, to Balmoral for her birthday, a visit marked by more than one sad incident. On the 26th of May, her friend and comforter in sorrow, Dr. Norman Macleod, came on her invitation and preached before her for the last time. Neither knew that it was for the last time, but both had a vague apprehension of the fact. He was old, broken in health and spirits; he had never recovered from the effects of a visit to India on behalf of his church's missions in 1868, four years before. The Queen was grieved by the change in his looks, and especially by his unwonted depression. He told her how much of his work his doctors had insisted on his giving up, and how uncertain he was of the result of his illness, while he was content to leave it in the hands of God. Her Majesty and one of the most loyal and devoted of her servants bade each other good-bye on the 27th of May, with, as she expressed it, "real regret and anxiety" on her part.

A little more than a fortnight afterwards one of the rural tragedies, not uncommon in such a district as Dee-side, awoke all the Queen's strong and tender sympathy for her people in their distress, especially for those humble friends she knew so well, who lived round her at Balmoral. The Scotch rivers are rapid and headlong in their course. They are subject, after heavy rains, to violent floods or "spates," and are often attended with danger to human life. In a grisly little rhyme in which three rivers, the Tweed, the Clyde, and the Annan, contend for supremacy, the palm is triumphantly claimed by the smallest—the Annan—because :

"For every man that you droon, I droon threo."

On the 11th of June, a great spate not only swelled the Dee to a roaring, rushing torrent, it filled to overflow a little tributary "burn," generally harmless, flowing down by a farm-house and a way-side shop, and finding its way under a bridge to the Dee, the place forming a natural playground for children. Two children named Rattray, the one a child of three years, who in the absence of his mother—gone on a visit to her mother, sick—was left in charge of an elder brother of eleven, kept from school for the purpose, were along with other children amusing themselves at a favourite haunt. The bigger boy was fishing. The little brother venturing too near the submerged edge of the bank fell into the water. The elder lad, true to his charge, sprang in after his brother, and both were carried by the force of the current with the speed of lightning into the foaming, "swirling" Dee. The cries of the other children gave instant intimation of the accident, but though assistance was immediately procured, though boats put out, and the unhappy father of the children, with many willing assistants, strove to the utmost, help was vain. The body of the little child was quickly recovered, but life was extinct. The corpse of the poor lad was not found for several days. It had been swept as far down the Dee as Ballater.

The Queen was deeply concerned, she drove along by the river in sight of the different parties pursuing their mournful search, with the old grandmother running, wild with grief, from one group to another. Her Majesty went the next day to beg the mothers of other children to take warning by the accident; she visited the bereaved mother, sorrowing with her, and affording her such relief as money could give to meet the necessary expenses. The children's home had been a little cottage nestling under its "craig," with a grand view of Lochnagus. "On a table in the kitchen, covered with a sheet, which they lifted up, lay the poor, sweet, innocent 'bairnie,' only three years old, a fine plump child, and looking as though it slept, with quite a pink colour, and very little scratched, in its last clothes, with its little hands joined—a most touching sight." Princess Beatrice, a girl of fifteen, had not before been brought into contact with death, and her mother was thankful she should for the first time see it in so gentle a form. The submissive religious trust of the poor mother was also a native trait to lay to heart.

Still the search for the missing body of the other boy went on from morning to night. The Queen, fascinated by the breathless suspense, stopped in the course of a walk, and sat for some time on the bank, unable to tear herself away, watching a boatful of men probing the pools with sticks, turning over the stones, holding a red

rag over the sullen water under the impression that thus the bottom would be better seen. At last, at the end of four days, the poor boy's body was found thrown up on a little island miles and miles away. The last scene of all, the humble funeral, the Queen witnessed from her carriage drawn up to let the simple procession pass; thirty countrymen, the father walking at the head of one of the small coffins, both covered with white,\* the parish minister walking behind the chief mourners.

The very next day, the 16th of June, a Sunday, when the Queen was about to retire for the night, she received the shock of the news, cautiously broken to her, that Dr. Norman Macleod was very ill, or even dead. In truth, his death had occurred in his house in Glasgow, on the forenoon of that day. It is hard for those who never made his acquaintance in the flesh, to realise what Dr. Norman Macleod was to his Queen. It is difficult to convey anything like a graphic picture of what the living man was to very many of his fellow-creatures, high and low, far and near. A big man in every sense, big in body, big in soul; large-hearted, large-minded, genial, generous, a little rash at times, without the slightest fear of compromising the dignity which the less it was cared for, the more certain it was never to fail him in his most gleeful, most unguarded moments; a God-fearing, self-respecting man to the core; a perfect gentleman without pretence, and without fear. He was possessed of a power of attracting and retaining the attachment and confidence of his fellows of whatever rank, rarely equalled. He was full of abounding wit and humour crossed by the strain of melancholy, which is said to be the inheritance of every true Celt. He was an eloquent preacher, a genuine song-writer and singer, a lively and pathetic story-teller. He was the kindest and truest of friends, the most tender of husbands and fathers. He was a West-Country Highlander, of good family on both sides of the house. Born in 1812 at Campbelltown, in Argyleshire, educated principally in Glasgow, where his father, an excellent Gaelic scholar and a poet in his turn, held his last parish living, Norman Macleod spent all his youthful holidays at his grandfather's Highland and island parish of Finnery, becoming imbued with the spirit of the North, learning to love passionately his native country from John o' Groats to the Tweed, and to cherish its history, its creed, and its traditions, and its national traits, of which he was an unsurpassed exponent. A scholar he was not, and he was apt to deplore his lack of scholarship, but he was a man, taking him all in all, the like of whom is seldom seen.

\* According to ancient, probably Roman Catholic custom, white ribands and white plumes relieved the black of pall and hearse when the person to be buried was a child or an unmarried woman, whatever her age might be. No women attended funerals in Scotland. The women kept themselves, as far as possible, in strict retirement for the day.

When Norman Macleod had finished his preparatory studies he spent some time in Germany acting as a tutor to a young man, who procured for his companion the entrance into the court circle at Weimar. With his known capacity for enjoyment, young Macleod entered to the full into the novelty of German life and the gaieties of the small but renowned court. At Weimar he made the acquaintance of young Thackeray. The two brilliant lads did not meet again till after a long lapse of years, when they were middle-aged men—each famous in his own vocation.

Macleod occupied in succession the parishes of Loudon, Dalkeith, and the Barony, Glasgow; loved and prized wherever he went, the friend of every man, from the laird or the sheriff, or the college professor, or the rich merchant, to the ploughman or the weaver, or the mechanie, the trusted friend of women and children. He passed through the stormy scenes of the Disruption of the Scotch Church, when four hundred of her sons quitted her ranks and threw up their livings on the questions of lay patronage, and the right of the Court of Session to interfere in ecclesiastical affairs. He remained in the Established Church, enduring the reproaches which the fiery deserters rained broadcast on the ministers who did not follow the deserters' example.

At a later period Macleod's breadth of view with regard to the non-identity of the institutions of the Jewish Sabbath and the Christian Lord's Day, together with the laws which ruled them, brought him into violent collision with the more fanatical and prejudiced of his clerical brethren, and exposed him to an amount of animosity which inflicted sharp pain on his friendly nature. A charge of heresy was even raised against him. He lived it all down. He was appointed Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. When a public dinner was given in his honour before he started for India, the chair was filled, to his delight, by his chief opponent in the late controversy the leader in the presbytery which had sought to brand him with heresy.

During the life of the Prince Consort, who felt strongly the charm of Macleod, he first preached before the Queen; from that date, and particularly after the death of the Prince, he was summoned every time the Queen was in Scotland to preach before her and to be honoured by her friendship. She herself has recorded the comfort he was able to give her in her hours of bitter sorrow, and how she mourned his loss. A stained-glass window to the memory of Macleod was put up by Her Majesty in the little church of Crathie, perpetuating the recollection of the times and the words he had spoken there.

As an example of Norman Macleod's power to win hearts, and of his marvellous popularity in the great city in which his lot was cast, an Englishman sceptical on the

point is said to have tested it in the following manner. Arrived at "Carstairs Junction," the Scotch station at which a London train branches off to the east and to the west, he put his head out of his carriage, and hailing a porter at random, inquired, "Is Norman here?" "Not in this train, sir," answered the man, without a moment's hesitation, "but I heard that he passed through this morning." Arrived at the Broomielaw, the busy landing-place of a crowd of shipping, the same traveller called a cabman; "Drive me to Norman's house," was his instructions. "That will I, sir," was the ready answer, and the stranger was forthwith deposited at Norman's well-known door. Such a funeral as followed him to the grave, including representatives of the Queen, of the Prince of Wales, and of the Duke of Edinburgh, the Magistrates of Glasgow, the Sheriffs, the Senate of the University, clergymen from all parts of the country, and a line of "nearly three thousand persons, besides the multitude congregated in the streets and filling every window in the route, was never seen before or since in old St. Mungo's city. "There goes Norman Macleod," a brawny working man was heard saying as the dark column moved past; "if he had done nae mair than what he did for my soul, he would shine as the stars for ever."

Years after Norman Macleod's death, a working man, one of those working men and women for whom he had a special evening service, with none present save people in working clothes, in order that those who had no other to appear in, might not be affronted by any contrast, in writing to a local paper pleading for redress for a class grievance, ended his statement with the wistful cry, "Oh, for Norman back again!" There was no need to ask what Norman was meant. There was only one Norman to the masses in the wide bounds of Glasgow.

Striking and convincing as a preacher, indeed, with many of the elements of a great orator, though Macleod had so little confidence in his own powers, that he was known to assert he had rarely mounted the pulpit without a haunting fear that he would break down in his discourse, his preaching owed so much to the living man and his personal influence, that what has been presented in print of his teaching bears comparatively small evidence of what was really its power. He is better represented in his more secular writings. His editorship of the popular periodical, *Good Words*, was a link to the authors of the day, with whom he was soon as great a favourite as with every other class of honest workers. His own stories, "The Old Lieutenant and his Son," "Wee Davie," and especially "The Starling," show the mind of the man more characteristically than anything else which remains of his manly, inspiring, lovable personality. His travel papers in Palestine and India are also full of sympathy and sense. He wrote, besides, one exten-





sively read book for children, called "The Gold Thread." "Oh, what a blow!" wrote the Queen of the news of his death. "How dreadful to lose that dear, kind, loving, large-hearted friend. My tears flowed fast."

The Queen was present, in July, 1872, at a great review at Aldershot.

On Her Majesty's journey to Balmoral, in autumn, she stopped at Edinburgh, and stayed for a few days in her ancient palace of Holyrood, where she had not been for eleven years; the last time in the company of the Prince Consort. An escort of the famous "Scots Greys" was in readiness at the station, and a guard of honour, with the band of the 93rd Highlanders, replaced the ordinarily solitary sentinel and tenanted the habitually vacant guard-room. Unfortunately, the weather was dull, and the venerable gloom of the picturesque place seemed to be felt as an oppression, though a new suite of rooms, known as "the Argyle Rooms," had been fitted up with such modern aids to cheerfulness as light wall-papers, floral chintzes and carpets—strange accessories to the surroundings of Holyrood!

The weather clearing, a progress was made through the old rooms, with their tapestries and green-silk bed, and the long picture gallery, into the far from private garden and the ruined chapel, before the high altar of which Queen Mary was married to Darnley. Her Majesty appears to have taken pleasure in introducing Princess Beatrice and the Queen's faithful henchman, John Brown, to the historical and tragical mementoes which constitute the chief romance of Holyrood. The party were conducted to Queen Mary's rooms in the course of a thorough inspection, which included "the Hamilton Rooms," the secret staircase up which Darnley and Ruthven ascended on the night of Rizzio's murder; the Presence Chamber, with the panels in the ceiling containing the initials of Mary of Guise, Mary of Scotland, and Darnley; Queen Mary's bedroom, with the faded old bed on which she had lain, the baby-basket sent her by Queen Elizabeth when Mary's son was born, Mary's work-box, various bits of old tapestry; the little turret-room, in which Mary was sitting at supper when Rizzio was seized and slain, with the supposed blood-stain indelible on the floor.

After such thrilling relies, the bed on which Charles I. slept when he came to be crowned King of Scotland was a mere modern trifling, though, when one comes to think of it, he was Mary's grandson, and the traces of the beautiful and unhappy heroine of the palace, fresh enough in his day, on every side of him, together with the remembrance of her fate, must, one imagines, have given bad dreams to her descendant, who was destined in his turn to die a violent death.

After lunch, the Queen drove, in an open carriage, with Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold, and the Duchess of Roxburgh, and made a considerable circuit of the old and new

town—up the Canongate, past John Knox's house, down into Princes Street, and along that fine substitute for the old Burgh Muir, with the Castle on its rugged rock looking down on the green gardens, on Sir Walter Scott's Monument, and the line of shops and hotels; by St. Andrew's Street, St. Andrew's Square, and Lord Melville's Monument, into George Street, where the black effigies of Fox and Pitt preside, as far as Charlotte Square. One object of the Queen's visit to Edinburgh was to look at the site chosen for the monument to the memory of the Prince Consort, which was to be placed in the dignified retirement of Charlotte Square. The reason for the present drive was to inspect the site, but so great was the crowd of her adoring Edinburgh subjects in carriages and cabs, or hurrying on foot after her carriage, to enjoy the unwonted sight of their Queen, that she refrained from alighting, as she had intended to do. In fact, so great was the zeal of her loyal citizens, that more than one carriage collided with the Queen's, and in the confusion her coachman took a wrong turning, and brought her to where the water of Leith barred her way, so that the carriage had to go back, and proceed by Moray Place, Heriot Row, and down by Innerleith Row and the Botanic Gardens, until the thoroughfare of Leith Walk was reached. From this point the party could be taken by the base of the Calton Hill and a return to Holyrood, into that most picturesque of royal drives, the Queen's Drive, round Arthur's Seat, with its rocky eminence, its lochs, small and great, its ruined chapel and deserted holy well, its land view and its sea view, its associations with Jeannie Deans and Daddy Ratcliffe. Unfortunately fog—the traditional "Scotch mist"—prevailed both this evening and next morning, when Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice made an independent expedition out to Roslin Chapel, and the Queen sat in the garden at Holyrood, under the only shade afforded by a spreading thorn, and read the Ettrick Shepherd's poems, among which "The Queen's Wake" was singularly appropriate.

In the afternoon the whole party went, in spite of the weather, which was foggy, dark, and occasionally rainy, for a long country drive, over ground backed by the Pentland Hills, which the Queen knew and remembered, and desired to see again, along the road to Liberton, where Reuben Butler was schoolmaster, past Lasswade and Dalhousie Castle—the cradle of the Ramsays—which the Queen had visited on her first stay in Scotland in 1842, by the South Esk to Newbattle and Dalkeith, where she alighted. She wished to show her children the rooms she and the Prince Consort had occupied on their first happy visit to Scotland. The rooms had sustained alterations in the course of the thirty years which had intervened, but she recognised the gallery where she had held her Scotch Drawing-room, the first Drawing-room held in Scotland since the days of Queen Mary's son's (James VI.) Anne of Denmark. Her Majesty could gladly identify smaller objects:

the bed, the washing basin, &c. The next day was a specimen of the worst weather of a Scotch summer, continuous rain with a cold, blustering wind. The Queen amused herself in the morning examining the stables, guard-room, &c. In the afternoon she drove out in an open carriage, undaunted by the rain-laden gale. She was availing herself of the opportunity by seeing again the beautiful neighbourhood of her Scotch capital. She was still more influenced by the desire to gratify the people whom no amount of storm kept from flocking to see and greet her enthusiastically. She was expected at Leith, and to Leith she went, unprotected save by dripping umbrellas and waterproofs, along Princes Street, across the Dean Bridge, as far as Granton, where the sea came tumbling against the Duke of Buccleuch's pier, which she had crossed when she put her foot for the first time on Scotch ground. The drive extended to the sea-bathing and fishing villages of Trinity and Newhaven. At Newhaven there is supposed to survive the remnant of a Flemish colony which has kept itself to a large extent distinct and apart since its early settlement on the Scotch coast. In support of this theory the original dress is understood to be retained by the women as seen in the highly picturesque costume of the Newhaven fishwives. The items consist of short full-striped linen petticoats, men's cloth jackets, snowy lace-edged caps, over which are passed the leather straps which support the "creels" containing "ealler herrin'" and other "denty fish" "new drawn frae the Forth," and suspended on the strong, capable shoulders. The seaport of Leith was gained. It was the landing-place of Queen Mary when she arrived from France a widow, yet no older than Queen Victoria on her accession to the three kingdoms. It took Mary a week to journey by slow stages from Leith to Edinburgh. We go on our way more rapidly now.

The Queen showed herself to the assembled crowd, on which the rain was pelting, went on to the new Albert Docks full of decked out shipping, interviewed the Provost, who thanked her in the name of the people for her faithful performance, in untoward circumstances, of her promise to visit them, and drove along the shore in sight of the Island of Inchkeith, by Leith Links and St. Margaret's Station back to Holyrood. The same evening, at eleven o'clock at night, she left with her children and suite for Balmoral. Verily, the vocation of a great sovereign is no sinecure, where tranquil rest and freedom from binding obligations are taken into consideration. The rain had ceased at last. A gallant gardener presented the Queen with a bouquet, and said it was the proudest day of his life. The citizens were abroad in numbers, viewing the red, blue, and yellow lights which had been kindled on Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat with a brilliant effect that delighted the Queen. The next morning—that of her mother's well-remembered birthday—saw her among her heather hills and her Highland friends.

### CHAPTER III.

VISIT TO DUNROBIN.—DEATH OF PRINCESS HOHENLOHE.—DEATH AND LYING-IN-STATE OF THE  
EMPEROR NAPOLEON.—STAY AT INVERLOCHY, ETC.

A LONG-deferred engagement was that the Queen should visit the Sutherland family, with whom she had many ties, at their grand old castle of Dunrobin. It was in an entirely different quarter of the country from any the Queen had previously visited. Dunrobin is in the east of Scotland, and farther north than Her Majesty, or for that matter, any other native sovereign had penetrated since the battle of Harlaw.

The visit was not without the pensive *arrière-pensées* which have attended on so many acts of the Queen's life. The sojourn in Sutherlandshire had been first projected under very different circumstances. Many were gone who should have been there. The Prince Consort was to have been one of the chief guests. The Queen's old friend, Duchess Harriet, and her husband were to have been the hostess and host. They had so counted on the coming of the Royal guests that a suite of rooms had been fitted up in readiness for them. The style belonged more to the earlier than to the later half of the Victorian reign. Everything was light and bright, as the Queen loved to have it. The bed was of white and gold, with flowers and doves at each corner. The furniture was light blue, the cornice white and gold, the panels pale blue and white, while blue satin spangled with yellow leaves covered the walls. The walls of the dressing-room were in pale blue and pink fluted silk, those of the sitting-room in pale sea-green satin with the ciphers of the Duke and Duchess and their daughters on the ceiling. The furniture was of light wood. The boudoir had a domed roof spangled with gold stars. The whole was in the dainty sumptuousness and somewhat languishing elegance of Cleveden, Stafford House, and Trentham, half-a-century ago, transformed to what had been the rude, severe stateliness of a northern stronghold. A new generation with new standards and new ideas were in possession when the Queen, accompanied by her two

younger children, at last paid her visit. The force of steam had carried her swiftly from Aberdeen by Inverurie to Keith and Elgin, Forres and Nairn, where she came into the district of the great Eastern friths, inland arms of the sea, Moray, Beauly, Cromarty, and Dornoch. They add greatly to the beauty of the landscape, two or three of them being seen at a time from a sufficiently high eminence, like a succession of great lochs.

Near Forres, the Queen passed "the blasted heath," where the witches in Macbeth met the doomed thane. Farther off lay the field of "Culloden," with the traditions of the last battle fought in the Stuart cause, the recollection of which, the Queen wrote (like a true Scotchwoman), she could not bear.

At Inverness, the north-eastern capital of the Highlands, there was a halt and a waiting crowd, an address, recognitions, presentations of bouquets, the mingled penalties and pleasures of royalty. Unknown to the Queen, the Duke of Sutherland drove the engine of her train from Inverness to Bonar Bridge, where his territory began, and where he first presented himself, just as Her Majesty was finishing taking the refreshment of hot tea from "the Norwegian Kitchen" she was carrying along with her. This piece of attention was not so hazardous as it might have been in other hands, the Duke being almost as skilled an engine-driver as he was an accomplished amateur fireman. In the last character he caused himself to be summoned by telegram to London in order to officiate at the principal fires. The taste for engine-driving seems to have been a family predilection, since it was a marked trait in the Duke's nephew, the late Earl Grosvenor.

The Queen had still to traverse the Sutherland branch line before she reached the end of her long day's journey. There were more heather-crowned stations, at one of which an excited station-master would not let "the poor country people" alone, as he called on them "to cheer and cheer again," and "yet another cheer," in order to do full homage to Royalty. The scenery grew wilder and lovelier. It presented what remained of the smaller crofts which the late Duke, acting as he conceived in the interests of the tenants as well as in his own interest, had converted into extensive sheep farms and grouse moors. He did so by constraining the crofters to emigrate to Canada, where he had purchased a tract of land for them. But it is hard to sever a mountaineer from his own particular mountain, and many of the clansmen, here as elsewhere, stubbornly resisted the movement, preferring to live on the verge of starvation in the old familiar places to removing to a strange country with the chance of greater prosperity. The result was forced evictions, with the bitter grudges bred by them. For a time it was said the Duke could not repair to his Highland estate without being taunted by the mocking baaing of sheep,

arising from hidden holes and corners. At the end of Glenshin, the Duchess of Sutherland's property began. She was Anne Hay Mackenzie, a chieftainess, heiress, and, by a title lately restored, Countess of Cromarty in her own right. She had also been one of the foremost of the beauties of the London season in which she came out; she was the descendant of the Jacobite Earl of Cromarty, who lay for a season in the Tower in imminent danger of his life. He was eventually pardoned, but the first child born to him after his imprisonment bore the semblance of an axe lying across its little neck.

The small town of Golspie abounded in floral arches. Though the month was September, it was still not far beyond midsummer in the slowly ripening North, where the corn was only yellow to harvest, forming the loveliest contrast with the deep pink of the ling and the clusters of the scarlet berries of the rowan hanging over the burns—golden brown from their course through the peat bogs—tracts of sodden moss rather than dry moor. Golspie abounded also in Highland inscriptions of welcome, among which were two lines from a wistful Lowland ballad—

“ Better lo’ed ye canna be,  
Will ye no’ come back again? ”

The Queen drove with the Duchess, who was awaiting her at the station, to the high-roofed, turreted, ancient castle, a mixture of the French château and the barrack-like Scotch castle such as is to be seen at Blair and Traquair. The combination is described by Sir Walter Scott in the “Tullyveolan” of “Waverley.”

The only members of the Duke's generation besides himself and the Duchess who were then at Dunrobin to help to grace the occasion, were Constanee, Duchess of Westminster, and Lord Ronald Leveson-Gower. The sons and daughters of another generation were growing up.

The ordinary routine of the Queen's visits to her favoured subjects was pursued, much liberty of rest and action were of course at her command. In the morning she wrote or read, and transacted the business which always dogged her footsteps. She took breakfast and lunch with her children. Later meals she had with them and with the ladies in attendance, or with the family and their other guests, as she felt disposed. She walked and drove when the weather was fine to all the points of interest in the vicinity, and took tea out-of-doors, from the portable Norwegian kitchen which was found more available in procuring hot, unsmoked water, than the more picturesque and adventurous gipsy fire of gathered sticks under a gipsy kettle.

There were many attractive places near Dunrobin, in addition to the hills, glens, and woods—the last unusually fine for the east coast of Scotland. There was the constantly

changing silver shield of the Firth, with the trees descending well-nigh to the shore, and affording such a charming promenade as the Lady's Walk, a mile long, with seats here and there, where vistas afforded the finest views. Dunrobin was almost as great as Balmoral in monuments—that of the late Duke was opposite the Castle gate, that of the first Duke was a colossal statue on the hill of Benabhraghie. He was a worthy English Marquis of Stafford, who not only won the heart of the young Countess of Sutherland, peeress and heiress in her own right, but earned the cordial regard of her Scotch tenantry. The Duchess-Countess, as she was called, whom the Queen remembered as a very agreeable, clever old lady, was a notable figure in her youth in Edinburgh. Her history had a tragic beginning. She was the second child of the last Earl of Sutherland and his Countess, a young couple. Their heir was the baby girl's elder brother, but when tossing the little fellow in his arms one day, the father let the child fall, and was the cause of his death. Overwhelmed with grief and remorse, for it was said that, as a consequence of the drinking habits of his day, the Earl was not master of his actions when the disaster happened, he was attacked with a malignant fever, and died in a few days. His young wife, who nursed him devotedly, caught the infection, and shared his fate. The infant girl was left the sole representative of the chiefs of the mighty Clan Sutherland, whose emblem was the wild cat. She was brought up with great care by her aunt, Lady Glenorehy, the Scotch Lady Huntingdon, equalling her English sister in religious devotion and in the founding of Evangelical churches. The husband of the Duchess-Countess was English Ambassador in France during the terrible scenes of the Great Revolution. It was she who sent a supply of her little son's clothes when they were urgently wanted for the unfortunate young Dauphin in the Temple. It is believed by her descendants that she kept a diary of her impressions of the people and the events of the wild drama passing around her, but that fearing it contained entries which, if it fell into the hands of the revolutionary party during the homeward journey of the English family, might compromise the Duke, and endanger the safety of the whole household, she was induced to destroy the MS. Such a record, made by a comparatively impartial and highly intelligent contemporary, with exceptional advantages for becoming acquainted with the history of the time, would (supposing its existence and preservation) have been of decided value to the writers of the annals of the Revolution.

The Queen was at Dunrobin for the purpose of laying the foundation-stone of another monument, that to the late beautiful and generous Duchess Harriet. It was to take the form of an Eleanor cross, with a bust of the Duchess, and a medal of her, struck by her son, Lord Ronald Leveson-Gower. A great gathering of country people met for the

ceremony. The parish minister offered up a short prayer, and presented an address. The Queen replied in a kind little speech—thought over, but neither written nor read. “It gives me great pleasure to testify on this occasion my love and esteem for the dear Duchess, my valued friend, with whose children I am happy to be now staying, and I wish also to express my warm thanks for the loyal and hearty welcome I have met with in Sutherland.” Then the mortar was spread, the stone struck with a mallet, and the last honour paid.

The Queen varied her excursions by one to the fishing cottage on Loch Brora, where there was broiled fish to the merry tea, and Her Majesty saw a haul of red char, trout, and salmon drawn from the loch, and sat sketching the scene and the animated groups from the balcony of the cottage.

Another excursion was to the ancient little county town of Dornoch, whose old church once ranked as a cathedral, in which lay the Duchess-Countess and her English husband beside sixteen of the old Earls of Sutherland.

When the weather was doubtful (or the time was short) the gardens, with their magnificent specimens of gladioli, the kennels, or the dairy farm were resorted to. On one of these tours of inspection the Queen and her companions on entering a room came unexpectedly upon the homely spectacle of an unlucky policeman in bed!

Another entertainment was visiting at leisure the various suites of rooms in the Castle, where the Queen, very naturally, met continually portraits and engravings of herself and of people she knew. The dining-room had wood panelling with paintings from Thorwaldsen’s statues introduced into each panel. At one end of the room was a portrait of the last, the ill-fated, earl; at the other a chalk drawing by Landseer of deer—one of which had fought with and slain the other in the snow.

The Duke’s or the Queen’s piper played round the table each day at dinner; Scotch dishes were in the menu, not only the lordly haggis which Burns immortalised, but singed sheep’s head, which the Queen tasted for the first time, and liked. Few Scotch specialities were not prized by her, from the heather and the fir trees to the North Country fish-wives with their creels on their backs, their Flemish cloth cloaks, their short petticoats and bare legs—and the long-horned, dun-coloured “kylies,” or Highland cattle.

Among the guests at Dunrobin during the Queen’s visit were Sir Henry Rawlinson and Henry Stanley, the African explorer, whom the Duke presented to the Queen so that she might have some talk with him about Livingstone.

At last the week’s visit to stately, storied Dunrobin came to an end. The Queen left on the night of the 11th of September with her son and daughter. At the private station,

hung with Egyptian and red and blue lights for the occasion, she parted from the Duke in his kilts, the Duchess, and the rest of the house-party, and steamed into the darkness, alas! for what was still unguessed at, and loomed in the future of those whom the world might well have regarded as the favoured possessors of a princely inheritance. It is possible that it was to heal inevitable breaches, in the honourable character of a royal friend to all concerned, no less than to lay the foundation-stone to the memory of Duchess Harriet, that the Queen paid her long-deferred visit, and made her sojourn under the roof of Duchess Harriet's son and daughter-in-law.

Of Duchess Anne's children only one—the present Duke—survives. The second son, who succeeded to his mother's title in the revived peerage of Cromarty, died in his early prime. His elder daughter is now Countess of Cromarty. Her aunt, Lady Florence, married, and died young in childbirth. Lady Alexandra, Duchess Anne's second daughter, "the little Alex," whom the Queen describes on her "wee pony" and in her nursery-bed, sought to become a hospital nurse, but her strength was not equal to the task, and she died a little over twenty in the house of her uncle, the Duke of Argyle. Already Duchess Anne was dead, with her place speedily filled by a very different Duchess. What follows is matter of widespread notoriety, and was publicly discussed in every newspaper of the day. In the course of the legal measures which ensued, on the death of Duke George, a strange and unseemly incident occurred. The widowed Duchess was present at the examination of the contents of a strong box containing family papers, which were judged of such importance that two lawyers representing the two sides in the dispute were appointed to examine the papers. But the audacity and unscrupulousness of a woman defeated all precautions. In the face of the astounded lawyers, the Duchess nimbly seized from the box a paper which she declared afterwards to be a private letter from the late Duke to herself, and before she could be prevented, flung it on the blazing fire in the grate, where it was straightway burnt to ashes. For this outrageous breach of common law and justice, the obstreperous Duchess was sentenced to a short term of imprisonment, which she suffered in a London jail. The Duchess, who had this unique experience for a Duchess, has since then married again.

On the Queen's arrival at Balmoral, towards the end of September, 1872, she received the sad news of the death of her half-sister, the Princess Hohenlohe. Though the dead woman as Princess Feodore Leinenger was thirteen years the Queen's senior, was married when Her Majesty was a little girl, and from that time resided principally in Germany, there was a faithful attachment between the sisters as there had been between them and

their brother, the Prince of Leiningen, and the sensible, unselfish mother of all the three—the Duchess of Kent. The Queen was not unprepared for the death of her sister, who though not above sixty-five years of age, was infirm. She had gone through much anxiety and adversity, and had received her death-blow in the sudden death from fever in her thirty-fourth year of the Princess Hohenlohe's younger daughter, the second wife of the Duke of Saxe Meiningen. Another of the Princess's handsome daughters was married to the elder brother of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, was the intimate friend of her cousin, the Crown Princess of Germany, and the mother of the future Empress Victoria of Germany. A son of Princess Hohenlohe, and the godson as well as the nephew of the Queen, Victor Count Gleichen spent his life in England, where he has been honourably known for his excellent work in sculpture.

In 1872, well-known figures passed from the crowded stage of this generation's history with which the Queen had so much to do; Giuseppe Mazzini, the Italian patriot, after upwards of thirty years' ardent struggle for the unity of Italy, died. He was born in Genoa, so far back as 1805. He began his life as a literary man, and soon became one of the leaders of the romantic, in opposition to the classical Italian schools. Attracted by the sufferings of the Piedmontese, after the failure of their efforts to promote the independence of the country, he joined the set of the Carbonari, the representatives of Young Italy, in its protest against foreign despotism. He was imprisoned for six months in the fortress of Savona, the jealousy of the government anticipating his long hand-to-hand contest with the Bourbon, Hapsburg, and Papal dynasties, which divided and enslaved Italy. Later he was banished to Marseilles. There he wrote his letter to Charles Albert of Sardinia, calling upon him to undo his betrayal of Italy into the hands of Austria, and to exchange, as he had once dreamt of doing, "the puny Piedmontese crown" for the sceptre of United Italy. Mazzini was in creed and tradition a republican. He had no special attachment to the house of Savoy, but the unity of Italy was much more to him than a form of government. He was willing to accept the only King in Italy—himself an Italian who had shown sympathy with the Italians as a nation, and had desired for them regeneration. In like manner Garibaldi accepted the programme of Italy under the son of Charles Albert, Victor Emmanuel. As Garibaldi was the soldier of United Italy, Mazzini was its civilian, labouring for the deliverance of his country from corrupt despotic foreign governments, by his pen and his personal influence, during a long period of hardship and trial. A man of immeasurably higher culture and genius than the rough fisherman's son, Garibaldi, Mazzini also held a far nobler moral standard, and led a pure and virtuous life. Close upon the revolutionary year 1848-49—when the Pope fled for a time from his dominions, Mazzini

was elected a member of the Roman Assembly and the Triumvirate. He virtually ruled the Eternal City till its fall, heroic as was its defence, before four invading armies. In expectation of the Franco-Sardinian war, Mazzini warned his countrymen of what came to pass, that Venice, a part of Lombardy, would be given up to Austria, while Savoy and Nice would be handed over to France.

Again and again Mazzini entered Italy in secret, braving deadly danger, and in company with the priest, Gavazzi, formed revolutionary committees all over Italy. It was he who incited Garibaldi to head the insurrection in Naples and Sicily and to lead on the revolutionists to farther victory. Mazzini's works, "The Duties of Man" and "To the Youth of Italy," were powerful instruments in rousing the more generous spirits among his countrymen. When Rome and Venice were free, his desire was to be buried in the Campo Santo, Genoa, by the side of his mother, who in her life had pined in vain to see once more the face of her exiled son.

Frederick Denison Maurice, whose writings and preaching produced a marked effect on the religious thought of England, died in 1872, after much hard work in what he believed to be the cause of religious truth, and much theological controversy, peculiarly wearing to a man of a modest and pensive rather than an aggressive and sanguine nature. He was born, like Mazzini, in 1805, and was the son of a Unitarian Minister. After Maurice left Cambridge he was won over to the Church of England by the arguments of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and John Sterling. Naturally, Maurice's views remained broad and original, and his interpretation of the doctrines of the Atonement and the Last Judgment procured him many enemies, and compelled him to resign his Professorship of Divinity in King's College, London. On the other hand, his fine intellectual gifts and profound religious feeling drew a large congregation of some of the most earnest thinkers and the most devout-minded of their generation to his chapel in Vere Street, London.

Maurice's advocacy of the claims of working men, and the efforts he made, in company with Charles Kingsley, for "the Working Men's College," of which Maurice was President, obtained for the two friends the name of "Christian Socialists."

Among Frederick Denison Maurice's works are, "The Religions of the World," "The Unity of the New Testament," and "The Writings of St. John."

Charles Lever, the Irish novelist, who died in 1872, bade fair for a time to rival in widely-read serial stories the popularity of Dickens. Lever had by no means the same grasp of human nature, but the rollicking fun, the animation and picturesqueness with which he described the stirring scenes of the Peninsular War, the time of the great

Napoleon in France, and the last throes of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, together with the brilliant superficiality and dash of cynicism which belonged to the genial man of the world, recommended him to a large circle of readers. His comprehension of Irish character and his sense of humour were early manifested in the soldier-servant, "Mickey Free," who was at one time nearly as well known and as highly prized as his English rival, "Sam Weller." Lever's "Dodd Family Abroad" was the precursor of a host of comic records of travelled vulgarians.

Charles Lever was born in 1808, and educated for the medical profession, which he practised for years in a country district in Ireland. His love for the life of a soldier, and his familiarity with its details, led to the prevalent impression that he had been an army surgeon. He was for some time editor of *The Dublin University Magazine*, which, under his guidance, achieved considerable success. Gay, reckless, warm-hearted, and spendthrift, like so many of his heroes in his novels of "Charles O'Malley," "Jack Hinton," etc., etc., his literary gains did not suffice for his requirements, and he accepted the office of Vice-Consul at one of the coast towns on the Bay of Naples, from which he continued to write his vivacious stories. He died at Trieste.

An aged woman passed away in 1872, who, long before the days of "Ladies' Colleges," of "girl graduates," of women who have attained the coveted distinction of writing Ph.D. after their names, by her own unaided—nay, sternly repressed—efforts, arrived at what was in her day the singular position for a woman of being acknowledged as one of the foremost mathematical authorities of the generation. Mary Somerville was the worthy pioneer of many women scholars in England. During the earlier half of Queen Victoria's reign, she represented the marked intellectual, as Florence Nightingale showed the marked philanthropic, development of the members of her sex in the nineteenth century.

Mary Somerville was born Mary Fairfax in 1780, in Roxburghshire. She was the daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir William Fairfax, who had been Lord Duncan's flag-captain at the battle of Camperdown. Sir William Fairfax's second wife was a Scotchwoman (Margaret Charteris), daughter of an Edinburgh lawyer, and mother of Mary Somerville. The household eventually settled at Burntisland, on the Firth of Forth. Mary received the ordinary boarding-school education in a private school at Musselburgh, not far from the manse of her uncle, Dr. Somerville. She surprised and scandalised her family on her return home by her unusual passion for poring over "school books," above all those which dealt with arithmetic and algebra. In order to check in a young girl this abnormal taste, which she would even sit up at night to pursue, she was only granted a certain allowance of candles, and it was with some difficulty, and probably with sundry conscientious

tious scruples, that she contrived to lay in a secret store, by the light of which she could continue her prohibited studies.

At the same time Mary was not averse to youthful gaieties, and the pretty little rarely-endowed girl was one of the belles of the Edinburgh assemblies. She married young Captain Greig, son of Admiral Greig, of the Russian navy. But her marriage brought no such emancipation as she might have counted on to enable her to follow her bent, within reasonable limits, uncensured and unmolested. Captain Greig was narrow-minded enough to feel affronted by the intellectual attainments of his wife, so that, like her father, he forbade the indulgencee in such study.

Fortunately for the world of science, Mary was early left a widow with an only child, a son, and then, for the first time, she was at liberty to gratify her inclinations. After years of widowhood, she married again. Her second husband was Dr. William Somerville, her cousin, to whom she bore three daughters. For the credit of men he was as proud of her extraordinary mathematical faculty as her father and her first husband had been offended by it. Withal she was thoroughly womanly—seeking no retirement in which to work out her problems—doing it by the help of her wonderful power of concentration, in the middle of her family circle. She was conscious of no uncommon mental endowment, simple and unpretentious; she herself taught her little flock of children. She was fond of the small feminine accomplishments of her day, so that in her leisure she would assiduously practise her water-colour painting and delight in fine needlework. She is said to have been an exquisite mender of old lace, a peculiarly delicate and nearly exploded art.

In 1826 Mary Somerville gave to the Royal Society a paper “On the Magnetising Power of Solar Rays,” which was printed in the Philosophic Transactions of the year. Two or three years afterwards she published her “Mechanism of the Heavens.” Of all her astronomical and scientific works, that which brought her most fame was in connection with the Differential Calculus. In 1869 she received the Victoria Medal from the Royal Geographical Society. A pension of three hundred pounds was settled upon her under Sir Robert Peel’s Administration. The only woman who ever approached Mary Somerville in astronomical research was Caroline Herschell; but she was the pupil, assistant, well-nigh shadow, of her greater brother.

Mary Somerville’s later years were spent in Italy. She died at Naples in November, 1872, at the advanced age of ninety-two years. To the last she retained her physical and mental powers intact. She took a lively interest in an eruption of Mount Vesuvius which occurred shortly before her death. She longed to live a little longer, till she could ascertain the solution of a problem with which she was greatly occupied.

January, 1873, saw the death of the exiled Emperor of the French, Napoleon III., worn out by disease and disappointment, at Chislehurst. His death had no effect on the polities of Europe ; and so far as his party was concerned, the name of his young, untried son, the Prince Imperial, was a better name to conjure by than was that of his broken-down, defeated father. Nevertheless, numbers of the Buonapartist faction streamed over to England to witness the lying-in-state, and to contribute to the mass of violets and the heaps of embroidered golden bees. Unfortunately, the curiosity of the Londoners brought them also in crowds to the Kent village ornée to see the last of a renowned foreigner. The consequence was that many of the legitimate visitors who had crossed the Channel to pay their final act of homage to their pseudo sovereign, were hustled, gesticulating and weeping, into the background. The ceremony took place in the house which had been occupied by the late Emperor ; so great was the crush before the entrance-gates that an unlucky woman was said to have had both arms dislocated. A future dignitary of the Church, who had taken with him his little son in order that the child might be able to say, in after years, that he had witnessed the lying-in-state of Napoleon III., was only too thankful to give up the small boy to a tall life-guardsman of an obliging temper, on whose shoulder the child perched, and was thus borne aloft safely through the press. In single file the wedged-in company entered and passed, without more than a moment's pause, through the chamber of mourning in which lay, in his marshal's uniform, with a touch of rouge on his cadaverous cheeks, and a cambrie handkerchief in his clay-cold hand, the prisoner of Ham, the organiser of the *Coup d'Etat*, the victor of Magenta and Solferino.

The marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh with the Grand-duchess Marie of Russia was announced in the Queen's speech at the opening of Parliament, which voted an additional ten thousand to his income of fifteen thousand a year. Prince Arthur was created Duke of Connaught, and had the usual income of the Princes of his house granted to him.

In the beginning of April the Queen opened Victoria Park.

On the 29th of May a melancholy accident, the precursor of a still greater tragedy, befell the royal house of Darmstadt. Princess Alice had been gradually, but surely, declining in health, affected no doubt by the trouble and turmoil, the bloodshed and suffering, of the two wars in which her husband had been engaged, and by the pecuniary anxieties and domestic cares which harass even a princess when she is the mother of what, in Scotch parlance, is called "a large small family," to be raised on straitened means.

She had been particularly exercised by the delicate health of her second son, Prince Fritz, an exceedingly bright merry child of three years. His very brightness and buoyancy were sources of apprehension to her, as his constitution soon gave signs of requiring the

most watchful treatment. He had inherited the peculiarity of skin, or of the mouths of the lesser blood-vessels, which rendered his uncle, Prince Leopold, dangerously liable, on small provocation, to excessive hemorrhage. From a slight cut on the ear, little Prince Fritz bled day and night, in spite of all appliances, well-nigh to utter exhaustion, just as Prince Leopold when a boy, having punctured his lip with a steel pen, bled in defiance of every means employed to arrest the bleeding, till an eminent surgeon, brought from some distance, was able to combat the liability.

Mother-like, the child's special delicacy, together with his pretty "wildness," which caused her constant fear, rendered him doubly dear to Princess Alice.

After she had seen the little boy through a lingering illness, the mother was induced to seek a restorative for her failing strength by gratifying a long-cherished wish to accompany her husband on an Italian tour. The expedition had been attended with great enjoyment, but with considerable fatigue. She had just returned to Darmstadt, and had not altogether thrown off the weariness caused by continued sight-seeing and journeying. Prince Louis had left early on a tour of military inspection; Princess Alice, contrary to her usual custom, had remained in bed. Her two boy princes, Ernest and Fritz, had come to wish their mother good morning, and were left alone with her, as she liked them to be. In the middle of a game at "Hide-and-Seek," it seems to have occurred to them that the Princess's sitting-room had a large bow window, from which it was possible to look into one of the windows of the bedroom. At least, poor Princess Alice imagined that the small brothers must have rushed to look at each other from the opposite windows, and that this was the inducement which made Prince Ernest run into the sitting-room, while Prince Fritz flew to the bedroom window "as hard as he could tear." The impetus with which he went served to precipitate him out of the window, which stood half open, and gave way with him. He fell twenty feet, on to a stone balustrade.

The Princess's scream, which has never been forgotten by those who heard it, summoned immediate help. The child was picked up insensible, though outwardly unhurt, save for a trifling bruise at the side of his head. The first doctors called to his aid were very hopeful, but the Princess's own doctor, who knew the defects of the child's constitution, shook his head when he came. The suffusion of blood on the brain, which he dreaded, supervened, and death ensued the same evening. Practically alone, but calm and collected, the broken-hearted mother sat all day near the little bed, seeing the life, so dear to her, ebb away. There was no return of consciousness, no faint smile of recognition, or weak effort at a caress, but mercifully there was also no convulsive struggle or evidence of pain.

Prince Louis had been sent for at once, but did not return in time to see his son alive.

Prince Fritz was buried in the beautiful mausoleum at Rosenhöhe, on the evening of Sunday, the first of June. The painful shock, and the loss of the child, were, as all Princess Alice's family felt, the tender mother's virtual death-blow.

It is pathetic to read in her published letters the passages in which she refers to her "darling little Fritzie," who was safe beyond earthly pain and sorrow. What she felt when she awoke in the morning, and all seemed so quiet next door (the nursery); how she missed the incessant patter of the little feet.

The Queen paid her annual Autumn visit to Balmoral, and there, for the first time, partook of the communion according to the rites of the Church of Scotland; she has continued a yearly communicant when the Sacrament is administered, once a year, in Autumn, in the parish church of Crathie.

During the month of September, the Queen went with Princess Beatrice, and the suite in attendance, to make a stay at Inverlochy, the seat of Lord Abinger. The Queen had some time previously, in the life of the Prince Consort, spent a month at Ardverikie; still this was to her a comparatively fresh district of the Scotch Highlands, including Ben Nevis, and the fine scenery which borders on the Caledonian Canal.

The road to her destination led past various more familiar places with their lasting memories, past Dunkeld, by the Grand Pass of Killiecrankie, the third "gate" into the Highlands,\* which the old Hessians brought north to fight Claverhouse, called "The Mouth of Hell," in the near neighbourhood of the very spot where Claverhouse himself fell, shot by a silver bullet, which did not miss its aim when the persecutor of the Covenanters, and the staunch adherents of King James, perished in the last battle fought for the King on Scotch soil. On by well-remembered "Blair" and Lochs Garry and Ericht, veiled in mist and rain, to Kingussie, where the Queen was met by the representative of the clan Fraser, Lord Lovat, and by Cluny Macpherson, the descendant of the bold rebel who contrived for half-a-score of years to lurk in his hole, a rude cavern, defying King George and his authority. Both gentlemen were in appropriate kilts, no doubt of the Fraser and the Macpherson sets of tartan.

From Kingussie Her Majesty drove in the rain over desolate moors and by the Spey until she reached Cluny, where she stopped to have a bouquet presented to her by the Lady of Cluny; on again beyond the civilization of villages, past lonely farmhouses, and single cottages, "clay biggins," with changes of horses at the Bridge of Laggan, not far from the site of the house in which Anne Grant wrote her "Letters from the Mountains"; at Moy, where, in the '45, the lady sided with Prince Charlie, and raised a regiment in his

\* The two other "gates" are the "King's Pass" and "Birnam Pass."

serviee, while the gentleman went with King George, and “listed soldiers for the Whigs,” and the lady’s soldiers took the laird prisoner, bringing him a captive to his own house, the couple dwelling together all the time in perfect amity, the secret of which lay largely in the fact that in the case of a house thus politically divided against itself, the estate was safe, whichever party conquered. The last change was at the Bridge of Roy, and then the way lay through the Maedonnell’s country, among lochs fringed by birch, rowan, oak, and alder; past foaming mountain torrents, with the mountains themselves in the near backgrounnd, but still hiding shyly in the mist. Here, again, Her Majesty was on familiar ground, for Ardverikie lay not far off.

At Spean Bridge, the Queen was received by Lord and Lady Abinger, the owners of Inverlochy, which was reached about eight o’clock, on a dark, rainy night. It was a new house on an old site, hard by the field of one of the battles fought between Montrose and Argyle in 1645. Rest was welcome, and the Royal wayfarer was, as was her wont, well satisfied with the accommodation provided for her.

The first morning began disastrously, with mist and rain, but there was some compensation in the views of Ben Nevis close at hand. Loch Linnhe, Loch Eil, and Fort William were all within hail. So was a place of strong Jacobite interest, Moidart, with Glenfinnan, where Prince Charlie, with his handful of Irish and Scotch followers, first planted his standard.

In the house lent for the Queen’s use during the time she chose to occupy it, the drawing-room and the library, where she and the other ladies dined, were reserved speciaially for them, with the addition of the Queen’s four-footed guardian, her fine collie, “Noble,” “most biddable of dogs.” The gentlemen had the dining-room. The rain was too persistent for more than a casual look at the stables, the lodges, the home-farm, the kitchen and servants’ offices. There was nothing for it, where Her Majesty was concerned, save sketching from her sitting-room window, when brief gleams of sunshine lit up Banavie, and accompanying Princess Beatrice on the piano. After lunch the rain continued, but the Queen took her drive by the Caledonian Canal, which was crossed, and a wide view obtained of the noble Grampian Range.

The next day was fine, but the prospeet from her room so enchanted the Queen that she sketched and painted indoors for some time before she drove out, through the little town of Fort William, along the lochs as far as the old Castle of Inverlochy. In the afternoon the drive was by the river Arkaig to Achnaearry and the Camerons’ territory. Lochiel himself, in kilt and plaid, was ready to do the honours. He conducted the Queen on board a little steamer for the purpose of sailing up Loch Arkaig, where the

hills were so clad with the foliage of oak-trees that they could be styled “the weeds of the country.” The Queen had heard of Arkaig from her gifted and beautiful Lady-in-Waiting, Lady Canning, who had stayed there, and made many sketches of the scenery.

Lochiel’s great grand-uncle, the hero of Campbell’s lyric—

“Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!”

was the moving spirit in the rising which had for its object the dethroning of the Queen’s great-great-grandfather, George II. But we have Her Majesty’s word for it that she could only feel “a sort of reverence” in going over these scenes in this most beautiful country, which she was “proud” to call her own, where there was such devoted loyalty to the family of her ancestors; for “Stuart blood” was in her veins, and she was now the representative of the Stuarts, while the people were as loyal to her as they had been to that “unhappy race.” Near Loch Lochy the Queen was shown the cave in which Prince Charlie, harking back like a hunted animal on his track, lay hidden for a week. Of the landscape which she saw, not in “Queen’s weather,” but with the frequent accompaniment of drenching showers of rain, Her Majesty has many enthusiastic bits of description, like the following:—

“And now came the finest scene of all—Ben Nevis and its surrounding high hills, and the others in the direction of Loch Laggan, all pink and glowing in that lovely afterglow (*alpen glichen*) which you see in the Alps. It was glorious. It grew fainter and fainter till the hills became blue and then grey, and at last it became almost quite dark before we reached Banavie, and we only got home at a quarter past eight. As we drove out I sketched Ben Nevis from the carriage.”

When a fine day occurred it was seized upon for a longer expedition. One was to the famous Pass of Glencoe—to see which had been one of the inducements to visit Inverlochy. On the road the Queen was struck, as she had been repeatedly during her stay, with the contrast between the picturesque landscape and the poor cultivation of the few fields. These, indeed, would yield but small return, and might be safely left to their weeds and to the “calvie,” or “eoo,” which sometimes fed on them. A more regrettable evidence of the degree to which the Highlanders, as “tails”\* to their chiefs, former veterans, modern soldiers and sportsmen, lagged behind their lowland brethren in civilisation, was to be found in the tumble-down cottages, rough untidy gardens, with brambles growing up to the windows, ragged old people and dirty children. These disgusted an eye accus-

\* Glengarry and his “tail,” or following of Highland men, formed a conspicuous feature in Edinburgh during the visit of George IV.

tomed to the general cleanliness and neatness of a well-kept English village and its inhabitants. The contrast caused the Queen to remark on the superiority of even the slate quarrymen's village of Ballachulish to the straggling hovels of the natives.

The Pass of Glencoe is one of two glens\* in Scotland, which are unrivalled for lonely grandeur and rugged desolation. But in the case of Glencoe it was also the scene of one of the most terrible acts of treacherous violence recorded in Scotch history. The blame of the cruel deed has never been very clearly apportioned. Whether it was due, as Macaulay argued, to the cruel state craft of Lord Stair, or, as it was held by other authorities, to Dutch William's phlegmatic indifference where the fate of a humble handful of his opponents, whom he had been taught to look upon as untameable savages, was in question, "the massacre of Glencoe" remains a dark blot on a reign distinguished otherwise by fairness, liberality, and an honourable respect for the consciences and opinions of men. At the time of the tragedy, Gleneoe is said to have possessed greater tracts of meadow land, with their flocks and herds, and among the wild peaks and towering rocks, a more ample sprinkling of birch and ash trees, in which birds built their nests, rendering vocal the very parts which are now silent as death. This detail of the singing of birds was mentioned by an old dweller in the Pass as one of its special characteristics. Some trees remain, and near them are scattered little heaps of ruins, which tell eloquently enough that the Pass was once fairly peopled. It was the property of the head of one of the branches of the clan Maedonald. He was summoned with the other chiefs to give in his submission to King William on a certain day. He complied with the obligation, but in consequence of a misconception of the place fixed upon, and the time allowed for the performance, there was a fatal delay, and the act of submission came too late. Granted that Maedonald might have had an ulterior motive in the delay, granted also that his people were as rude and lawless as their enemies alleged them to be, the retribution taken was in huge disproportion to the offence. Maedonald of Glencoe and his people were treated as rebels. A warrant was issued for their effectual punishment, and the execution of it was entrusted to an Argyleshire regiment, consisting chiefly of the Maedonalds' hereditary foemen, the Campbells. The deed was done with singular duplicity and atrocity. The soldiers came marching into the Pass (in the absence of Maedonald) in midwinter, when the homely, hearty festivities of the New Year were in most men's minds. Either from an apprehension that mischief was intended, and a desire to propitiate the trained and disciplined intruders, or from the hospitality which is so strong a sentiment with the Celt, the Maedonalds received and entertained their guests with all the bounty at their command. Then at a

\* The other is known as "the sma' glen," and is near Amulree, in Perthshire.

given signal at midnight, when the frost was keen and snow lay on the hills, the armed men rose upon their confiding hosts, and slew indiscriminately. Those who escaped were a few miserable, half-naked men, women, and children. They fled in the darkness of the night and took refuge in the mountain recesses, preferring to face starvation by cold and hunger to perishing at the hands of their ruthless guests. So great was the horror excited by the story in its combination of baseness and barbarity when wholesale murder was committed under legal authority, that "the affair of Glencoe," still more than the unsupported Darien Expedition, was long a powerful weapon wielded by the Jacobites to rouse the wrath of the Highlanders against the supplanters of the Stuarts. Glencoe has continued a by-word for a scene of execrable crime, a place on which lies the brand and the blight of a deed that was a disgrace to the country and the generation in which it happened.

A popular superstition, long persisted in, is the belief that a "judgment" dogged and overtook the men who were actively engaged in the massacre, before they left this world. This was strongly said also of the immediate descendants of Lord Stair and his ambitious wife, known among her contemporaries as "the Witch of Endor," on account of the extent and the success of her machinations to gain her ends and to circumvent the aims of her neighbours. One son was poisoned by accident; another son fell, in an epileptic fit, into a fire, and had his face disfigured in a ghastly manner; a daughter, "Janet Dalrymple," was the original of "Lucy Ashton," in the "Bride of Lammermoor." She went mad, and stabbed her bridegroom on their wedding night. A grandson, engaged in boyish sport with a younger brother, was, by a melancholy mischance, slain by him.

The entrance to Glencoe has an air of rural well-being. There are signs of lingering "couthiness" (simple comfort) in the haughs where cattle and sheep graze, and in the comfortable cottages. There is one farm which still belongs to a descendant of the slaughtered Macdonalds. Glencoe, like its fellow, "the Sma' Glen," has traditions of Ossian, the Gaelic Homer, in a cave where the ancient bard is said to have died. In "the Sma' Glen" his grave, of which there are many examples in Scotland, is pointed out.

At the head of the glen Her Majesty lunched and sketched, and there, of all places, she was molested by newspaper reporters. The encounter, in its ludicrousness, was annoying and well-nigh insulting. One of the reporters lay down at a little distance, and watched Her Majesty's every movement with a telescope, studying the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Lady Churchill, to their great discomfort. John Brown intrepidly challenged the zealous provider of news of royalty for the public, and requested him civilly to move farther off. The representative of the Press, who had so little of the

instincts of a gentleman as thus to spy on the privacy of any woman, not to say of the first lady of the land, was, as might have been expected, a rough diamond in self-assertion and self-defence, and as John Brown was a man of pluck and muscle, an attendant not to be trifled with, a fight seemed imminent, till the other more courteous pressmen came up, and persuaded their unduly inquisitive and irate companion to withdraw quietly.

A different intruder, who was very welcome, was the parish minister, who followed the Queen to give her acceptable information with regard to the names of the hills, and the exact site of the massacre.

Sunday brought the reading of prayers and a portion of a sermon. The Queen drove up a part of Glen Nevis, which, overhung as it is by one of the two highest mountains in Scotland, almost eclipsed Glencoe in her estimation.

The next expedition was to Moidart and Glenfinnan. A century, with its manifold changes, had come to pass since—

“The news frae Moidart cam yest're'en,  
Will sune gar mony ferlie.”

Up the stream of the Finnan, and on to the head of Loch Shiel, carried the visitors to the spot marked by a monument, surmounted by a statue of the unfortunate Prince, where Charles Edward, having spent a night on a neighbouring island, and landed on the mainland, was brought by Maedonald of Borrodale to wait for the gathering of the clans. Only a few poor clasmens hovered in the vicinity, and the young Pretender sat down and covered his face with his hands. He was aroused by the sound of the pipes to look round, and see the Keppoch Maedonalds with the heir of the Murrays, Lord Tullibardine, coming down Glenfinnan. Tullibardine unfurled the banner of Scotland.—

“With the ruddy lion rampant on the field of treasured gold,”

and James VIII. was proclaimed. In another year Prince Charlie was a proscribed fugitive, with a price of £30,000 on his head, doubling back to the scene of his landing, and lurking in the neighbouring wilds till the impatiently-waited-for French ship hove in sight, took him on board, and hurried him back to where he came from. The Queen sketched the place. She spoke with Borrodale's descendant, Maedonald of Glenaladale. The house of Glenaladale and a Roman Catholic chapel are the only buildings near. Glenaladale showed the Queen the family reliques of Prince Charlie—a silver snuff-mull, bearing the dates 1743 and 1746, given by the Prince to the chief at Borrodale, where Charles Edward slept his last sleep in Scotland; a watch which had belonged to him, and

a ring which contained a lock "of his long yellow hair." On her homeward drive, Her Majesty first saw, growing by the wayside, instead of the moon daisies, or "horse gowans" (in Scotch nomenclature), the golden corn marigold, which was once such a common pest to Scotch agriculturists that, so far back as the reign of Alexander III, an Act of Parliament enjoined its extirpation.

The Queen and the Princess, with their suite, left Inverlochy on the 16th of September, returning by the slow but beautiful sail through the Caledonian Canal, which engineering skill has constructed out of a succession of lochs, until there is a waterway across the country from Inverness to Argyleshire. At Loch Oich Her Majesty was in what was the Glengarry country. At one halt a country woman came on board with the appropriate offering of a jug of milk and an oat cake. The Macdonald country merged again into the Grant country, while the Queen had occasion to observe how many of the fine old Highland properties were now in the hands of English owners. The Prince Consort had been at Fort Augustus thirty-six years before, and had there seen and engaged a Highland keeper—gone like his master.

At Dochgarroch the Queen landed, stepping upon bunches of flax, which two little girls threw down for her to walk upon, according to an old Highland custom. The Royal party drove, escorted by the 7th Dragoon Guards, to Inverness, where a crowd was certain to be at the station. No Queen had been there since Mary, Queen of Scots, visited the capital of the Central Highlands. The lateness of the hour compelled a hasty progress through the decorated streets to the station, from which the rest of the fatiguing journey was made by railway to Ballater, and then by a carriage drive in the darkness home to Balmoral.

## CHAPTER IV.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE.—LANDSEER, &c., &c.—THE VISIT OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA.—THE TICHBORNE TRIAL.—MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.—LIVINGSTONE'S BODY BROUGHT BACK TO ENGLAND, &c.

MORE figures, once familiar to the Queen, vanished from her farthest horizon. Samuel Wilberforce had been for a space a frequent preacher before the Queen, when he was held in great regard by Her Majesty and the Prince Consort. Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, was born in 1805. He was the son of a greater father, of William Wilberforce, the friend of William Pitt, the ardent, and at last the triumphant advocate of the abolition of slavery in the British dominions, and the fervent and faithful apostle of evangelical christianity, when to be such was to draw down on himself the charge of illiterate methodism and narrow fanaticism. Samuel Wilberforce was one of several sons all brought up with affectionate care in a home which was a stronghold of honest piety, and of that peace which is born of a good conscience and a Godly life. In addition, it reflected the intellectual gifts and graces of distinguished ability and cultured refinement. The charm as well as the excellence of their father was keenly felt by Wilberforce's sons—lads of congenial natures. It was remarked of them by a visitor that it was pleasant to see how eagerly they listened whenever their father spoke, and how evidently his natural eloquence excited their lively admiration.

Samuel Wilberforce inherited many of his father's endowments, while, instead of the elder Wilberforce's somewhat grotesque personality, the younger man was in personal appearance handsome in youth and impressive in more mature years. He had William Wilberforce's "golden sweetness" of voice, his winning, persuasive manner, his ready sympathy. But his impulsiveness, the temptation of a masterful, hasty, warm-hearted man of the quickest parts, and the most restless energy to express himself without reserve on different points from different sides of the same question, and when he had gone too far,

and was called back for his apparent inconsistency, to be prompted to qualify his previous statements so as to bring them *en rapport* with what had gone before, was an unfortunate tendency—bred of rash confidence in himself and in others—as certain to draw down on its possessor the charge of insincerity, as if he had been the most double-minded of men. It produced misconception and misunderstanding, where he was concerned, among his friends, and it earned for him, from his coarser-minded adversaries, the derisive sobriquet of “Soapy Sam.”

Wilberforce had also the misfortune of beginning his life in the sunshine of almost unexampled prosperity. His attainments at college were brilliant. As the father was a man of fortune the son could marry early the beautiful girl whom he had loved passionately from boyhood, with whom the union, while it lasted, was the happiest of idyls. His preferment was of the most rapid description. His power of attracting interest, and securing regard wherever he went, culminated in the court favour which he enjoyed for years. In these circumstances it was hard for him to preserve intact the perfect single-heartedness of the father, whose high, unsullied reputation was to all the Wilberforces their first stepping-stone to honour. It was not easy, even with a lofty standard, excellent principles, and the best intentions, not to yield to his instinct of general captivation, not to try to be all things to all men. The temptation was strong upon him, and who dare say that his motive was not to gain some?

When the death of the wife, whom Samuel Wilberforce adored, after twelve years of blissful marriage, while it “scourged him” to greater devotion to his Master’s service, also rendered his home desolate, and drove him more and more into the world to play a foremost part for what he believed to be the glory of God and the good of his fellow creatures, in the vortex of politics and theological controversy, the charges of grasping ambition, pride of place and time-serving equivocation, were rung more and more loudly against him by his opponents. Beginning clerical life as rector of Brightstone, in the Isle of Wight, he was quickly nominated Archdeacon of Surrey, at the time when his brother Robert was Archdeacon of the East Riding of Yorkshire, and his brother-in-law, Manning, was Archdeacon of Chichester. Samuel Wilberforce refused further offers of preferment until he accepted the rectorcy of Alverstoke. He was appointed by the Prince Consort one of his Chaplains in 1841. Within the next four years Wilberforce was made Sub-Almoner to the Queen, Dean of Westminster, and Bishop of Oxford, while he was still not much over forty years of age. His post as the Prince’s Chaplain caused the Archdeacon, later the Bishop, to be frequently summoned to preach before the Queen. His pulpit oratory, his earnestness, and his grace and spirit in social intercourse, were highly appreciated at Court. The Queen

talked to him of his father, the champion of the oppressed, who had seen and been interested in her when she was a child of two years. Samuel Wilberforce had long confidential conversations with the Prince. He got on intimate terms with Baron Stockmar. He was desired to call on the Duchess of Kent, who wished to be introduced to him. He was repeatedly shown the royal children—the Prince of Wales in his cradle—and there was a vague idea that he might, in course of time, be asked to accept the post of tutor to his Royal Highness. He received in 1842 a silver inkstand as a kindly Christmas gift, with the inscription, “From V.R. and Albert.”

Then a change came over the relations of Queen, Prince, and Bishop. The Prince imbibed the prevalent doubt of the Bishop’s candour and disinterestedness, partly in connection with one of the political complications of the day, partly in reference to a conversation which the Prince had once held with Wilberforce. The subject of the conversation was a New Testament miracle with which the Bishop had dealt in a sermon that morning, and the Prince was inclined to believe that the preacher modified his views in the course of the discussion, in order to suit the opinion held by the Royal speaker. The Prince Consort was himself straightforward, in a simple, manly way. He was in a position when to doubt the entire integrity of those who approached him must have been occasionally forced upon him, while the doubt was extremely repugnant to him. The Queen was the soul of truth, as was her mother before her. Possibly it was not easy for them to measure the difficulties of those who came close to them, and yet stood on lower steps of the social ladder. Her Majesty was naturally influenced in her convictions by her husband, in whose wisdom she had reason to trust.

The notion that the Bishop “had a motive” in all he said and did, and that he could turn and twist his words to suit his audience, nipped in the bud the friendship which had promised well and been formed with every prospect of continuance.

In spite of the intervention of Lord Aberdeen (then in office), whose faith in Wilberforce did not wane, who undertook the delicate task of trying to clear away the clouds which had arisen, the Bishop of Oxford was not re-established in the esteem on which he set great store.

Samuel Wilberforce held his Bishopric for upwards of twenty-five years, during which time he showed himself a hard-working, zealous, and devout Churchman. In addition to the life-long sorrow caused by the early death of his beautiful, gentle wife, he had many troubles in his later years, notably that of the secession to the Church of Rome of various members of his father’s family and his own. In the revulsion of reasoning and sentiment which is apt to appear in successive generations, the evangelical views of William

Wilberforce underwent various transformations. The father's views were exchanged by the sons, who revered him first for moderate high churchism (the creed to which Samuel Wilberforce adhered). The next development, under the influence of the tractarian movement at Oxford, and of the perversion of the Bishop's two brothers-in-law, Manning and Ryder, was the full adoption of the tenets of the Church of Rome by his brothers, Robert and Henry, and by a married daughter of Samuel Wilberforce's.

The manner of Bishop Wilberforce's death, at the age of sixty-seven, was pathetic and impressive. He was riding in the company of a friend, Earl Granville, on a summer's day, in the midst of a pleasant English landscape. His horse suddenly stumbled and threw the rider, breaking his neck instantaneously. The Bishop was taken up dead, his lips still curved by the smile called forth a minute before, in his appreciation of the rural beauty of the scene through which he was passing. Truly for him there was—

"No moaning of the bar  
When he went out to sea."

Sir Edwin Landseer was born in 1802. Like Bishop Wilberforce, he had the doubtful advantage of attaining early unsurpassed prosperity in his profession. The son of an eminent London engraver, Edwin Landseer's love of animals, and his skill in depicting them, were observed and cultivated from early childhood. His father took the little boy into the fields, nearer London then than now, and encouraged the small prodigy to watch and draw the cattle and horses, when he was little more than a baby. Copies by Landseer, made at the age of five, along with life studies of the heads of bulls, &c., &c., done between the ages of seven and ten years, are preserved in the South Kensington Museum. At the age of fourteen Landseer began to exhibit; at sixteen his "Dogs Fighting" was bought by the art critic, Sir G. Beaumont, and was engraved by Landseer's father. At eighteen, Edwin Landseer's "Dogs of St. Gotthard discovering a Traveller in the Snow" was exhibited at the British Institution, engraved by the elder Landseer, and at once became a popular print. The lad was not tempted to neglect his studies. He worked assiduously, under the best teachers he could procure, until at the age of twenty-four years, the earliest date permitted by the constitution of the Academy, he was elected an Associate, and at twenty-eight a full-fledged Academician.

He continued unapproached as an English animal painter. The sole reproach brought against him in comparing him with such animal painters as Paul Potter, George Morland, and Rosa Bonheur, was that Landseer went too far in investing his animals with human characteristics. But these traits lovers of animals see in them without any instigation from Landseer. If he erred in this respect, he did so with fine effect, both in pathos and in

humour, which never degenerated either into what was mandarin or what was sheer burlesque. Witness his "Shepherd's Funeral" and his "Dignity and Impudence," while the wild grace and native nobility of his "Children of the Mist" and of his "Taking Sanetuary" are stag-like throughout, without a grain of man's passions and weaknesses.

When the Queen was our young Queen, and a tender lover of animals, Landseer was her painter *par excellence*. She would even go, attended by her suite, a gay and gallant cavaleade, riding from Buckingham Palaee to the door of his studio. He painted her dogs and horses by the seore. After her marriage and her annual visits to the Highlands, he painted the Prince Consort's return from his day's sport, with the Queen and her elder children examining and admiring the contents of his game-bag.

Landseer painted men and women more tamely and conventionally than he painted animals. Perhaps his best specimen of a mingled group is that of the old Duke of Wellington and his beautiful daughter-in-law, the Marchioness of Duro, riding over the Field of Waterloo.

Landseer was one of the artists selected by the Prince Consort to paint the interior of the summer-house in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. His contribution was taken from Milton's "Masque of Comus."

Edwin Landseer was knighted by the Queen in 1850. Among his later work was the moulding, in Baron Marochetta's studio, of the lions round the fountain in Trafalgar Square.

As years rolled on, and the Queen and the Prince were more engulfed in the heavy obligations of their position and the cares of government, Landseer and his art were less in request at Court. When the blow deseended which darkened the Queen's life, Sir Edwin fell naturally still more into the background. The aristocratic eireles which had followed the Queen's lead, and weleomed Sir Edwin to their town and country houses as if he were one of themselves, began to forget him, unintentionally no doubt, simply from the shortness of memory, to be expeeted from those whose lives are thronged with interests and amusements, and with fresh guests continually eoming and going in the shifting surroundings. Sir Edwin could afford to be thus forgotten. He had earned fame and fortune. He could command hosts of friends in his own rank and profession. But it is the misfortune of those whom their neighbours call "favourites of fortune," who have been early inaugurated into a career of unbroken success, to display a hyper-sensitiveness to the least check or cross. They pine under it instead of meeting it with cheerful indifference as an every-day oecurrence inevitable in the nature of things, and too trifling when measured by the serious ills of life to be worthy of more than a passing regret. It

is said that Landseer fretted because of what he considered neglect, and that as his health gave way, he sank into a state of brooding melancholy. He could not be roused from it. The pageant which constantly presented itself to his imagination was that of his funeral. Thus the sun, which had risen so brightly, set behind thick clouds. The friends who loved him fell on the device of putting in his way canvas, palette, paints, and brushes, and leaving him alone with them. He painted on the canvas a lion and a lamb. It was his last work, and fell into the Queen's possession. It formed a final remembrance of the art-friend of her youth. Landseer died at the age of seventy. He was buried in St. Paul's, in the Painters' Corner, where Sir Joshua Reynolds, with Barry and Turner, were laid. The Queen sent a wreath of camellias, roses, and violets to be put on his coffin.

The fashionable novelist of the Queen's youth, the Editor of the *New Monthly*, when it stood the next thing to alone among English magazines not political and not addressed to the working classes, one of the two baronets created on the Queen's coronation (the other was the astronomer, Herschel), was Edward Lytton Bulwer. He was a man of singular energy and versatility. His work had not the spontaneity of genius. It always showed the hand of the clever worker overworking his subject rather than mastering it, and being mastered by it. The art of fiction was artificial in his hands, but it was artificiality of a high order. It was wonderfully brilliant talent of its kind, and might easily be mistaken for genius.

Lytton Bulwer or Bulwer Lytton, as he was eventually called, was born in 1805. He was a son of Bulwer, of Heyden Hall, and Wood Dalling, Norfolkshire; while his mother was daughter and heiress of Lytton, of Knebworth, Hertfordshire. He was, as a young man, slight, delicate, and a pronounced dandy. He wrote an Oriental tale, which was printed when he was only in his sixteenth year. He was a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was not a noted prizeman, but was foremost in the debates at the Union. He gained, however, the Chancellor's prize for a poem on sculpture. He married in 1827, when he was twenty-two years of age, Rosina, daughter of Frances Massey Wheeler, of Lizard Connell, Limerick, a marriage which proved grievously unhappy. The following year he published "Falkland," and "Pelham." The success of "Pelham," a novel of society, was ultimately immense. He followed it with "Devereux," "Paul Clifford," and "Eugene Aram." The last tragic tale had a fascination for him, since the unhappy schoolmaster had taught in Bulwer's grandfather's family. "Godolphin" the author chose to publish anonymously.

Lytton Bulwer succeeded Campbell as Editor of the *New Monthly*, and entered Parliament as member for St. Ives. The House of Commons refused to pay any

attention—as it refused subsequently in the case of Disraeli, to what it chose to consider a novelist's tall talk—to which, when Bulwer used it, were added the airs and graces of a languid, fine gentleman. However, the fine gentleman was honest and generous in urging, as he did from first to last, the claims of literature and the drama. His health did not permit him to continue an editor, and he travelled in Germany and Italy. His German experience produced the romantic, slightly morbid tales included in "*The Pilgrims of the Rhine*." His Italian tour had for its result "*The Last Days of Pompeii*," and "*Rienzi*," and these were his first attempts at the historical novel, for which his powers of application and research, and his strong sense of the picturesque and dramatic, fitted him in no slight degree. In "*Ernest Maltravers*" and "*Alice*," he returned to the style of "*Pelham*," but again reverted to historical novels in "*Harold*" and his highly elaborate "*Last of the Barons*." His versatility showed itself in yet another field of fiction, in which he again attacked the world of readers, anonymously and triumphantly vindicated his title to popularity. This new departure was in a series of genial, semi-philosophic novels beginning with "*The Caxtons*," and extending to "*My Novel*" and "*What will he do with it?*" In "*Zanoni*" and "*A Strange Story*" he crossed the verge of the occult and supernatural. Of his plays, "*The Duchesse de La Valliere*," "*Richelieu*," "*Money*" (a comedy), and "*The Lady of Lyons*," the three last made their mark on the stage. He took a lively interest in "*The Guild of Literature and Art*," and wrote for its amateur performances "*Not so Bad as we Seem*." He gave the ground for the site of houses, built in the neighbourhood of Knebworth, and intended to serve as a refuge for the old age of authors in poor circumstances. The project was benevolent, but futile; no authors availed themselves of the pretty houses. The infirmity of deafness, which came upon him before he had reached middle life, put an end to his political ambition, and caused his withdrawal from society. He reversed the order of his surname in 1844, and was created Baron Lytton in 1866. He died, at the age of sixty-eight, still busily engaged in literature. His last letter, written the night before his death, was an apology for delay in returning the proof sheets of the number of a serial story in a popular magazine. His son was the Queen's Viceroy in India for three years, and died when her Ambassador in France.

Part of the Queen's education had been visits to the theatre to see famous actors and good plays, a variety in the routine which the somewhat lonely young Princess keenly enjoyed.\* The great player of that part of her life as Queen, when the theatre was a

\* The number of dolls which Princess Victoria dressed, or helped to dress, "in character," copies of which have been offered to the public in periodicals, indicates her juvenile interest in the stage.

frequent resort in the season, was William Macready. He was born in London in 1793. The son of a provincial actor and manager, who had other aims for his boy, he was educated at Rugby, with the intention that he should enter a profession. But his father's worldly difficulties induced the lad to come to his aid by taking to the stage. Maeready's first public appearance was in Birmingham, as "Romeo," in 1810, when he was only seventeen years of age. Young as he was, his acting was at once recognised as full of promise. For six years he acted and studied his art in the provinces. He was twenty-three years of age when he made his *début* on a London stage at Covent Garden, in 1816, and he played the part of "Orestes" in "The Distressed Mother"; but it was not till eleven more years of careful work, when he was in his thirty-fifth year, and had become Lessee of Covent Garden, that his fine qualities, which included his good presence, were fully acknowledged. Not equal to John Kemble or to Edmund Kean, in their distinctive attributes of dignity and fire, he came nearer to both than any actor who has succeeded them, not even excepting Young, and was unquestionably the greatest player of his day.

It was to see Macready that theatre-goers thronged. But even with the advantage of royal patronage, the great theatres, Covent Garden and Drury Lane, which Maeready leased in succession, could not command a commercial success. It was adverse times for plays and players, especially for plays with serious motives, and historic subjects which called for depth and subtlety of thought and for profoundly tragic situations. During nearly an entire generation, Shakespeare's work had to be dismissed from the English stage. Even with lighter material, such as "Richelieu" and "The Lady of Lyons," both of which Bulwer wrote for Maeready, and one of which has continued a stock piece in the theatrical repertory, the actor of his day could not secure a return of fortune to Covent Garden or Drury Lane. In "Richelieu," indeed, in the *rôle* of the mighty French Cardinal, Maeready could arouse thunders of applause; but he could not retain such audiences as would make the theatre pay. In 1851, at the age of fifty-eight, Maeready took his farewell of the stage, where he had won a fair amount of personal honour and affluence, though he had not been able to raise the theatre to the rank which all its true admirers have coveted for it, as a great national school of the highest morals and the finest manners. The church in Maeready's day, with many of the graver and more serious-minded of the public, still looked coldly on the drama. They have taken it into greater favour in the next generation, though little warrant has been given for the relaxation of old standards, beyond the fact of the restoration in certain quarters of Shakespeare to his proper place as the chief of English dramatists. In other respects, in the extreme flimsiness, and in the glossed-over vice of the French-derived stock

of the numerous little garish theatres which have taken the place of the great houses—Covent Garden and Drury Lane—the prophecy of one of the elder Kembles seems in course of fulfilment. The prediction was that the fall of the great houses, together with the licensing of their manifold successors, would deal the death-blow to all higher art in England.

Macready, who bore an unblemished character, was a gentleman and a man of intellect, figured prominently in the literary circles of the hour, and was one of the intimate friends of Charles Dickens. Macready survived his retirement from the stage twenty-one years, and died at the age of seventy-nine.

London was distracted in 1873 by two sensational sources of interest. The one was the visit of the Shah of Persia to England. He was the first Shah who had set his foot on these shores, and the popular imagination was caught by the outlandishness of his dark face, under his red fez, by his diamond aigrette, his white horse with the tail dyed pink and drawn through a jewelled ring, and by his picturesque attendants. A mob rushed after him wherever he went. The wildest stories were told of his strange practices, among them that, as a necessary rite of his religion, he had a sheep killed in a corner of one of the rooms of Buckingham Palace. He came from the Continent by the Queen's invitation, and visited her twice at Windsor. He had been received at Dover by the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Arthur, and when he went to Windsor the Queen met him, and bade him farewell at the foot of the Grand Staircase, while the reception was held in the White Drawing-room, and the luncheon in the Oak Room. He conferred upon the Queen two Persian orders, and gave her his portrait set in diamonds. She conferred on him the Order of the Garter. He was entertained the same evening at a magnificent banquet in the Guild Hall, to which he led in the Princess of Wales, the Prince of Wales conducting the Czarina, who was with her husband, the Czarewitch, and their children, on a visit to England.

Some clever speeches were attributed to the Shah, such as likening London to a man-hive, and his remark on the disappearance of the sun during his stay in the country. In reality, he seems to have had the half-foolish, half-vulgar tastes of a scantily-educated man, whose mental capacity was not of a high order, whose mother-wit bore a strong resemblance to cunning. Madame Tussaud's waxworks filled him with amazement and admiration. He deferred his departure from England for a day in order that he might revisit the Crystal Palace, whose attractions on a shilling day of gay, cheap stalls, and smart little theatricals, are irresistible to the more shallow of the working-class. They were equally fascinating to the Shah.

The second subject which engrossed the public mind was the famous Tichborne trial.

It was drawing out its apparently endless coils. Multitudes thronged the law-courts, day after day, or clustered round the entrance for hours in order to have a chance of hearing the clever cross-examination of Hawkins, and the solidly baffling replies of the primed and prepared "claimant." The credulity of a considerable part of the population was worked upon by the audacity with which the hugely fat Wapping butcher, "Arthur Orton," asserted his identity with the slim aristocrat, Sir Roger Tichborne. A world of mischief had been worked by the half-ludicrous, half-pathetic, half-rancorous craze of the Dowager Lady Tichborne. It made her interview every stray sailor who crossed her path to ask of him news of the lost Sir Roger. His resuscitation would not only give her back her elder son, it would oust from their places the widow of her younger son, and the baby grandson who already bore the title of the dead Sir Roger. The doting vindictive mania resulted in the infatuated woman—a foreigner by birth—believing, or pretending to believe, that the strange, greasy rogue was her lost son, and in her taking him in her arms in that light. It exhausted the fortune of the lawful heir, spent in the heavy law expenses. It caused a conflict of opinion to rage furiously, and set the different classes by the ears, for strange to say the populace, to a man and to a woman, took the part and urged the cause of the fictitious Sir Roger, who, if he was what he pretended to be, had neither part nor lot in his vociferous champions. It enabled an impostor of the grossest and vilest description to flourish for a season. It was as if a large section of staid and sober English men and women had lost their wits on the disputed question.

The first month of 1874 saw the marriage, in far away St. Petersburg, of the Queen's second son, the Duke of Edinburgh, with the Grand-duchess Marie, only daughter of the Czar of all the Russias. There is an animated description, both of the Greek and the English marriage services, in the published letters of Dean Stanley, written to his sister in England. The Dean and his wife, Lady Augusta Stanley, were sent by the Queen; the Dean to officiate at the English marriage ceremony of the young couple. Other delicate commissions were entrusted to the Stanleys. They were to convey sprigs of myrtle, plucked from the prolific myrtle tree at Osborne, which was itself grown from a sprig taken out of the bridal bouquet of the Princess Royal. That myrtle-tree has grown and flourished and become, in its relation to the weddings of the members of the Royal family, in a sense historical. The sprigs the Stanleys carried with them were to be inserted in a freshly gathered bouquet of white flowers got for the occasion.

"Elphinstone and I," wrote the Dean, "set off in a sledge to a flower shop to which we were directed, and on arriving found the roses by dint of hazarding the word 'rose,' and remembering the word 'babz' for 'white,' but not the possibility of a step farther



H. R. H. THE DUKE OF COBURG  
In Uniform of Admiral of the British Navy



from the two—ignorant of French, English, or German. At last the man made a sign and took us to his next neighbour, a barber. In a moment the whole thing was cleared up; the barber not only spoke excellent French, but conducted the negotiation in a style worthy of Gortchakoff. ‘Choose,’ he said, ‘from the roses what you consider the *best*, and I will tell him that must be the *worst* amongst the roses that he is to send. Do not say too much about Lilies of the Valley, or he will send nothing but them.’ We did not tell him for whom we wanted them, but I will after the marriage . . . And now we were all arranged, I in my red robes for the Russian service, to be exchanged for white for the English, Augusta in lilac and resplendent with diamonds, Lady Emma in pink. At twelve we start, I with my two chaplains, the two English clergymen.

“The marriage is over! At twelve we started, *i.e.*, I and my two assistants were conducted to our places in the Imperial Chapel, close to the choral rails, where all the clergy not of the Greek church were placed. I commanded the whole view of the ceremony, which I need not describe. It was a very pretty sight. All the old Metropolitans were there, even the blind Innocent of Moseow, and stood round in their splendid vestments, whilst the venerable chaplain, Bajanoff, formed the centre of the bridal group. It was much more like a family gathering than anything in Western Churches. The bride and bridegroom were closed round by the four groomsmen (for there are no bridesmaids) as if protecting them, and the crowns are held over their heads so long as to give the impression of a more than fugitive interest. The walking round and round the altar, with these four youths pacing with them, had quite the effect of what originally it must have been—a wedding dance. The sunshine which, after a dull, gloomy morning, had gradually crept into the dome, at this moment lighted up the group below, and gave a bright auspicious air to the whole scene. The singing was magnificent. The Lord’s Prayer again struck me as the most beautiful vocal music I had ever heard.

“At a given moment, just before the conclusion of the service, one of the Court officers came to summon me away. With difficulty we found our way through the crowd to the ante-chamber, where I changed my red robe for my white one, and immediately took my place on the high platform which had been made in front of the altar that stood against the screen; all the curtains were drawn down and all the candles lighted, so that the whole place was transformed. The hall was full from end to end, far more than the English church would have accommodated, and as I looked down on the vast array of officers, &c. &c., it was a splendid sight. The Russian choir was on my right, the English residents on my left, the two English clergymen one on each side, and the five Russian clergy, who came in with changed garments as soon as their service was over.

“Then came up the hall the bride and bridegroom, and stood before me. The Emperor and Empress on their right. The music of the choir broke out with Psalm 21st as they advanced.

“It was a thrilling moment when, for the first and last time in my life, I addressed each by their Christian name, ‘Alfred’ and ‘Marie,’ and looked each full in the face, as they looked into mine. The first part of the service I read from the Coronation Prayer Book, the second from one lent by Lady Mary Hamilton, out of which were married George IV., the Princess Charlotte, William IV., the Duke of Kent, and the Prince of Wales.”

Besides the myrtle sprigs, the Queen had sent prayer-books, the one for the Duchess bound in white, with an illuminated scroll. The Queen recalled that, on her own marriage, the Duchess of Kent had given her daughter and her son-in-law prayer-books which had been treasured possessions, out of which—especially out of the Prince Consort’s, which had been rendered doubly sacred by his death—the Queen had often read.

In the middle of the grand and gay proceedings, the Dean records two episodes, with their pathetic touch of human nature. The Emperor—the unfortunate Alexander, in speaking to the Dean of the marriage of his only daughter, said, with tears in his eyes, that she was the joy of the palace, which would depart with her.

In an interlude between the acts, the kindly English dignitary remarked sympathetically on a glimpse of the figure of the Empress—that of a worn, weary, sad woman, sitting alone, almost forlorn, waiting for the next scene in the drama.

The Duke of Edinburgh was in his thirtieth, the Grand-duchess in her twenty-sixth year. They arrived at Gravesend on the 7th of March. The Dean and Lady Augusta Stanley were at Windsor to witness the reception of bride and bridegroom with her introduction to the Queen, and the other members of the Royal family, &c., &c. The Queen drove out to meet her new daughter-in-law, kissed her again as she led her across the threshold, and herself presented her to all waiting for an introduction.

The public entrance into London was five days later, in the middle of a snow-storm. The Duchess sat by the Queen, with the Duke and Princess Beatrice for their *vis-à-vis*, in an open carriage drawn by six horses. The *cortège* drove slowly through the crowded streets to Buckingham Palace, where the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Louise, and the Marquis of Lorne, &c., &c., were at the windows looking out for them. Her Majesty afterwards showed herself for a few minutes on the balcony, in company with the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh.

The only *contretemps* which had been feared was the cavalcade’s passing in its route the monument erected by the Guards to those of their comrades who fell at Inkermann

and Balaclava. Would the young Duchess notice the building? Would she ask what it was designed to record? Would the stammered answer, with its reminder of the fate of the Malakoff, grate on her patriotic ears?

The town-house assigned to the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh was Clarence House, the country house, Eastwell Park.

The Queen has given us a pretty picture of the Highland "home-coming," in the following August, of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. The Queen, with Princess Beatrice, went to meet the pair at Ballater; a rainy morning had cleared into sunshine before the train came up. After affectionate embraces and congratulations, the Duke and Duchess took their places in the carriage with the Queen and the Princess. It drove slowly across the bridge, over the rushing Dee, guarded by the Farquharson Volunteers in their kilts, through the arch, among the friendly crowd of members of the household, friends, and neighbours of all ranks. The pipers walked in front playing a piper, the keepers in their full dress at each side, John Brown in his keeper's dress on the rumble of the carriage, the rest of the cavalcade bringing up the rear, to the Queen's home among the mountains, with its setting of heather, "birks," and fir trees. At the door of the castle, Dr. Robertson, the Queen's chamberlain in the north, gave the toast, "The Duke and Duchess," drunk with hearty cheers. Two reels were danced, and the simple, kindly pageant was ended.

In the month of March, the Queen reviewed the victorious troops returned from the Ashantee War. She conferred the orders of St. Michael and St. George on Sir Garnet Wolsey, and the Victoria Cross on Lord Gifford.

Soon after the marriage of his daughter, the Emperor Alexander visited England, and was entertained at Guildhall by the Lord Mayor and Corporation. Did the Czar also pass the monument of the officers of the Guards slain in battle in his dominions, and did the sight awaken slumbering memories of conflict and defeat far removed from the triumphant peaceful procession of this latter day?

In the course of the autumn, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh's only son was born at Clarence House. The invalided Empress of Russia endured the fatigue and discomfort of a long journey, only to arrive too late for the auspicious event.

The time had come when England was to be assured of the death of her great African explorer and christian missionary, David Livingstone. He was a man of whom England was justly proud. He had closed a career of heroic adventure without a single charge of violence, cruelty, or self-seeking, having been brought against him. He was born at Blantyre, on the Clyde, in 1817, two years after the battle of Waterloo. He was

without any advantage of birth and rearing, unless what is, after all, the greatest gain. He had come of an honest, hard-working Godly stock. At ten he was sent to work in a factory. He had, however, received a Scotch boy's sound parish schooling, though it ended early. It had aroused his love of knowledge, and part of his first week's wages went to the purchase of a "school book," and he entered himself at an evening school for Latin. His ambition was to become a missionary in China, and his delight was in reading books of travel. He would place these, and his more serious studies in front of him, on his spinning jenny, and devour them at every moment of leisure from his weaving, amidst the noise and traffic of the mill.

By Livingstone's own exertions, and what he could save from his earnings in summer, he contrived to attend in winter the classes in Glasgow University for Greek, Theology, and Medicine. The last branch of study he took up partly from taste, but principally to be of use to him in his career as a missionary, and to promote his chances of procuring employment from the London Missionary Society. When he had completed his education, and the London Missionary Society was ready to send him out in their service, the door was shut against him in China by the opium war. His steps were, therefore, directed to Africa, for which he sailed in 1840, when he was in his twenty-fourth year.

David Livingstone commenced his work in Bechuanaland, not a thousand miles from Cape Town. In this district he was content to work for nine years, in the course of which he married one of the daughters of another missionary, as devoted and nearly as well known as himself—Robert Moffat.

In 1849, when Livingstone was thirty-two years of age, he received his first impulse to that field of geographical discovery he was to make his own. He had heard of the natives of the borders of Lake Ngami, which no European had ever visited. In order to confirm by the evidence of his eyes the hearing of his ears, he set out, accompanied by two other Scotchmen, Messrs. Murray and Oswald, and after a troublesome and hazardous journey of two months, spent in skirting one of the great African deserts, he reached the lake. A year later he set out again, and hit on the great river Zambesi, flowing right through what had been rashly regarded as a waterless and barren region.

In two more years Livingstone started on a fresh journey, which occupied him four years, in the course of which he succeeded in traversing South Africa from Cape Town to the Capital of Angola on the west coast, and from Angola across the lower end of the Continent to Quilimano on the east coast.

In 1856—sixteen years after he had left England—David Livingstone returned home. He electrified his countrymen with a modest account of his exploits, which read like the

wanderings of the earliest travellers in the virgin territories of the world. His lectures and his book of travels showed that there were still gallant achievements to be accomplished in the van of civilization and christianity—achievements left for the men of this generation.

Livingstone was feted and made much of, received the gold medals of the geographical societies of London and Paris, and what he cared more for, a steamer was placed at his disposal by Government, in order that he might ascend the river Zambesi.

He returned to Africa in 1848, when he was in his forty-second year. His attached wife, who had been in England for the education of her children, while she never ceased to lament her separation from her husband, rejoined him for a few happy weeks, at the close of which she died of malarial fever. He traced other rivers, and he gazed on the gleaming waters of freshly discovered lakes. Then his communication with Europe was interrupted for so long a period, his circumstances meanwhile remaining entirely unknown, that Henry Stanley, sent by Bennet, the enterprising editor of *The New York Herald*, went in search of the missing traveller, with the well-known result of their romantic meeting.

Still more romantic and full of true pathos was Livingstone's lonely death, and the fidelity of his black "boys," who had grown to love and revere him, until all their traditional superstitions and standards of conduct were cast to the winds. So incredible was it that lads of those tribes, of which treachery and cowardice were conspicuous attributes, could prolong their contact with death, from which they shrank with terror and loathing, by rudely preserving the corpse in brandy, and carrying it in many a long and dreary day's march to the coast, that for a considerable time the story was utterly discredited. The primitive coffin had to be opened and the body recognised by various tokens—amongst them the scar left on one arm and shoulder, from a wound received in a struggle with a lion, for Livingstone's friends to be satisfied that the loyal constancy and courage of his immediate followers had brought all that remained of him on earth, within reach of the ship which conveyed the body to England, to rest fittingly in Westminster Abbey. Of few of the renowned sleepers around him could it be said that not a stain of violence or falsehood, or baseness, marred his fearless and faithful deeds. At the time of his death he was still not more than fifty-five years of age. The Queen sent a wreath of azaleas to be laid on Livingstone's coffin.

Change and transition were on all sides. Dr. Guthrie, champion of "Ragged Schools," who had so lately viewed with keen sympathy and lively enjoyment Princess Louise's marriage, died at St. Leonard's. Guizot, Louis Philippe's Liberal minister, passed away.

Agnes Strickland, who had written the chronicles of so many English Queens, laid down her pen. Men, as far apart as the poles from the tropics, closed their career simultaneously. Sir Robert Maclure, knighted and presented with the promised reward of five thousand pounds for the supposed Discovery of the North-West Passage, which had been sought for since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, embarked on the silent sea. At last death proved too strong for Surgeon Brydon, the solitary survivor of the fifteen thousand English soldiers slain in the Kyber Pass, when his stout heart and gallant horse had carried him fainting in the saddle to the gates of Jellalabad. He was destined to yet another close encounter with the natives of India. In the Sepoy rebellion he was shut up with Sir Henry Lawrence and his soldiers in the fort of Lucknow, from which Brydon came forth unseathed, to die by natural death in his native land. M. Van de Weyer had been the confidential friend of old King Leopold, had filled for many years the post of Belgian Ambassador, had married and settled in England, and had been for a considerable length of time the Queen's near neighbour and friend at Windsor. This year the connection was severed by death.

Prince Arthur was created Duke of Connaught, with the usual income granted to the younger princes of fifteen thousand, increased on their marriage to twenty-five thousand a year.

Early in 1875, the fear that had so often over-shadowed the Queen's life when fever broke out in her family, was present to such an extent in the dangerous attack which prostrated Prince Leopold for a time, that Her Majesty's intention of opening Parliament in person was abandoned.

## CHAPTER V.

DEATHS OF SIR A. HELPS AND THE REV. C. KINGSLEY.—CAPSIZING OF THE YACHT “MISTLETOE.”

—QUEEN’S SECOND VISIT TO ARGYLESHIRE.—JANE, LADY FRANKLIN.—PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA, &c., &c.

IT was a late and cold spring, and before it merged into summer, the severity of the season exacted hostages which left blanks at Court, in the church, and in the world of literature. One was Sir Arthur Helps, Clerk to the Privy Council, the other was Charles Kingsley, whose work had been warmly admired by the Prince Consort. Helps, born in 1817, was a different man from either of the Grevilles, one of whom was his predecessor in office, whose pungent scandalous gossip spread far and wide, leaving many a sting behind. Helps was a graduate of Cambridge, and a general English gentleman of strong literary tastes, and kindly sympathies. His early experience as Secretary to Lord Mont-eagle, his ready tact and unfailing courtesy, combined with his business faculty to render him eminently qualified for the post he filled. His friendly interest in the poor, and in those less fortunately situated than himself, was early shown, not only in his “Claims of Labour” and his essay on “The means of Improving the Health of the Working Classes,” but also in the Free Library for country readers which he established on his small estate in Hampshire. As an essayist and historian, he exhibited originality, wit, and a pleasant manner of treating his subject. “Friends in Council” won a large and well-merited success. Of his novels, the fanciful romance, “Realmah,” is full of shrewd good-humoured satire and lively imagination, while it touches with a light and agreeable touch the topics of the day.

Helps was the Queen’s literary adviser in part of the Life of the Prince Consort, and in her First Leaves from her Journal in the Highlands, given to the public. His health was not robust, and his death is said to have been accelerated by a characteristic good action. He had addressed the Prince of Wales on behalf of some *protégé*. He fancied a personal appeal would clinch his argument. He was suffering from a cold, and any

sunshine which tempered the biting east wind, was, as he had described it, "like the smile of a false man." Nevertheless, he attended one of the Prince's levees. The consequence to Helps was a chest illness, which carried him off in a few days. He was considerably under sixty years of age. To the Queen his loss was that of a faithful and devoted servant and friend.

Charles Kingsley was born in a Devonshire vicarage in 1819. As a student at Cambridge he distinguished himself both in mathematics and classics. He took orders and was made Curate of Eversley, the country parish in Hampshire, of which he was afterwards Rector, with which he was destined to be long associated. There he married a lady of the old Devonshire house of Grenfell, a beautiful woman somewhat his senior. He continued to love her with all the intensity of his nature, and to regard her as the author, under the Divine Will, of his Christian development and life-work. At Eversley, Kingsley wrote his "Village Sermons," and nearly all his other work. In his twenty-seventh year he wrote and published his "Saint's Tragedy."

Devout and high-minded, earnest and enthusiastic, his strong handsome face was in keeping with the determination which made him overcome, in lecturing and preaching, the physical defect of a stammer in his speech. His ardent friendship for Frederick Dennison Maurice, led Kingsley to take up in Maurice's fashion the cause of the working classes, and to identify himself with it. Under this influence he wrote his tales of "Yeast" and his "Alton Locke," of which the hero was a London tailor.

Charles Kingsley's strenuous efforts to promote, on a Christian basis, co-operation in trade, and to establish, in conjunction with Maurice, the working man's college, procured for him the name of "Christian Socialist."

Another side of his gifted nature was seen in his fine historical novels of "Hypatia" and "Westward Ho!" In "Hypatia," while painting vividly Alexandria and her schools, with the corruption and destructions of the dying Roman Empire before the fresh youth and fierce manliness of the Goths, he fought "old foes with new faces," in modern doubts and difficulties which, to his mind, were but the far-off echoes of early mental struggles.

In "Westward Ho!" he immortalised the gallant spirits of Elizabeth's reign. At the same time he strove to stem the recent outburst of Roman Catholicism at Oxford by showing what popery was in its essence, how it had conducted itself in its power, and how it had fared from true English hearts and strong English hands when "the Invincible Armada" was hopelessly defeated.

Another exploit of Kingsley's, which took the English world by storm, was the writing

of "Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore," in which Kingsley's eloquence enlisted thousands of his fellow countrymen and women, in the innocent and improving occupations of rifling sea-water pools and stocking aquariums.

Kingsley's "Andromeda and other Poems," which included some of the finest modern English songs, was surpassed by his unapproachable tales for children, written for his own sons and daughters, "Heroes" (from old Greek myths), and the "Water Babies," the last, the very "fairy tales of science."

Charles Kingsley was still in his prime, and his historical novels were at the height of popularity, when, like a stream suddenly arrested, his dramatic and historic imagination appeared to fail. He wrote no more entralling tales, either of the past or the present, with the exception of the old English tale, "Hereward the Wake," which was distinctly inferior to its predecessors, and the modern novel of "Two Years Ago," published in 1857, when he was in his thirty-ninth year. He gave us no more passionate refined poetry, no more witching tales for our children, though he continued to the end to write essays. He was appointed one of the Queen's chaplains, a Canon of St. Paul's, and Regius Professor of History at Cambridge, but his worldly means were never great, or more than equal to the requirements of his family. The chair of history did not suit him, and he resigned it some time before his death. He was able to gratify a long-cherished desire to visit the West Indies. He had what might be reckoned in his ease, from the annals of his family, a hereditary love of tropical wealth of animal and vegetable life. He chose the significant words, "At Last," as the title for his travels in the West Indies.

Mrs. Kingsley's health was chronically bad, and the Eversley Vicarage and neighbourhood, however ideally charming, were by no means particularly salubrious. Kingsley's own health, after his return from the West Indies, was precarious. But when a worse than usual attack of his wife's constitutional heart-weakness threatened her life, his anguish of dread and distress caused him to throw aside all personal precautions. He watched day and night by the invalid, reading to her and comforting her; at any interval of respite which he allowed himself he wandered abroad in the worst weather, seeking to "walk down" his apprehension and grief. He neglected a violent cold, and refused to confine himself to his room after inflammation of the lungs had declared itself.

Both husband and wife were at such a pass that the names of "Charles and Fanny Kingsley" were offered together in the church's prayers for a man and woman in the last extremity. In the end she recovered, lived for years, and edited his biography, and he died at the age of fifty-three. He was the brother-in-law of J. A. Froude, the historian, and the elder brother of Henry Kingsley, a second novelist, who in his best work had much

of his senior's generous conception of character, telling grasp of circumstances, and fine descriptive talent. But Henry lacked Charles's brilliant acquirements, his dead earnestness and, in his earlier years, his staying power.

Charles Kingsley modified in middle life, as most men modify the crude conclusions of early manhood, his fiery youthful estimate of the enormity of the social errors around him, and the necessity for great class reformation. But in his case the expression of these opinions had been so fervent and unqualified that he exposed himself to the charge of having grown lukewarm in the people's interest, which he had once advocated with all his heart and soul.

It looked as if the sovereigns of the East had picked up the vagabond habits of the West, when the Sultan of Zanzibar, following the example of the Shah of Persia, came to England and visited the Queen at Windsor. But as he was an inferior potentate, furnished with less striking associations, he was lodged in Claridge's Hotel instead of at Buckingham Palace, and aroused hardly a sensation in the breast of the inconstant populace.

When the Queen was leaving Osborne for Scotland in August, 1875, a sad disaster happened unexpectedly. It was one of those unlooked-for accidents which preach the uncertainty of human life with far greater effect than any sermon can accomplish, and throw a gloom over sea and sky sufficient to darken the brightest summer sunshine.

The scene had been the perfection of peaceful tranquility, innocent cheerfulness, and apparent safety. The Queen sat on the deck of the yacht *Alberta*, enjoying the fresh sea breeze and the beautiful view. The Solent presented an animated spectacle, all astir with its flotilla of yachts roused into a flutter by the sight of the royal yacht, displaying its standard and steering its course in the midst of the throng.

Good quaint old Isaac Watts wrote of that land-locked sea and fertile coast:—

“ And there beyond the swelling flood  
Rise fields of living green.”

He compared the farther shore to the heavenly Canaan, and the channel between to the Jordan of death which divides us from our Promised Land. Little did some of the merry cruisers on this occasion guess how soon the “chill waves” would close over them.

One of the yachts in the immediate vicinity of the Queen's yacht, and possibly shaping its course so as to gratify the loyalty and curiosity of the occupants by passing as near to the *Alberta* as could be managed, was a small schooner called the *Mistletoe*. It was the property of a Manchester gentleman named Heywood, who was

on board, in company with his two sisters-in-law, the Misses Annie and Eleanor Steele, and a competent sailing-master and crew.

Mr. Heywood and his sisters-in-law were at tea in the little cabin when the royal yacht was sighted, but came immediately on deck, no doubt to profit by the chance of being at close quarters with Royalty. The quarters were too close. The bows of the *Alberta* came into contact with those of the *Mistletoe*, which instantly turned over and sunk, owner, ladies, and crew being, more or less, precipitated into the water. A desperate struggle for life followed. One of the unfortunate ladies, Miss Annie Steele, seems to have been doomed to death. The steward of the *Mistletoe* called on all in the vessel to follow him, helped to put Miss Eleanor Steele on board the *Alberta*, and would have done the same for her sister if the main-mast had not come crashing down. Samuel Stokes, a seaman, caught her, but she got entangled in the rigging, which carried her out of his arms. Commander Fullerton, of the *Alberta*, at the risk of his own life, made a violent effort to reach the drowning woman, but she was dragged down by the main sail. Mr. Heywood was knocked over, thrown into the water, and seriously hurt, but he was able to catch hold of a rope thrown to him. Thomas Stokes, the old sailing-master of the *Mistletoe*, a man of seventy-five, who had been at the helm when the two yachts collided, was struck by a spar, picked up, and taken on board the *Alberta* in a state of unconsciousness, and, in spite of every effort to restore him, died.

Could anyone imagine a greater contrast between the peaceful, smiling scene of the minute before, and the agony of effort, pain, and loss? The Queen witnessed it all in great distress. She joined personally in the many attempts to revive the old sailing-master. She offered Miss Eleanor Steele the *Alberta*'s boat, the *Elfin*, to carry her to Ryde, where Mrs. Heywood was staying, that the sad news might be broken to her, and that she might be brought to the Admiralty House, Portsmouth, where Mr. Heywood was carried.

Ultimately, at the Coroner's inquest held on the bodies, the jury found an error of judgment on the part of the navigating officer of the yacht *Alberta*. They recommended that her speed should be less during the yachting season, and that an efficient look-out should be kept.

The Queen, while deprecating any attempt to contradict the verdict of the jury, published an urgent, greatly called-for request that private yachts would not, from motives of loyalty or curiosity, press upon the Royal yacht so as to risk accident and endanger life.

In the following September the Queen paid a second visit to Argyleshire, which now

had for her the additional attraction of being the destined home of Princess Louise. Part of the journey was made by railway during the night. After breakfasting in the train, on a beautiful morning, the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Lady Churchill got into a sociable, with two servants on the box, while the two gentlemen in attendance and four maids followed in a waggonette, and "the inevitable baggage, with the footman," etc., etc., brought up the rear.

It was one of those long, picturesque drives, in which the Queen delighted, from Tyndrum, by Glenorchy and Ben Luie, to Dalmally, "lying embosomed in trees," with Ben Cruachan and its allies close in front, "the bluest shadows and tints on all the heights."

Four horses dragged the sociable up a long hill, and then came Loch Awe, thirty miles in length, with its islands and its storied Castle of Kilchurn. The road wound among broken ground, thickly clad with birch and oak trees, to the foot of Glen Array, where the Duke of Argyle's property began, and fresh horses were in waiting. There, too, stood the dear daughter and son-in-law, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, whom the chief visitor craved to see.

With Lord Lorne on horseback, and the Princess driving her pony carriage behind the Queen, the party reached the great triumphal arch, with its "hundred thousand welcomes to the Queen to Inverary" in Gaelic. A farther drive, through a natural avenue leading up to the gate, with halberdiers at intervals, in complete tartan kilts, with brown coats turned back with red, and bonnets with a blackcock's tail and bog myrtle (the Campbell badge), next the pipers of the volunteers, the volunteers themselves, in kilts and red jackets, the artillery volunteers in blue and silver, the usual privileged spectators, and at last, at the door of the Castle, the Duke and Duchess—the last a stricken woman, with the sentence of death in her prime already passed upon her. She was the eldest daughter of the Queen's old friend, Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, and was herself beautiful, cultured, and good. With the Duke and Duchess were six of their fair young daughters—the absent seventh and eldest, Countess Percy, was a wife and mother, the youngest was a girl in her twelfth year.

When the Queen had been there before it had been in the lifetime of the Prince Consort. Lord Lorne was then a fair-haired child of two years, led by his happy mother. Time subdues all sorrows, however lasting. The Queen could look with softened regret on the vacant place of her husband, and recall with thankfulness that God had given her another son in the little child of the past.

The usual routine preserved on such royal visits was practised, with the exception that

the Queen had for her constant companions two daughters instead of one—the elder of whom was necessarily separated from her family for the most part, because she had entered on those new relations in which her mother took a motherly interest.

Her Majesty was not too tired on the day of her arrival to try to sketch the Ardkinglass hills from the turret, which was her dressing-room, and to take a drive with her daughters among wooded hills and dells till she arrived on the shore of the great arm of the sea, Loch Fyne.

There was company in the house—Lord Dufferin, about to sail as Governor-General of India, with his wife. He was the accomplished descendant of the witty and beautiful Sheridans and Linleys. There were also the Duke's sister, Lady Emma Maeneill, and her husband, Sir John Maeneill, a man of eighty, formerly Ambassador in Persia, several Scotch clergymen (Mr. Donald Macleod, a brother of the late Norman Macleod, Dr. Macgregor, of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, Mr. Storey, of Rosneath), Lord Ardmillan, the judge on the assize, the amiable, intellectual descendant of Grizel Baillie, Campbell of Stonefield, and Maeneal of Ugadale, prepared to show the Queen the brooch given to his ancestor by Robert Bruce, very similar to the famous brooch of Lorne.

The Queen made one of the party in the drawing-room when she was so disposed. As a rule, she had her meals in her own rooms with her daughters, with the addition sometimes of the Duke and Duchess of Argyle, or of other members of the family which now stood in near relationship to Princess Louise.

There were the morning strolls to the wooded hill of Dunaquoich, among the cottages where the poultry was kept, down by the river which fell into Loch Fyne, or a round of the stables, the kitchen gardens, the kennels, where the imprisoned eagle hung in his cage; or there was the planting of memorial trees—in this instance one was a cedar of Lebanon raised from seed, which Lady Emma Maeneill had brought from Syria.

After lunch came the afternoon drives with the Princesses and the Duchess, up lonely glens and past silent lochs, and to foaming waterfalls, through avenues of silver firs and great beeches—for Inverary is in the mild West of Scotland—to the quaint old Highland town, with its own avenue of beeches, meeting overhead, a mile long, or to the Duke's stone quarries by salt water, Loch Fyne with the hills of Ardrishaig and Lochgilphead in the distance, each drive broken by tea, taken in the carriage.

The Castle had many a historic association and tradition—the actors in which were, in some cases, illustrated by the family pictures. These included the portrait of Gillespie Grumach's son, the martyred covenanter, who planted the glorious silver firs, whose last peaceful sleep on the night before his execution has been immortalised by painter and poet.

There was a picture of one of the beautiful social adventuresses, the Gunnings, Elizabeth, who was in her day a “double Duchess.” She was married first at midnight, by the help of a bed-curtain ring when no other plain ring was at hand, to the Duke of Hamilton, as he got up from a debauch. She married for the second time the Duke of Argyle of his day. It was she—a haughty, tyrannical woman—who turned the coldest of cold shoulders on poor Boswell, when he was lionising Dr. Johnson through the Western Highlands, because Bozzy had rendered himself conspicuous by his advocacy of the cause of Archibald, afterwards Lord Douglas, in the famous law suit in which his opponents sought to brand young Douglas as a French impostor, while the estates of his uncle, the Duke of Douglas, were claimed by a member of the Hamilton family.

But, perhaps, the most picturesqe of all the old legends was that which no picture commemorates. It is the story of the child Muriel—heiress of Cawdos—who was forcibly carried off by the clan Campbell, her kinsmen—the Cawdos men, having hidden her in an oven, and died fighting round her. The child was borne to the Castle Keep of Inverary, where she was reared to womanhood, and married, let us hope with her will, to the heir of Argyle.

The days had a pleasant sameness in walking, driving, sketching, painting, with the necessary reading and writing, which must always follow on the heels of a constitutional sovereign. The agreeable monotony was chiefly broken by changes in the weather. But there were other interludes: fresh company of neighbouring magnates, one of whom was another Campbell, who could not display a third brooch which had been the property of the Bruce, but who was entitled to wear a key—surely too large to hang at his watch-chain—as the hereditary keeper of Her Majesty’s ruined fortress of Dunstaffnage. There was Sunday, when Dr. Maegregor preached to Her Majesty and the household in the dining-room. There was the ball for the townspeople, tenants, and servants. It took place in the pavilion built on the occasion of Princess Louise’s marriage. The Queen, the Duchess, and the ladies sat on a raised platform at one end. The guests numbered seven or eight hundred people. The Queen was surprised and somewhat scandalised to find that the band from Glasgow could not play reels, for which the pipes had to be called into requisition. The Princesses and the other ladies danced in reels with John Brown and the Duke’s foresters, but the degenerate band could only play country-dance tunes for the reels. It was an age of progress, “the schottische” and “the tempête” were more in favour even in the heart of Argyleshire than were the reels.

On the 29th of September (the day of the engagement of the Princess Royal and the Crown Prince of Germany, twenty years before), the Queen left Inverary, returning by Glencoe, the shore of Loch Long, the villages of Arrochar and Tarbert, with Ben

Lomond and the Cobbler in sight, in succession. Changing horses at Luss, where an old woman presented the Queen with a bag of "sweeties" ("a red poke," doubtless), halting for a moment at Sir James Colquhoun's house at Rossdhu, followed on the route by endless "machines" and their occupants, even by swift runners on foot, the train was reached at Balloch. The iron-horse steamed on to Stirling, Perth, Aberdeen, and Ballater, and the long day's journey was ended by the drive to Balmoral, where Her Majesty arrived in rain and darkness between ten and eleven o'clock at night.

Changes have come to the Castle of Argyle as to humbler places. Duchess Elizabeth, "good, and wise, and fair," has long been dead, with her place supplied by two other duchesses in succession. Lord Lorne, seven years after his marriage with Princess Louise, and three years after the Queen's visit, went with the Princess to Canada, where he succeeded Lord Dufferin as Governor-General. His Governor-Generalship lasted for five years. It is not likely that any child of his and the Princess Louise's will succeed to the Dukedom of Argyle. The heir-presumptive to "Macallum More" is the son of a younger brother, Lord Archibald, the "Little Neil, the dear, pretty, fair boy of three," of the Queen's visit to Inverary. The many sons and daughters of the Duchess Elizabeth, the grandsons and granddaughters of Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, are all married and scattered, with the exception of one gentle, invalid daughter. A son, Lord Colin, unfortunate in every respect, is dead, in one of the colonies.

Before the Queen left the Highlands this year she was present at a sad, impressive little ceremony. Among her humble neighbours there were none for whom she entertained greater respect and regard than that she felt for the large, worthy family of her faithful attendant, John Brown. The head of the house, an old man of eighty-six, had died at his cottage at Mieras, opposite Aberfeldy. It was the month of October, and the weather was dismal in the extreme, nine days of rain having followed each other without intermission. Yet, in spite of the long distances and bad roads, the family were held in such esteem that the mourners who attended the funeral were upwards of a hundred in number. The Queen was full of sympathy, and was also desirous of doing honour both to the dead and to the living. She was at the funeral, along with Princess Beatrice. She sat in the little kitchen with the poor widow, blind and over eighty, and her women friends, while beyond the open door of the "hallan," or short passage, was the other small room, containing the men of the company, and the coffin with its corpse.

Whisky and water and bread and cheese, which the Queen tasted, not to shame the other mourners, were handed round. The parish minister, Mr. Campbell, of Crathie, stood in the passage, so that he could be heard through the open doors, and "put up a prayer."

During the prayer the old widow rose and tottered nearer to the Queen, as if for support. It was only at the entreaty of her son, John, that she was induced to sit down again, while the coffin should be removed to the hearse, which, from the nature of the path, could not be brought up to the door, it had to remain at a little distance. Five stalwart sons (John Brown in his kilt) bore out the coffin, their mother sobbing to see the "waygoing" of her life's partner. The Queen and the Princess hurried out with the most part of the company, and, in spite of wet and mud, not only saw the coffin put into the hearse, but mounted to a hillock, from which they could watch the melancholy procession wending its way to the kirkyard.

When the company were out of sight, the Queen returned to the cottage to speak words of comfort to the bereaved widow, who would follow ere long the husband she had lost. Her Majesty had a mourning brooch containing a morsel of the dead man's hair to offer as a reliquary to be cherished. More familiar as she was with the toilets of gentlemen than with those of working men, she proposed, in her kindness, to get lockets with hair to give to the six brothers (one of them in New Zealand), in remembrance of their old father.

In describing the funeral, the Queen alludes to what was a lingering survival of the old "lykewake," in a succession of solemn tea-drinkings, which had happily taken the place of a privileged indulgence in stronger potations. The one tea-drinking held on the morning after the death was probably reserved for the "gossips," or neighbouring "wives," some of whom had assisted in washing and dressing the dead in his last raiment. The other, on the afternoon of the funeral, when changes in domestic arrangements consequent on the death were talked over and settled, was limited to near relations. It represented the family gatherings for the discussion of private affairs, after the reading of wills in more polite circles.

A striking figure, conspicuous as an example of such conjugal constancy as the Queen could appreciate, was transferred to the region of shades. It was that of Jane, Lady Franklin. One of the most heroic incidents of the earlier part of the Queen's reign was the sailing of Sir John Franklin in search of the North-West Passage, the disappearance of him and his comrades, and the arduous efforts of Lady Franklin for more than ten years to send volunteers to the rescue, so as to furnish aid to the frozen-in crews, or at least to ascertain their fate.

Lady Franklin was the daughter of John Griffin and Mary Guillemard, whose Huguenot ancestors came to England after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Jane Griffin is said to have been educated in the fashionable London boarding-school, which had three distinguished and entirely dissimilar pupils in Lady Caroline Lowell, wife of the

Hon. William Lamb, afterwards Lord Melbourne; Mary Russell Mitford; and Jane, Lady Franklin. Her father was fond of travelling, when travelling was much harder to accomplish than it is to-day. His taste was shared by his daughter, who, in her girlhood, often accompanied him in his journeys on the Continent. In 1828 she married Captain Franklin, and went with him to the East, to Van Diemen's Land, of which he was Governor for a time, and to New Zealand. She was the first woman who travelled overland from Melbourne to Sydney. Sir John was offered the command of the expedition in search of the North-West Passage to the East Indies, and sailed with his companions in the two ships, the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, in 1846. He failed to return in two years, and another expedition, under Sir John Richardson and Sir John Ross, was sent out in 1848, in vain, in search of the missing ships and men. In 1854 the English Government closed the search with the expedition equally fruitless, where the finding of Sir John and his party were concerned, under Sir Edward Belcher.

But so great was the interest felt in Franklin's fate that volunteers from all parts of the world were ready to join in the quest. The most notable were the young French naval officer, Bellot, who obtained leave of absence from his own service and sailed in the schooner *Albert*, and the American physician, Elisha Kane, who headed the expedition, fitted out in New York. A third explorer, Dr. Rae, went among the Esquimaux and recovered from them ominous spoils in the shape of crested and initialed spoons, trouser braces, stray leaves from Bibles, and other English books (one of them being "The Vicar of Wakefield"). To the spoil was added the tale that the English sailors had abandoned their ships (of which an old Esquimaux woman drew an outline with the charred end of a stick), and perished to a man in endeavouring to reach the Great Back River, by which they had hoped to arrive at one of the settlements of the Hudson Bay Company.

This news appeared to tell all that could ever be known of Sir John Franklin and his expedition, and Rae received the reward offered for the intelligence. Still Lady Franklin would not give up hope. She would not believe that a man of Sir John's experience could have quitted his ships in order to engage in so desperate an enterprise as the attempt to make his way overland.

At her own expense she fitted out the *Fox*, which was commanded by Captain—afterwards Sir Leopold—Macklincock. His junior officer, Lieutenant Hobson, found on King William's Land the cairn containing the record of what had befallen the *Erebus* and the *Terror*. Sir John had died eleven years before on board of one of the ships; the second winter they had been surrounded by ice, after leaving England. The same winter nine of the officers and fifteen of the men had died. The great mortality was

attributed—alas ! for trade morality—to the adulteration of the provisions with which the ships had been stocked. Despairing of surviving another winter on board ship, the remaining officers and men had abandoned the vessels with the approach of spring, and had started for the Great Back River. They had died of cold and exhaustion, as the Esquimaux had described. But first they had been at “King William’s Land,” where they had built the cairn and inserted the log which certified the death of Sir John in the course of the previous winter, and the desperate purpose of the survivors. There was yet another statement in the dreary, remote cairn. The very men who had perished had found first, and put on record, their discovery of the object of their expedition, that useless North-West Passage, blocked, except on rare occasions, by the Frost King, which has cost so many brave lives for upwards of three centuries.

The *Fox* returned with its tidings in 1859, thirteen years after the *Erebus* and the *Terror* had set sail from England.

Lady Franklin was the only woman, with the exception of Mary Somerville, to whom the Royal Geographical Society awarded its gold medal.

After 1848 Lady Franklin sought to solace her anxiety and divert her mind by visiting, in turn, Algiers, Athens, Constantinople, the Crimea, New York, Canada, British Columbia, South America, the Sandwich Islands, California, and Egypt. In her eightieth year she travelled from San Francisco to New York, visiting Chicago. Her later journeys were nearer home, in France and Spain.

Jane, Lady Franklin, was not a woman of meek, retiring, domestic mould ; she was more on the lines of Lady Sale, yet no Griselda of them all could have been more faithful to her lord. Lady Franklin never ceased “trying to bring to light the gallant deeds and the sufferings of her husband’s expedition.” Her heart was to the last in the Arctic regions where he perished. When stricken with what proved to be a fatal illness, her chief concern was about the proper provisioning for two years, the equipment and sailing of Mr. Allan Young’s yacht, the *Pandora*, which went north in order to carry letters and papers to arctic ships, especially the *Alert*, under Captain Nares. He had tracked the entrance to “Smith’s Sound,” and “hoped to penetrate the unsolved mystery of the North Pole.”\*

The last thing Lady Franklin did was to complete the monument erected to her husband’s memory in Westminster Abbey. Her strength failed before she had finished the epitaph, which was ultimately entrusted to her kinsman by marriage, Tennyson. She died in her house at Kensington, in her eighty-fourth year. Had she lived another year she would have seen the return of the three ships, the *Alert*, the *Discovery*, and the

\* Still unsolved by the great Norwegian explorer, Nansen.





*Pandora.* She would have heard that, gallant as were their adventures, the sailors had not reached the North Pole. She would have listened with breathless attention to their accounts of their sledge parties ; of the devastating attacks of scurvy among officers and men ; of men and officers alike dragging the sledges ; of the number of the available members of one party being reduced from seventeen to five, with three dauntless individuals toiling along by the help of alpenstocks, and the rest carried on sledges by the sick men's companions. Her old heart would have burned within her at the tale of the memorable walk Lieutenant Parr took to effect a communication between the two sledge parties. It was a solitary walk of five-and-thirty miles, and the only landmarks on the snow by which the intrepid walker could guide himself, were the fresh footprints of a prowling wolf, hovering in the vicinity of the explorers.

When the ships arrived, the Queen sent thanks, congratulations, and sympathy to the crews which had sustained sore hardships, of which five men had died. Medals were granted to every man of whatever rank. The owner of the *Pandora* became eventually "Sir" Allan Young. In the meantime a series of public festivities greeted the officers at the Mansion House, Trinity House, &c., &c.

Already there were transformations in dealing with India, where the Imperial Government and Army were substituted for the old "East India Company's service"; and, at the close of 1875, the Prince of Wales started on his grand tour through Hindostan, to receive the homage of many tributary Princes.

When the Queen opened Parliament with the usual state early in 1876, she forbade the ringing of the bells of St. Margaret's Church and Westminster Abbey, because of the mortal illness of the Dean's wife, Lady Augusta Stanley.

In February the Queen attended a state concert (the first she had patronized for many years) in the Albert Hall. In March she opened the new wing given by the Grocers' Company to the London Hospital. Two days afterwards the statue of the Prince Consort in the Albert Memorial, Hyde Park, was unveiled without the Queen's presence and without any ceremony. The accompanying engraving represents the Memorial.

On Ash Wednesday, Lady Augusta Stanley died. The connection of the Queen with her and her family had been long and close. Lady Augusta was a Bruce, a daughter of a former Lord Elgin. Her brother, General Bruce, had been one of the equerries of the Prince Consort, and much esteemed by him. On the death in 1816 of Lady Augusta's mother—an intellectual woman who had for the last part of her life resided in Paris, where she gathered round her the *élite* of Parisian society and of her most cultured compatriots—the daughter was appointed Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Kent, and was her

devoted companion and friend to the close of the Duchess's life. The appointment of Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen was then conferred on Lady Augusta. The bright charm of her social gifts, and of her singularly amiable, unselfish disposition, rendered her company as welcome to the Queen as it had been to the Duchess of Kent. At the sad crisis of the Prince Consort's death, Lady Augusta was with her royal mistress day and night, helping to sustain Princess Alice in her filial duties, and affording such sympathy and consolation as could only be given by a high-principled, tender-hearted woman of mature years, who had watched over her own sick, wept over her own dead, and set herself to comfort those who had mourned with her in a common loss.

When the Prince of Wales set out, immediately after his father's death, to accomplish the tour in the East planned for him by his father, General Bruce and Dean Stanley were his companions. The death from fever of General Bruce, shortly after his return to England, drew the Queen still nearer to the Brucees, as the death of Dean Stanley's much-loved mother (widow of the Bishop of Norwich), during the Dean's absence in the East, filled Her Majesty's heart with compassion for the son.

On the first anniversary of the Prince Consort's death, Dean Stanley was asked to hold a service in the room where the Prince had died—both in the morning, and at the hour (half-past nine in the evening) when the death took place. At the morning service fresh garlands had been put on the bed and round the Prince's bust. There were present besides the Dean and the valet of the Prince, only the Queen, the young Princes and Princesses, the widow of General Bruce, and Lady Augusta Bruce. The Queen knelt by the bed as she had knelt by her dying husband, while Stanley read the last chapters of St. John's Gospel, and prayed. When he had finished, she rose and kissed the Princesses and the Brucees, while the Princes and the Dean kissed her hand.

On the occasion of the Prince of Wales's marriage, which the Queen witnessed from the Royal Closet, St. George's Chapel, Windsor, her companion was another widow, the widow of General Bruce.

Lady Augusta Bruce left the Queen's household nearly twenty years after she had entered the household of the Duchess of Kent, on Lady Augusta's marriage, in her forty-second year, in 1863, to Dean Stanley. But her connection with the Royal circle and its chief events was not wholly broken. She went to St. Petersburg with the Dean for the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh, and she was present with her husband at Windsor for the home-coming of the pair. The first sign of the breaking-up of Lady Augusta's health occurred in the autumn of the same year, when she was seized with fever in Paris, an illness from which she only partially recovered, though she was able to try

various changes of air and scene, with alternations of hope and fear, and to return with her husband to the Deanery of Westminster.

Late in the following year the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their five children, came on a Sunday afternoon to Westminster, in order that the Prince might bid the Dean and Lady Augusta an affectionate farewell before he started, the same night, for India. Lady Augusta's long, wearing illness had gradually taken the form of paralysis, which deprived her of the power of motion, and latterly of speech. But she was still able to talk with her usual animation to the Prince, and to take pleasure in the sight of the children. When the visitors left she made the Dean telegraph to the Prince's ship, the *Castalia*, which he was about to join, their renewed thanks for the visit, and good wishes for the voyage. On the 22nd of December, the ninth anniversary of the Dean and Lady Augusta's happy marriage, the Queen sought to cheer the husband and wife, so soon to be parted, by writing in proof of her remembrance of the day, and offering at once congratulations and condolences.

In January Lady Augusta grew much worse, indeed, hopelessly ill. Until then she could still share her husband's occupations, while he sat writing his lectures by the side of her bed, reading the proofs to her, or repeating passages from the Bible (mostly from the Psalms and Isaiah) for her solace, so that she who had comforted others might herself be tenderly strengthened to pass through the deep waters. When her sufferings and weakness were at their height, she said to her husband, "I have nothing left but this crushed and miserable body." To which he replied, "Yes, you have, something besides. There is your undying love." She looked him very steadily in the face, and answered, with all her strength, "That is my identity." He was reminded of Michael Angelo's words, "The more the marble wastes, the more the statue grows."

At last the end came. Lady Augusta had only reached the age of fifty, and life had still seemed full of glad and noble work and pleasant rest for her, but the sentence had gone forth. She had wished much to be buried within the precincts of the Abbey, and, with the Queen's consent, she was laid in Henry VII.'s Chapel, the Queen coming from Windsor, accompanied by Princess Christian, Princess Louise, and Princess Beatrice, to attend the funeral. The Dean cherished the memory of his wife with loving pride, and was in the habit of referring to "those glorious nine years of her life" spent at Westminster, when she was his helpmeet in every good work. The Queen erected a cross to the memory of Lady Augusta Stanley in the grounds of Frogmore, where her association with the Royal Family had begun twenty-six years before, when she came—still a young woman—to devote herself to the ageing and invalided Duchess of Kent.

## CHAPTER VI.

HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO PRINCESS HOHENLOHE'S GRAVE AT BADEN-BADEN.—THE QUEEN CREATED EMPRESS OF INDIA.—MR. DISRAELI RAISED TO THE PEERAGE.—DEATH OF HARRIET MARTINEAU AND LYDIA SELLON.—VISIT OF THE ROYAL FAMILY OF HANOVER TO ENGLAND.

IN June, 1875, the Comte de Paris, grandson of Louis Philippe, and head of the house of Orleans, came to England in order to superintend the removal from the vault at the Roman Catholic Chapel, Weybridge, of the coffins of those of the family who had died in exile. He was permitted by the French President to convey them to the family vault at Dreux in Normandy. There were ten coffins thus transported. Among them were those of Louis Philippe and his Queen, Marie Amèlie, of their daughters-in-law, the Duchesses of Orleans and of Nemours (the last cousin to the Queen and Prince Albert), of five children belonging to the second generation, and of the Prince of Condé.

Very different coffins which had to do with the troublous past of English history were exhumed this year in the course of changes made in the church of St. Peter's, on Tower Green. There was one containing the skeleton of an old woman supposed to have been that of the Countess of Salisbury, Cardinal Pole's mother, one of the last descendants of the Plantagenets, who struggled hard for her life.

Another coffin held the mouldering remains of a man of huge stature. They were believed to be those of Robert Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and father-in-law to Lady Jane Grey, the man who would fain have had a crown matrimonial for each of his three sons, though he waded through rivers of blood for the attainment of his object. No traces of his son, Lord Guildford Dudley, or of Lord Guildford's wife, the gentle young scholar, Lady Jane, were discovered, but in a coffin under the altar were found the bones of a little woman, which it was thought might be those of Anne Boleyn.

In the course of the spring of 1876 the Queen went abroad, quietly and privately, in company with Princess Beatrice. Their destination, in the first place, was Baden-Baden,

where Her Majesty visited the grave of her sister, Princess Hohenlohe. It was nearly four years since her death, and in noting the day the Queen had written sadly that it was the third anniversary of the death of "the beloved sister" whom she "missed so constantly." From Baden-Baden the Royal mother and daughter went to Coburg, where they had not been for eleven years, not since the Queen went to unveil the statue of the Prince Consort, so that Princess Beatrice had only a child's acquaintance with her father's birth-place and early home.

On the 1st of May, 1876, in England—and on New Year's Day, 1877, at Delhi—the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India. The titles "Emperor" and "Empress" usually differ from those of "King" and "Queen" in implying a more extended sway, and generally a sway over various nationalities. It might have been a matter of state policy, in connection with her Eastern dominions, thus to identify herself with them, and, at the same time, to impress the imagination of her subject-rulers in India. But to many people, at home and abroad, the time-honoured title of Queen of England did not have its simple dignity increased by the addition of the more modern, more autocratic title, "Empress of India." The words suggested the absolute Emperor of all the Russias; the Emperor of Austria, with his arbitrarily welded-together empire; the military Emperor of Germany; the shifting splendour and exile of the two Emperors of the French; the tragic doom of the Emperor of Mexico; the happier, yet compulsory, abdication of the Emperor of Brazil.

The new royal denomination is said to have had its origin in the peculiar line of statesmanship and the Oriental taste of Mr. Disraeli.

In July, 1876, the Queen created her Prime Minister, Mr. Disraeli, Viscount and Earl of Beaconsfield. He was not a man whose merits the Prince Consort had recognised; but the charm of his address and those qualities in him which won and retained the devoted regard of all who came in close contact with him, from his sister and wife to his private secretary, together with his high-sounding political patriotism, secured the Queen's esteem. As a constitutional sovereign, she had, according to the counsel of her best advisers and of her own sound sense, acted with perfect neutrality to her Ministers in office, whether they represented the Tory or Conservative, or the Whig or Liberal political parties in the kingdom. In her youth, under the influence of her uncle, King Leopold, and of her first Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, an accomplished, genial man of the world, for whom she had a warm-hearted girl's respect and deference, which he returned with something like fatherly regard, her personal inclinations were believed to tend to the Whig party. In the mind of the Prince Consort the conflicting Whig and

Tory elements in statesmanship were of less consequence than the assertion and maintenance of the prerogatives and duties of the Crown. In later years, apparently from the date of Lord Beaconsfield's leadership of the Conservative party, the Queen, while continuing to act with dignified constitutional impartiality towards the two opposing sides in the Houses of Lords and Commons, is supposed to have transferred her private preference from Liberal to Conservative statesmanship and statesmen.

The months of June and November, 1877, saw the deaths of two Englishwomen, widely different in character and work, both destined to influence English men and women. They were features in the Queen's reign, women of whom she was cognisant. Indeed, one of them, in spite of her democratic and somewhat republican views, took an innocent gratification in thinking that she had some share in the education of her future sovereign. For Miss Martineau had reason to believe that the young Princess Victoria was encouraged to read her tales, illustrative of the principles of political economy, and had even her favourite among those clear, graphic representations of character and incident, which cheated young people into the conviction that they understood a difficult study because they relished a well-told story.

Harriet Martineau was born in 1802 at Norwich. Her father was the descendant of Huguenot refugees, who had settled there, importing from France and establishing in Norfolk the manufacture of what was known as "Norwich Crapes," and other silk fabrics. The Martineaus' Protestant religion shaped itself ultimately into Unitarianism, of which the family were zealous representatives. The form of dissent, together with individual peculiarities, and a lack of means which followed on the death of the head of the house, separated the Martineaus largely from the lively and cultured society for which Norwich was then famous. One of a family of eight children, poor, plain, proud, afflicted with the infirmity of deafness from her early youth, Harriet Martineau's isolation tended to accentuate alike the good and the bad points in a vigorous character. Her originality, her fearless, staunch maintenance of the truth as she saw it, her self-reliance, her power of endurance, her ardent desire to be of use to her neighbours, all belonged to the restrictions and deprivations of her youth; so did her self-conceit, her arrogant intolerance, which caused people to say of her when her opinions became of consequence to the world, that Harriet Martineau believed in herself and in nothing else; her strong-willed partialities and dogged resentments. Benevolent with the disciplined, active benevolence of the best Unitarians, practical always, capable of warm, passionate attachments, she did not go through life without making her mark, and bearing the scars of many a wound. A solitary, most melancholy love story helped to alienate her from some of her

early friends, and was not calculated to soften and sweeten its unfortunate heroine. But her broad, sagacious outlook, her love of fairness between man and man, her generous regard for the welfare of her kind, qualified and, in the end, mellowed her less admirable and attractive attributes.

Harriet Martineau's first attempts in literature were of a devotional and religious character. Afterwards she tried fiction, always with an earnest purpose, bearing on the crises through which English trade and manufactures were passing, and on the struggling lives of the peasant and artisan classes, in which she was keenly interested. In these efforts she attained a moderate success. At a happy moment, instigated by the elder brother, who was long the idol of her affections, it occurred to her to illustrate what were held by her to be the fundamental principles of political economy, by a series of tales, throwing up in strong relief the natural foundations of the laws which rule communities, and the inevitable consequences of keeping or of breaking them. In performing this task, she showed, through the occasional warping of individual and class prejudices, a robust comprehension, a painstaking thoroughness, and a considerable dash of sympathetic imagination, more than sufficient to command success. A modern author of repute has dismissed these tales with the slighting comment that they belonged to the order of literature which is to be found in a Sunday School library. With all deference to such literature, Harriet Martineau's illustrations of political economy were much more in their day. They not only secured a wide circulation, their readers were the most cultured and intelligent men and women of the time. The firmly enunciated theories, with the shrewd—sometimes brilliant—examples of practice, awoke the admiration and interest of the most thoughtful minds of the generation. Enlightened statesmen and philanthropists read and praised the little books, which helped to form the political creed of some of the younger men.\*

When Harriet Martineau took up her residence in London in order to facilitate the publication of her famous series, she was received with a perfect furore of flattering curiosity, lively appreciation and respectful regard. The cream of Metropolitan society was offered for her acceptance. The best houses, socially and intellectually—notably that of Earl Durham—were thrown open to her; and in spite of her physical infirmity of deafness, she expressed much satisfaction in being appreciated by her peers, and in the constant sharpening of bright wits, which was the result.

But it was not without strenuous exertions and much disappointment and mortification that she obtained at last the recognition and publication of the first of the series.

\* The diplomat, Sir Henry Bulwer, the first Lord Lytton's brother, was one of the most enthusiastic admirers of the tales.

Day after day, in gloomy wintry weather, she trudged over London, offering her valuable wares, only to have them rejected over and over again by short-sighted publishers. Finally she procured their publication on terms far from favourable to herself. The little books were to appear monthly, and only a very few months had passed when their success was triumphantly established. They have long since done their work, and passed into comparative oblivion—not altogether creditable to the present generation of publishers and readers. However, in these days of the renaissance of standard literature, they may be presently brought to light again, and win a fresh tribute of usefulness and pleasure.

In her tales illustrative of political economy, Harriet Martineau's literary powers culminated, though her later work held its own here, and still more in America, for a time. At present her reputation rests chiefly, not on what she wrote in connection with the principles of Government, with travel, or with her religious opinions, which ended in pronounced Comtism—it centres in a bright, delightfully-written little story called "Feats on the Fiord," a vivid reproduction of the superstitions and customs of rural and family life in Norway, a country which she had never visited. The tale formed a portion of "The Playfellow," a series of tales which she wrote for young people.

The close of the stories dealing with political economy saw Harriet Martineau prostrated by the long illness which set her aside for years. She attributed her cure to mesmerism, at a time when mesmerism was considered only another name for credulity on the one hand, and imposture on the other. The influence of a mesmerist and friend, Mr. Atkinson, led to a literary association between the two, the fruit of which was a joint work entitled, "Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development." The arrogant materialism and so-called philosophy of these letters indicated the destruction of Harriet Martineau's faith in Christianity, and cost her a life-long friendship, that with her once much-loved brother, James, an eminent and earnest-minded clergyman in the Unitarian Church. She travelled in the East and in America, where her resolute attitude with regard to negro slavery, when she was passing through the Southern States, drew down much party abuse, and threatened to endanger her life. She settled ultimately in the English Lake District. There she wrote her "England during the Thirty Years Peace," "British Rule in India," together with "The Hour and the Man," a tale founded on the adventures of Toussaint L'Ouverture and the rebellion in Hayti. For a number of years she contributed weekly articles to a London newspaper. Her modest independence was at one time in danger from commercial misadventure; but she did not abate one jot of her spirit and cheerfulness. She three times refused a

pension urged upon her by a Liberal Ministry on the ground that it was not for her, who had criticised the Government mode of taxation, to profit by it. After her complete recovery from her first protracted illness, while she was still in middle life, the sword of Damocles was again suspended over her doomed head, she was told that she had an incurable heart-complaint, which would probably do its work in a few months—years at the most. She received the sentence with great courage, and proceeded to set her house in order. One episode was positively comical in its sequel. She wrote a short biographical notice of herself as if from the pen of a third person, in which she reckoned a lack of imagination as her chief intellectual defect. She finished the little paper with the words “She died—” followed by a blank, and requested the editor of the paper, for which she had written for a number of years, to put the notice in one of his drawers, and insert it in the newspaper when it was wanted. The dust of five-and-twenty years gathered on the notice before it was required. Death was long of coming, and a good deal more work was done in the meantime.

Harriet Martineau bought a small farm near Ambleside, and took delight in managing it with such care as to exemplify the benefit of agricultural knowledge and skill,\* and of the use of every recent scientific improvement. It was another lesson to the dalesmen around her, in addition to those she conveyed in friendly intercourse, and in the lectures which she now and then delivered for their instruction and entertainment. She was a patriotic woman in the true sense of the word; age brought out all that was best in her; it even modified her dogmatism so that she would admit a peradventure in religious controversy. Florence Nightingale’s message to Harriet Martineau’s attached niece, on her aunt’s death, was fine. It was how it would surprise and gladden her to hear the Master she had not known in life receive her with the “Well done, good and faithful servant.” Harriet Martineau died in June, 1876, at the age of seventy-four.

The sister Englishwoman, who was so unlike Harriet Martineau in her history, yet who was also destined to exert a large influence on her generation, was Lydia Priscilla Sellon. The foundress of modern sisterhoods in the Church of England, she worked for thirty years in the service of the church, and of the poor at Plymouth, Devonport, &c., &c. Aroused by the Bishop of Exeter’s appeal on behalf of the lowest class in Plymouth and its neighbourhood, Lydia Sellon, with her father’s consent, devoted her life and fortune to nursing the sick, aiding the poor, and teaching the ignorant children in the specially

\* A story is told of her servants, whom she had infected with her own interest in rural matters. They came to her with the plea that she must give them some eggs to put beneath a brooding hen as it had begun to “sit” on hyacinth roots.

lapsed and degraded districts of the great seaport. Other ladies joined her in the good work, and she found it necessary for her own protection and theirs, in the lawless dens the ladies saw themselves called on to frequent, to assume a distinctive plain black dress, approved of by the Bishop of Exeter.

In course of time, Plymouth was brought under an organised system of relief and Christian civilization ; orphanages, a training college for sailor lads, an old men's home, refuges and a penitentiary, were all in turn established.

Miss Sellon, when she could afford the means, became the owner of blocks of houses in the poorest quarters, and treated them on the plan adopted by Miss Octavia Hill in London. She fitted them up as best she could, and let them under certain simple rules of cleanliness and morality, to which the tenants consented to submit. In the days of scanty employment for women, she had some of them trained to be good printers. When cholera scourged the seaport in 1840, and again in 1849, Miss Sellon and her sisterhood were, with the consent of the parochial authorities, entrusted with the nursing of the poorer portions of the community—a task which the ladies discharged faithfully and intrepidly. During the Crimean War nurses from Miss Sellon's institute acted under Miss Nightingale.

When London was visited with cholera and virulent small-pox in 1866 and 1871, the Sellon sisterhood came to the rescue, their temporary hospitals being personally superintended by Miss Sellon. She was a good and generous woman, whose goodness subdued and affected many. In the early days of the movement, she and her fellow-workers sustained unflinchingly violent opposition and angry attacks on the part of the ultra Protestants in the Church, and the country, who lost sight of the spirit of the work, because its form was antagonistic to their opinions, and was sometimes exhibited injudiciously.

The Empress of Germany, an old friend, and, through the marriage of the Princess Royal, a kinswoman of the Queen's, paid a visit to Osborne during the summer. What was more attractive to the people in general was the sojourn for a season, in and near London, of the dispossessed Royal Family of Hanover. The old blind King was an English prince, who had spent his boyhood in England as Prince George of Cumberland ; he had been looked upon with much interest as not unlikely to be the future King of England. It was not the fault of his gruff old father, who idolised his boy, that the salic law was not revived for his benefit. Later, his increasing blindness put the crowning obstacle to his marriage with his cousin, Princess Victoria—a marriage which would have preserved the union, perhaps not specially desirable, of Great Britain and Hanover. Blind

as he was in his age and exile from Hanover, the old man took pleasure in revisiting the scenes of his youth and in making his family acquainted with them.

When they visited the old palace at Kew (now entirely disused), which had been a favourite country residence of George III. and Queen Charlotte in their early married life, and had afterwards been frequently dwelt in by the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, it is said their son, who had not been there for a long period of years, not since his total blindness, announced that he would be the guide of the party. He went without mistake into every room and told what each had been, when he knew it, more than half-a-century before, appearing to see in his mind's eye the old surroundings, the old company, the old household group.

There was an impression that the ex-King of Hanover might settle in England ; there was also a rumour of a marriage on the tapis between the Duke of Connaught, who acted frequently as cicerone to the party in introducing them to the sights of London, and Princess Marie, the younger daughter of the King and Queen of Hanover.

Neither of these anticipated events came to pass. Had they done so they would have been very acceptable to that faithful section of the English public who still love to recall good King George III., “Farmer George,” “Turnip George,” though he was called by the graceless wits who did not know how to value the homely virtues of George and his Queen Charlotte with their modest domestic ways.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE PRINCE CONSORT'S STATUE IN EDINBURGH.—THREE GREAT BEAUTIES AND THREE FAMOUS PHILANTHROPISTS.—THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO LOCH MAREE, ETC., ETC.

IN August, 1876, the Queen was at Balmoral as usual. She went earlier than was her wont, and stayed for a few days in Edinburgh on her way north to unveil the equestrian statue to the memory of the Prince Consort, which had been completed by the Scotch sculptor—to be presently created Sir John Steell. Her Majesty went down to Edinburgh on the night of the 15th, arriving at eight o'clock on a morning when mist and rain obscured the beauty of the landscape; not even for its Queen could "the grey metropolis of the north" renounce the attributes, "the bitter east, the misty summer," which Tennyson has assigned to it. But no gloom now saddened Heaven and earth to Her Majesty. She was gladdened not only by the company of Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice, grown into a lad of twenty-three and a girl of nineteen, but by a meeting with her third son, the Duke of Connaught, a young man of six-and-twenty, who was on duty as an officer of Hussars at Piershill Barracks. She enjoyed the festive air—in spite of the weather—of her ancient capital, with "crowds flocking into the town, troops marching, bands playing," in preparation for the event of the following day. Defying the damp she sat for an hour and a-half secluded from observation by screens, and protected from the wet by an umbrella, pursuing her royal work of reading and signing State papers with the green hill of Arthur's Seat draped, alas! by its familiar mist rising in front of her. The day fixed for the ceremony, and the public occasion itself, had their pathetic memories in that place. It was the 17th of August, the Duchess of Kent's birthday, and her loyal daughter remembered how well the Duchess had liked Edinburgh, and how much she had enjoyed resting there on her way to and from her Highland home at Abergeldie.

The last public appearance of the Prince Consort was in Edinburgh at the laying of the



FR. MAPH. TO BY WALECK.

H.R.H. KING EDWARD VII.



foundation-stone of the new Post Office, fifteen years before, on the 23rd of October, only six weeks prior to his death. It was a day of pouring rain, and he stood uncovered during the opening prayer, thus confirming the bad cold with which his illness began.

The last time the Queen had driven, on the occurrence of a public event, with the Duchess of Kent, as Her Majesty had driven so often in the earlier years of her reign, was also in Edinburgh a year before the deaths of the Prince and the Duchess, when the first great Scotch Volunteer Review was held in the Queen's Park. The Duchess was even then labouring under the illness which proved fatal, but she made the exertion in order that the Royal mother and daughter might again sit, side by side, at a great public gathering, and receive the enthusiastic tribute of a loyal people to their rank and worth as they had not done for twenty years. Both had keenly enjoyed the brief revival of the old situation.

But no tender sorrowful associations were suffered to interfere either with the sacred duty or with the genuine happiness of the day, though a slight present shadow was on it from the Queen's ready sympathy with the filial feelings of her faithful attendant, John Brown, who had lost his old mother a fortnight before.

The Queen, her two children, and her suite, set out in their carriages at half-past three o'clock for Charlotte Square, where all Edinburgh and a considerable portion of Scotland were to meet them. Her Majesty had the pleasure of having for her military escort the Duke of Connaught and his Hussars. The cavalcade drove by Princes Street, St. Andrew's Square and George Street, to Charlotte Square. The streets and monuments were gaily decorated, the crowd was immense, the day was fair, if dull and heavy. The Queen was ready to admit it was less fatiguing, and probably more refreshing, than a blaze of sunshine, which had succeeded for a time the rain of yesterday. Her noble host, the first time she visited Scotland, the ageing Duke of Buccleugh, received the Queen, and the historical guard, which was wont to surround her ancestors in the classic Canongate and High Street, the Company of Royal Archers, in their Lincoln green and silver, kept the ground which was the site of the statue. The Queen stood on the raised dais, between her daughter and her younger son. Behind her were the Home Secretary, and the ladies and gentlemen of her suite. A railed-off enclosure close at hand was full of distinguished company. Below stood the gentlemen of the Committee, with Buccleugh at their head.

An appropriate prayer was offered by a Dean of the Chapel Royal, Dr. Milligan, and a chorale composed by the late Prince was sung by a choir, with the accompaniment of a stringed band, led by Professor Oakley. The Duke of Buccleugh presented the members

of the Committee, and read an address, which made mention of the Duchess of Kent as well as of the Prince Consort, and the Queen read a reply. The Home Secretary announced that the Queen wished the statue to be unveiled, and this was done successfully by suitable machinery, when the figures, including the groups at the corners of the pedestal, received Her Majesty's cordial approbation. There was still a little more to be done. The Coburg March, composed by a German grand-uncle of the Queen and the Prince, and usually performed on great family occasions, was played. The sculptor, a white-haired old man, was presented to his sovereign. Another chorale, the music of which was composed by Professor Oakley, was executed. At last the Queen and her children, the sculptor, and the assistant sculptors, who had carved the minor groups, followed by the Royal suite, walked round the statue, examining and admiring the bas-reliefs. Thus ended the ceremony.

The return drive to Holyrood was rendered less than safe by the rearing and plunging of some of the horses of the Yeomanry and Hussars. The animals were excited by the crowd, and by the loud hurrahs which accompanied the Queen's progress.

Arrived at Holyrood, the Queen was able to watch, mother-like, from a window, to see her soldier son ride off with his Hussars. Afterwards, she conferred the honour of knighthood on Mr. Steell and Professor Oakley.

There was a large dinner party at Holyrood that night. The dinner was held in the great dining-room, in which the Queen had not dined since she was left a widow. She did not occupy her old seat. The Duke of Connaught led her in, and seated her at the opposite side of the table. He occupied a seat near her, to support her in the state which, from the date of his father's death, had a touch of forlornness. Among the company was the Duke of Buccleugh, with his youngest daughter, Lady Mary Scott, his son, Lord Dalkeith, his son-in-law, Lord Lothian, for the old feud between the Scotts and the Kerrs had been finally healed by an intermarriage. Lord Elgin, the kinsman of Lady Augusta Stanley, and the head of the Bruces, was there; so were representatives of the Murrays, the Ruthvens, and the Primroses, whose "forbears" had figured in many a gala at old Holyrood. It was a gathering worthy of the place, not less than of its mistress.

When the guests had departed, and the Queen and Princess Beatrice had retired to their private rooms, mother and daughter still lingered, watching the flights of rockets in the sky, and listening to the joyous clamour in the streets, so much nearer to them in that Scotch palace than in any other royal dwelling across the borders.

During the following September, at Balmoral, the Queen performed the interesting

ceremony of presenting the "Royal Scots," the regiment of which her father had been Colonel at the time of his death, with new colours. She drove to Ballater for the purpose. She was accompanied, in addition to her Lorne son and daughter, by Princess Alice, then paying her last visit to Balmoral, while in the gathering, to witness the sight, upon the open space opposite the hill of Craig, were the Prince of Wales and his two young sons, and the Duke of Connaught, all in Highland costume. Unfortunately, the weather was again unpropitious, but the Queen faced the rain, and kept her carriage open, in order not to disappoint the company.

The "salute" and "trooping of the colours" took place with no abatement of martial usage, while the regimental band played the stirring strains of "The Garb of Old Gaul," "Dumbarton Drums," and "La Fille du Régiment," the last in compliment to the Queen, as the daughter of the regiment's former Colonel. The piling of the drums was succeeded by a prayer, offered up by the parish minister.

The new colours were given to the Queen, and handed by her to two young kneeling lieutenants, with a simple address, which it cost her some trepidation to deliver and not read. She told them her father was proud of his profession, and she was proud to be a soldier's daughter. She said it was a satisfaction to her to have a son a soldier, and she was convinced he would be worthy of the name. She entrusted the new colours to the regiment, certain that it would always uphold its old "glory and reputation."

The Colonel of the regiment made a speech in reply, and begged the Queen to accept the old colours. She took them, saying they should be carried to Windsor, and should remain there in memory of the regiment, and its old Colonel. The march past, the salute, and three cheers for the Queen, finished a picturesque and gracious ceremony.

In the middle of December, the Queen and Princess Beatrice, with Lady Ely and General Ponsonby, &c., &c., paid Lord Beaconsfield the highest honour which a sovereign can render to a subject, by a short visit to him at his house of "Hughenden Manor" in Buckinghamshire. A railway journey of an hour's duration carried the visitors from Windsor to High Wycombe. The little town was *en fête* with flags and flowers, in spite of the sharp winter day. The staple manufacture of the place is chairs, made from wood of the abounding beech-trees. By a happy inspiration, an archway was raised of chairs of every description over the route by which the Queen was to pass. So airy and elegant was the curious structure, the Royal carriage was stopped that the arch might be inspected more closely. Lord Beaconsfield received Her Majesty at the station, conducted her to her carriage, and hurried in his own carriage that he might give her a second reception on the threshold of his house. The party lunched and remained two hours, the

Queen and the Princess planting a couple of trees on the lawn as a memorial of their visit.

In consequence of fever, which was then prevailing in the Isle of Wight, the Queen spent Christmas, for the first time since the Prince Consort's death, at Windsor.

In February, 1877, a memorable figure, a relic of the past and of the painter Opie's gipsy beauties, of whom the Queen knew something, died, full of years and of kindly honours paid to her great age, her worth and the sprightly vivacity—a coveted attribute of a former generation, which brightened the faculties she retained to the end. She was Pleasance Lady Smith, widow of Sir J. Smith, founder and first president of the Linnaean Society. She lived to reach her 104th year. She had been married eighty years, and had been a widow for nearly fifty years. On her hundredth birthday, of the excitement of which, with its many congratulations and gifts, the blythe old lady nearly died, the Queen sent her the "Royal Journal in the Highlands" with the inscription written in Her Majesty's handwriting: "From Victoria R. to her friend, Lady Smith, on her birthday."

In June, a change occurred at Darmstadt of much consequence to Prince Louis and Princess Alice. The reigning Grand-duke, a childless widower, was the uncle of Prince Louis, whose father had pre-deceased his elder brother. The Grand-duke died and the Prince succeeded to the throne, with greater independence and superior dignity; there was also the abatement of the sore pinch of poverty in high rank. It had been present with the Prince and Princess from the beginning, and had been intensified by the disasters of the Austro-Danish and the Franco-Prussian wars. But with greater prosperity and power, came also increased responsibilities, especially to the true and tender-hearted Princess, whose ambition it was to be the "Landes Mutter." In addition, she had sincerely loved and now sincerely mourned the old man to whom she had been as a daughter. Her affection was not alienated by the fact that only a few days before his death he had electrified the Court circle by announcing that he had been married for nine years to a lady of the Court, Frau von Hoehstaten. This morganatic connection, among its attendant evils, possibly afforded an undesirable precedent for a later and still more regrettable *mésalliance* in the family.

In June a noted English beauty in her day, far more famous and far less happy than Pleasance Lady Smith, died. This was Lady Stirling Maxwell, for the short space of three months, and for upwards of forty years the Hon. Mrs. Norton. She was born Caroline Sheridan, the grand-daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the writer of the last century's most brilliant English comedies. She was one of a group of three sisters, who,

in the earlier part of the Queen's reign, were the loveliest, and two of them among the wittiest women, of their generation. In addition to the Linley beauty which had descended to them from their grandmother, the wife of Richard Sheridan, they had inherited the Irish gaiety and exquisite humour of the Sheridans.

Portionless girls, in circumstances not unlike those of their Irish predecessors, the Gunnings, a friendly lady of quality who had known their kindred brought the Miss Sheridans to London to afford them the advantage of a season in town, with the express understanding (it was said) that each of the *débutantes* should marry, and thus secure for herself an establishment by the end of the season. The favour of another season in the gay world was not to be granted to a hard-to-please, intractable girl. Of the sisters one married Lord Seymour, eldest son of the Duke of Somerset. She lived to be elected "Queen of Love and Beauty," at the fantastic and costly pageant—a revival of the tournaments of the Middle Ages, given by the Earl of Eglinton. Another sister, Helen—the least regularly beautiful, but the most charming and amiable of the three—married Captain Blackwood, an officer in the navy, who succeeded his father as Lord Dufferin. Caroline, the youngest, superbly beautiful and highly gifted intellectually, married the Hon. George Norton, brother of Lord Grantley. It was a notoriously wretched marriage. The husband was a man capable of unutterable meanness and harshness. He was believed to have sought the society of the premier, Lord Melbourne, and lent every encouragement to his openly-expressed admiration for Norton's beautiful and brilliant, but not too discreet young wife, in the hope that the prime minister would appoint him to a post under Government. Disappointed in this scheme, Norton resorted to the base revenge of seeking to ruin his wife, the mother of his three children, and Lord Melbourne, by instituting a case in the divorce court, which however found the couple guiltless of the charge brought against them.

But Mrs. Norton's reputation was dragged through the mire, and her whole nature embittered by what she had suffered. In her separation from her husband, he retained the children of the marriage, one of whom she only saw again on his death-bed.

As very young girls, with scanty pocket-money, Mrs. Norton and her sister Helen discovered that they could increase their allowance considerably by exercising the gift which they had possessed and practised with the greatest ease from their earliest years. The two could write gay, sweet, pathetic verses on any or every subject. For a volume of these Mr. Colburn, the publisher—knowing the antecedents and the circle of the youthful poetesses—was willing to give a liberal remuneration.

In the desolation of her home life, Mrs. Norton naturally turned to literature as a

resource and refuge. Indeed, in the year after her marriage—1831—she had made a more serious bid for fame and fortune than she had ventured on before, by a long poem, called “The Undying One,” founded on the legend of “The Wandering Jew.” Thenceforth she adopted literature as a profession, with considerable success. Mr. Norton, who was for a period of years a magistrate in the Lambeth Police Court, arrested, at least once, the money his wife had worked for, there being then no “Married Woman’s Property Bill” to protect her. The literary merit of Mrs. Norton’s work was in itself not small. She was eloquent and entertaining with her pen as with her tongue; but her novels, “Stewart of Dunleath,” “Lost and Saved,” “Old Sir Douglas,” were marred by her giving in them a constant passionate repetition, with more or less exaggeration, distortion, and unfairness, of her own unhappy story. To this was added persistently sarcastic attacks on what she had taught herself to consider the conventional prudence and hypocritical respectability of those who had blamed her. More of not ungenerous emotion and resentful retaliation than of right reason figured in her work, and its egotistic bias was transparent.

Her reputation as a writer must rest on her poems, of which “The Lady of La Garaye” was her most popular effort. But though her poetry was fluent and melodious, like her countryman Moore’s, it had not enough power for a long flight. It was at its best in the sentimental songs, which were the fashion of the day. Her lyrics bore a strong resemblance to some of Mrs. Heman’s shorter poems. Such were Mrs. Norton’s “Love Not,” “Soldier’s Widow,” “Blind Man’s Bride,” “A Health to the Outward Bound,” etc., etc.

Mrs. Norton was over sixty years of age when her old friend, Sir William Stirling Maxwell, an accomplished scholar and a chivalrous gentleman, who had been acquainted with her in her youth and prime, and had known and sympathised with her trials, offered her an honourable name, and an end of all pecuniary difficulties. She was so broken-down and feeble that the marriage took place in her room, with the bride seated in her chair, her grandson and granddaughter acting as groomsman and bridesmaid. She was never out of the room afterwards. She never saw, as its mistress, Sir William’s fine old place of Keir, which she had visited as a guest in his first wife’s lifetime. She was only taken in her coffin to lie in the family vault. Sir William Stirling Maxwell did not survive her for more than a year. But one of near kin followed her more closely to the grave. Her son, who had succeeded to his uncle’s title of Lord Grantley, died at the age of forty-seven, ten days after his mother. His life had been, in many respects, as impulsive and wilful as hers. When a young man, he had married the daughter of a fisherman in Capri—a girl wholly uneducated. He was loyal to his choice, burying

himself with her in Capri for the greater part of the years which remained to him, while their son and daughter were brought up in England. On the death of the husband at his house in Capri, this modern Lady Burleigh, who had not died,—

“Of the burden of an honour  
Unto which she was not born.”

possibly because she had not sought to fit herself for the position, weary of the restrictions of social rank, cheerfully resumed her peasant's dress, and returned contentedly to the habits and associates of her youth.

Mrs. Norton is said to have been the original from which George Meredith modelled the heroine of his novel, “Diana of the Crossways.”

Lady Dufferin's story was hardly less romantic, while infinitely happier than that of her sister, Mrs. Norton. Helen Blackwood was as good and wise as she was fair. Married at seventeen, to a man whose profession left her much by herself, she was a loyal wife, and the devoted mother of an equally devoted and afterwards highly distinguished son. One of his college friends was Lord Gifford, eldest son of the Marquis of Tweeddale. He was twenty years Lady Dufferin's junior, but he found more captivation for him in one “autumn face” than in the sweet spring bloom of his girl contemporaries. For twenty years he is said to have pursued his suit, and followed in her footsteps. She would not marry again while her son remained unmarried, and made his home with her. The disparity of years between her and Lord Gifford, though his constancy had been well-tried, and his was no longer a boyish fancy, seemed to present an insuperable objection. But when he was forty and she sixty she gave her consent under circumstances which neither could have foreseen. One objection had been disposed of, for Lord Dufferin was happily married, with home ties and interests of his own. But what really bridged over the chasm between the couple was an accident, incurred by Lord Gifford in an effort to save some workmen, working under his orders, from an impending danger. He interposed between them and a mass of masonry, whose fall, anticipated by him, was unsuspected by them. It left Lord Gifford a helpless invalid for the short period during which he survived.

He died a few days after the strange, pathetic marriage; but it was the prospect of being his nurse and comforter for years, as well as the longing to grant him, in his weakness, the desire of his heart, which induced Lady Dufferin to consent to the union. Her own death, against which her son and daughter-in-law fought hard, followed before long. She fell a gentle, patient victim to the terrible disease cancer, dying in 1867, ten years before the date of Mrs. Norton's death.

Lord Dufferin had built on his estate a tower, called "Helen's Tower," an enduring monument to a mother's virtues and a son's love. The inscription engraved on the tower was written by Alfred Tennyson.

Of the third sister, the last survivor of the three beauties, Lady Seymour, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, there is less to be told. Her husband was reputed the proudest man in England, thus reviving the leading quality of one of his ancestors, popularly known as "the proud Duke." The Duehess, for whom her husband had counted the world well lost, appears to have had a share of Mrs. Norton's daring plain-speaking (illnistrated by a remark she is said to have made on herself and Lady Seymour: "You see the fate of beauties. I am married to a brute, and my sister to a fool!"). During the Crimean War, the Duchess of Somerset's only son died of fever. In the bereaved mother's agony of grief she openly accused his doctoer of having killed him, so that the medical man saw himself compelled to clear his professional eharacter by bringing against the violent speehehes of her Grace a suit for slander, which some of the Duke's wealth went to eompromise.

These lovely young adventureesses who came up to London to make capital of their wonderful gifts, belong to the last rather than to the present eentury. They are types of another order of women from those of Lydia Sellon, Florenee Nightingale, Mary Stanley, and Agnes Jones, the honoured pioneers of many publie-spirited, self-sacrificing women who have taken the initiative from their sovereign, and been as faithful to duty, as hard-working in their several spheres, as untiring in their services to their country and their fellow-creatures as she has shown herself. Three notable examples of this noble kind—two whom Government took for the first time into its serviee, and made use of in its public records, are well worthy of mention. One of these was Caroline Chisholm, the wife of an officer in the old East India Company's army. She and her husband emigrated to Australia, where she was struek with the miserable condition of the poor female emigrants. With her husband's eoncurrence she set about mending matters. She opened an offiee and a house, in which she received and sheltered friendless, ignorant girls, until she could (as she did in the end, by the thousand), seeure fitting situations for them. In their interest she made the voyage from England in their company in an emigrant ship.

Another was Mrs. Nassau Senior, the daughter of an English squire, and the sister of the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays." Her charge was workhouses and pauper schools. So admirable was her treatment of the subject, that she was appointed first "Assistant Inspector," and then in spite of the honest searching report she issued,

which raised red-tape officials in arms against her, she was made Inspector in full, of Workhouse and District Pauper Schools, with a view to "the training of girls and the care of infants." Mrs. Nassau Senior was a young and beautiful woman, with a fine musical voice. One evening when she visited a slum, whose inhabitants she sought to attract and propitiate, she stood in her fair-haired refined beauty, in a friendly doorway and sang hymns and people's songs till every other doorway was crowded with listeners, to whom the singer must have been a gracious vision of all that was beautiful, womanly, and harmonious.

The third benefactress of the poor and needy was earnest, experienced, humble-minded Mary Carpenter, daughter of a Unitarian teacher. She was the great promoter of reformatory and ragged schools in Bristol. She paid four visits to India to advance female education and prison reforms there. Her report of her last visit, written at Lord Salisbury's request, was embodied in a Parliamentary paper. Far advanced in years, she was called gently to her well-earned rest. Active and busy the previous evening, she was found next morning dead in bed.

The great French statesmen, Louis Thiers, passed away in September, 1877. "A little man with a big head" (like Lord John Russell), Thiers was born in the stirring days of the great Revolution. He lived through the First Empire, the Restoration of the Bourbons, the reign of Louis Philippe, and he saw not only the fall of the House of Orleans, but the fall of the Second Empire. It was then that his patriotism was gallantly displayed; an old and ailing man of seventy-five years, he succeeded by Herculean exertions, in visiting in succession every Court of Europe, in order to solicit aid for his country in her extremity. Happily, he saw her rising like a Phoenix from her ashes before his call came. Notwithstanding his insignificant presence and weak voice, Thiers had exercised great influence over his countrymen, as a journalist at first, but latterly as a statesman.

In the course of the autumn, the Queen took yet a fresh excursion among the beautiful scenery of the Scotch Highlands, in which she delighted. Her destination was Loch Maree, in the west of Ross-shire. She left Balmoral with Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Roxburgh, at a quarter-past nine on the morning of the 12th of September, with rain falling till the party reached Ballater, where they were joined by several gentlemen of the suite, a detachment of maid-servants, and the favourite collie, "Noble." The weather changed so as to afford a fine view of the granite city of Aberdeen and the high heathery hill of Benachie, which has given rise to one of those piteously longing local songs in which love of a place and craving to behold it, like

love of a person, and desire for his or her company, causes the heart to grow sick to death in exile.

“Oh, would I were where Gowdie rins,  
Where Gowdie rins, where Gowdie rins,  
Oh, would I were where Gowdie rins,  
At the back o’ Benachie”

is the wailing refrain of the song.\*

From Keith the Queen went on to Elgin, where she fully appreciated the land-locked sea and the blue Moray Frith, “the heavy fields of yellow corn,” trees and woods in vivid green. Forres and Nairn succeeded, with the heather brilliant, the rough sea blue as before, and the bracken growing rusty red in warm contrasts of colour. As the afternoon advanced, Fort George and Inverness appeared. The Queen knew the route so far very well, for she had traversed it to and fro as far as Dingwall on her way to and from Dunrobin, five years before. From Dingwall the road was new, through the glen enriched by the mineral spring of Strathpeffer, by Strath Bran, and Loch Luichart. At the small rustic station of Achnashin, which was reached a little after five in the afternoon, the Queen, her daughter and suite, quitted the railway, and in a “sociable,” a “waggonette,” and other “traps,” started on a twenty-mile drive through part of the Mackenzie country, “desolate, wild, and perfectly uninhabited” by loch and mountain, down the pass of Glen Dochart, and ten miles along Loch Maree with fine hills wooded to the base, shutting it in as far as the little hotel by the lake, surrounded with trees, which was Her Majesty’s destination.

The trees were “chiefly larch, birch, pine, and alder, with quantities of most beautiful heather and bracken growing luxuriantly, high rocks surrounding the whole. “Here and there a fine Scotch fir, twisted, and with a stem and head like a stone pine, stands out on a rocky projection into the loch, relieved against the blue hills as in some Italian view.” To complete the charm of the scene, heavy showers alternated with bursts of sunshine, and brought a fine rainbow. Then the weather cleared up and the sky was radiant with the setting sun, which “gave a crimson hue to all the hills, and lit up Ben Slioch,” the Queen wrote, “just as I remember having seen it light up Ben Nevis and the surrounding hills at Inverlochy.”

The small hotel, or rather old-fashioned country inn, which had been secured for her accommodation, delighted the Queen, though it had no entrance-gate, only a wall in front,

\* It is a curious fact that the greater part of such songs—Highland as well as Lowland—which deal with places rather than people, like “The Birs o’ Aberfeldy,” “The Braes o’ Balquidder,” “Gloomy Winter’s now awa,” “The Broom o’ Cowdenknows,” etc., etc., are all written by Lowlanders. The true Highland ditties, like the old ballads, ignore details of scenery. A general glamour of mist and sunshine, ivory moonlight, blasted heath, gay greenwood, and wild sea-shore is enough for the writers.

open at the sides for the admission of carriages. Now, indeed, she was living in rustic simplicity, and yet in homely comfort, taking her meals with the Princess and Duchess in the coffee-room, while the gentlemen dined in a smaller room next it. Up the little staircase with various steps besides, was her "dear little sitting-room," looking upon the loch, Ben Slieoh, and the road. At the other end of the passage was her bedroom, with the smaller room for her maids. On a lower bend of the stairs was Princess Beatrice's room, with John Brown's room, which doubtless also accommodated Her Majesty's four-footed guardian, "Noble." He had the honour of showing how irreproachable his manners could be, even when he was pining for the society of his fellow dogs, for he appeared at meal times in the coffee-room, and might be said literally to lunch and dine with the Queen.

It did not matter that the fit was rather tight, and that the little rooms were very full. Everything necessary was at hand, and the endurance of the inevitable absence of the space and surroundings of a palace partook of the nature of a frolic like that far-away merry expedition incognito to the village of Fettercairn, which the Queen had made with the Prince when her life's sun was at its meridian.

The next morning was dull, the Queen fell back on her never-failing resource of sketching, though the mountain offered the only effect of light and shade. She walked out exploring the strange place like humbler individuals, and was amused to find an old man in a tailed coat and tall hat in a cottage by a bridge. He announced that he had very little English, only enough probably to give the explanation of his incapacity to answer questions. Even in the solitude the world was not entirely shut out, for Her Majesty mentions that a coach or brake, which passed daily through the glen, generally overtook her and the Princess on the road; as there is no reference to any demonstration on the part of the passengers, one may safely come to the conclusion that the greater part of them little guessed who were the two ladies, middle aged and young, patiently picking their steps along the rain-washed highway, with the burly Highlander and fine collie walking at a respectful distance behind.

Still the grey weather continued, not only grey but oppressively hot, for in these shut-in glens, even in high latitudes, a sultry atmosphere is less bearable than on a Lowland plain.

The Queen painted, read, and wrote till she had taken lunch and afternoon tea; when the threatening rain did not prevent her from having her usual drive in company with Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Roxburgh to the farther end of the loch, down a steep road and past loch upon loch, with mountains, wood, and water, to her

heart's content, only no gleam of light to kindle them up, and home with the growing darkness, when the Duchess read aloud a life of Thiers as a sedative.

A violent storm of wind and rain succeeded the dull weather but did not dissipate the heat. The Queen, not to be daunted, walked out among scenery like that of the Trossachs. But the view from her window was too enticing; she could have sketched all day, only there were the telegrams and the post. The second day's drive was a long one; the gentlemen accompanied the ladies, and the horses had to be changed at Kerrie's Bridge, for the goal was the Gairloch, which opens on the Atlantic. The little town, backed by high wooded hills, consisted mainly of a kirk and manse, a bank, a hotel, and a sprinkling of better-class dwellings expanding into an array of lodging-houses. The weather had grown finer, and before it was quite dark the party were back at Loch Maree, while the Queen was left with sufficient energy to play duets with Princess Beatrice after dinner.

Saturday was fair, but the heat continued, bringing such a plague of wasps, that in order to keep them out of the inn and at the same time to have the windows open, gauze had to be nailed over the window frames. The day proved fine, with brilliant sunshine, and a still longer excursion, lasting throughout the day, was planned and carried out. The road led by Kinlochewe, where the mountains began to tower up "like mighty giants," past Loch Clare, and into the grand Glen of Torridon, where the effect of the range is increased by their abrupt rise and by the low level of the land above the sea. Ben Learach among its brethren is conspicuously dark, with its rocks in the form of "terraces, fortifications, and pillars." From the upper Loch Torridon the hills of Skye are visible.

The Queen did not venture to enter the small, one-storied "harled" (rough-dashed) inn in order to eat her lunch, she and her Princess scrambled up a bank and disposed of their three o'clock meal with an appetite heightened by the mountain and sea air, different from the muggy air by the loch side. Luncheon eaten, the beloved sketching was resumed, and the sketchers after an hour's rest felt still unwilling to come down, "it was so fine and such a wild, uncivilised spot like the end of the world." "A tottery old man" had passed in the interval, and the Queen, with the curiosity bred of the loneliness, asked the Duchess of Roxburgh to speak to him—as if he was a strange, incomprehensible intruder in such a region. He gave an answer which in its vagueness suited the impression he had made. He was come from America, was going to England. Alas for the perversity of human taste, he thought Torridon "very ugly." He had not reached beyond Dr. Johnson's unromantic, last century's conception of landscape.

But even in Torridon in the wilds, the Queen found a "shoppie," a small store, like that in her own Highland village of Crathie. She went in, and with some difficulty, because of the nervousness of the shopkeeper, whose customers were few and far between, and all intimately known to him, and because of the prevailing Gaelic, became the generous purchaser of several "comforters," two little shawls, and "a very nice cloak." Think of the novel attraction of the situation—in the present for the Queen, who had been accustomed to do her shopping, with few exceptions, by proxy, and in the future for the shopkeeper, who, in offering his wares for sale, could thenceforth say, to the end of his days, with pardonable pride, "This or that was the Queen's choice!" He might go so far—who knows?—as to put above the door of the shoppie, in addition to his name, the coveted distinction, "Torridon Clothier and Hosier to Her Majesty the Queen."

A less agreeable experience was the sight of some miserably poor cottages with specimens of their tenants in bare-legged, scantily-clad children and women content to squat on their doorsteps.

Though the expedition had been a great success, to get back to the nice little house where the Royal party had their temporary quarters, with tea and dinner and family music in the evening, was also heartily welcome.

Sunday came round with no churches nearer than those of Kinlochewe and Gairloch, to which worshippers were observed making their way for the forenoon service before eight o'clock in the morning. Prayers were read indoors. The Queen and her daughter walked out, and climbed by a side path, through wet grass and fern, to a couple of cottages, out of whose smoke-blackened interiors "tidy-looking women" issued, and with Highland courtesy, in broken English, received the "Ban Righ" and her daughter, in whose name a gift of money was afterwards presented to them.

In the afternoon, with four trusty oarsmen and her landlord to steer, the Queen and her companions took boat on the loch. Their destination was "the Isle of Maree," the ancient burial-place of the Macleans, once the residence of a saint, with curious traditions of its own which gave it pre-eminence over the larger wooded islands of which it formed one, some of which were large enough to have red deer among their game. The Queen went on shore, and found a path through thickets of "oak, holly, birch, ash, and beech" to a holy well. This well had formerly the reputation of curing insanity. An old tree near it was still hung with rags and ribands tied to its branches. The performance of a singular rite is expected from all who visit the spot. They are required to hammer a copper coin into the bark of the tree as a lingering relic of the offerings made to the island's St. Mulroy. In accordance with the usage the Queen and her companions

hammered pennies into the bark. They also visited the grave of a more illustrious sleeper than any member of the clan Maclean, a young Norwegian or Danish princess, with a legend attached to her memory as hazy as that of her neighbour the saint.

One more bright morning, as if to say that St. Mulroy was not akin to St. Swithin; but with the sunshine after the wet, came a visitation of midges, almost as annoying, and not so easily brought under control, as had been the intruding army of wasps. One more pleasant scrambling walk in which a cluster of "bairns," watching the singular ways of the visitors, were regaled with biscuits and sandwiches from the Queen's luncheon-box.

The direction of the last day's drive was decided by a kindly wish to reward the loyalty of two hundred and fifty people from the Western Hebrides, who had crossed the stormy minch, from the islands of Lewis and Skye, and asked permission to come as far as Kerrie's Bridge on the chance of seeing their Queen. She went to meet them at the bridge, had their minister, who had led the pilgrims of all classes—from lairds to crofters and fishers—presented to her, heard them sing "God save the Queen," with much enthusiasm, and parted from them—"their friendly faces and ringing cheers" impressing her pleasantly.

The Queen was sorry to quit Loch Maree, and would fain have protracted her visit, but her soldier son was awaiting her at Balmoral, home on a short leave, and her young daughter paid a tax of toothache to the mild relaxing air. There was no choice even for a Queen. She could only hope to revisit the little house which was "cosy and very quiet," and where there were "no constant interruptions as at home." One can understand in a degree the rare peacefulness and freedom implied by that exemption.

Once more mist and grey clouds were in the ascendant when the Queen made her long return journey by carriage and railway to Balmoral.

The Hungarian queen of song, Therèse Titiens, deprived the opera of one of its best servants, and left young musical artistes poorer for the loss of a generous friend, by her premature death at the age of forty-four, at her house in London.

The new year, 1878, an eventful year in Royal circles and among English people, began with the death, at the age of fifty-eight, of the soldier King, Victor Emmanuel, who had listened to the cry of Italian patriotism, and died King—not of Savoy and Piedmont, but of a United Italy.

In January, an interesting and amusing scene occurred at Osborne, in the display of a scientific marvel, which went far beyond the greatest achievement of the old necro-

manceer. Professor Bell illustrated to the Queen, the Royal family, and the household, the working of the telephone. The professor conversed with a friend at Osborne Cottage. The Queen at home conversed with Sir Thomas and Lady Biddulph in their own cottage; a visitor there played on the piano and sang "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Comin' through the Rye," etc., etc., for the benefit not merely of her host and hostess, but also of the Royal party at the Great house. The Duke of Connaught, invisible to the singer, returned to her audibly the Queen's thanks. The telephone communications were transferred successfully to Cowes, Southampton, and London, and brought back a song in parts, a bugle "retreat," more talk, and "God save the Queen" played on an organ. The Queen was greatly pleased.

A princely consignment arrived at Gravesend, nothing less than "Cleopatra's Needle," from the banks of the Nile, with the great expense of its conveyance generously defrayed by a private gentleman, Dr. Erasmus Wilson, in order that modern Englishmen in the mass might behold with their own eyes, on the Thames Embankment, a monument which may have been gazed upon by the patriarchs Jacob and Joseph, and must surely have been seen by the great lawgiver Moses.

One of the young prinees, who had dwelt in exile in England, but had recently been recalled to his dominions, Alphonso of Castile, son of the Queen's contemporary, Isabella of Spain, compelled to abdicate in favour of Alphonso, was married at Madrid to his beautiful cousin Mereedes, daughter of the Infanta of Spain and Louis Philippe's son, the Due de Montpensier.

At Rome there was the election of a new Pope—not without a rumour that the choice of the Cardinals might fall on an Englishman; but Cardinal Howard, a cadet of the noble house of Norfolk, was passed by, and Cardinal Pecci took the title of Leo XIII.

## CHAPTER VIII.

MARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN'S GRANDDAUGHTER, PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF PRUSSIA.—DEATHS OF EARL RUSSELL AND OF "THE LAST KING OF HANOVER."—FOUNDERING OF THE *EURYDICE* AND THE *PRINCESS ALICE*.—THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO BROXMOUTH.—THE DEADLY SICKNESS AT DARMSTADT, ETC., ETC.

IN February the first marriage among the Queen's grandchildren was celebrated. It was a very great affair, for Princess Charlotte of Prussia was not only the eldest daughter of the Princess Royal of England and the Crown Prince of Prussia, she was the granddaughter, first in rank, of the Emperor William of Germany. The Queen's heart must have gone out to her grandchild that day, for she was a bride of seventeen, as young as her mother had been in the unclouded sunshine of her gay and happy wedding. To share Princess Charlotte's blushes there was another young bride at the Court in Berlin, for it was a double wedding, which was celebrated with all imaginable splendour. At the same time that Princess Charlotte was married, in what was understood to be a love match with the hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, her cousin, Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the Red Prince, Frederick Charles, was married to the hereditary Grand Duke of Aldenburg.

The doings at Berlin were on a magnificent scale; not only were the old Emperor and Empress, with their whole kindred, present, so were the King and Queen of the Belgians, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and forty minor German princes. The old picturesque customs were not forgotten. After the State dinner, the reception, and the supper, the historical polonaise was danced in the White Hall, as it had been danced on the occasion of the Princess Royal's marriage. The torch-bearers were the Ministers of State, with the exception of Prince Bismarck, disqualified by illness. Attended by these distinguished flambeaux-carriers, the two brides walked through the hall, with one after

the other of the princes present. The bridegrooms followed with the respective princesses, each according to his or her rank. The conversation might be varied, but the performance, repeated many times, must have been monotonous, and the formality oppressive to a girl of English descent, in part, who had spent several of her springs on the rocky beach of St. Leonard's. When a child, she is said to have administered an indirect rebuke to a punctilious young playfellow, who resented the mistake of a photographer "making a picture" of the two children, and failing to address each with the full title due to her rank. "You may call me what Papa calls me, 'Fat Lotty,'" cried the frank-spoken, half-English little girl, affronted by the other small person's pomposity.

At last the Emperor's ministers headed the royal procession to the Queen's chamber, where they handed their torches to pages who attended the young couples to their private suites of rooms.

The ceremonial of the day was finished by the lady stewardesses of the bride distributing to the guests, two hundred small velvet or silk ribbons in the Prussian colours, with portraits of the brides. Each ribbon was supposed to represent a bit of the bride's garter.

This version of the primitive German custom may be read in the same breath with the description of the great illumination of the city by gas, together with the contemporary feats worked by steam and electricity.

The Saxe-Meiningen Court, like that of Saxe-Weimar, has nonurable literary distinction; nowhere—not even in his own England—were Shakespeare's plays acted with greater perfection than by the Court players of Saxe-Meiningen. The Saxe-Meiningen house has been in more than one generation connected with the Royal family of England. Good Queen Adelaide was of Saxe-Meiningen, and Queen Victoria's niece, the youngest daughter of her sister, Princess Hohenlohe, was the stepmother of the bridegroom.

In May the Queen held a review at Aldershot, where she was accompanied by the Princess Royal, her eldest, as well as by Princess Beatrice, her youngest daughter.

At midsummer, one of Her Majesty's old statesmen, Earl Russell, better known as "Lord John Russell," was laid to his rest at the ripe age of eighty-five, in the Russells' great burial-place of Chenies. A State funeral to Westminster Abbey was declined by his widow,\* in accordance with the late Earl's wishes. An earnest supporter of the Liberal polities of his family, when Liberalism was decidedly in the minority, a warm advocate of the Reform Bill, an able and honourable man, Lord John, like Louis Thiers, had a small body and a large head, which rendered him for half-a-century the ready-made jest

\* His second wife.

of caricaturists in the pages of *Punch*, &c., &c. When in his prime he won his first wife, the beautiful young widow, Adelaide Lady Ribblesdale. The wedding-ring fell as he was about to put it on her finger, an omen, some thought, of his early death. He suffered from chronic delicacy of health till he was sixty, when his constitution underwent a change, and he was hale and vigorous for a quarter of a century longer.

Closely associated with not a few of the Ministries and Cabinet Councils of the earlier years of her reign, the Queen bore her testimony to the dead statesman's worth by the wreath placed on his pall, with the card bearing the inscription, "A mark of the Queen's regard."

George of Hanover, the blind king, died in exile at Paris, at the age of fifty-nine. His body was brought to rest in the country of which he had retained an affectionate remembrance. He was buried in the royal vault below St. George's chapel, Windsor, where his grandfather George III., with his Queen and most of his children, lie. The Duke of Cumberland, the dead man's son, and the Queen's sons acted as chief mourners, while the Queen and the Hanoverian Princesses witnessed the ceremony from the Royal closet. The Queen erected a monument to her cousin's memory. One of the items of the inscription was the pathetic quotation, "In thy light he shall see light." Another item was equally significant, "To George V., the last King of Hanover." King George V. never consented to be the last King of Hanover. He had a stubborn temper, which adhered fixedly to the conditions of the old *régime*. When Bismarck and Germany incorporated the kingdom of Hanover with Prussia and the empire, King George not only denied their title to carry out the annexation, he laid the injunction on his son, that he should in no circumstances, and for no indemnification, agree to the transfer. For this reason the Duke of Cumberland, conscientiously obstinate like his father, submitted to the confiscation of his great estates in Hanover and Brunswick, and remained a poor man, till the present Emperor William, for very shame's sake, restored the family possessions without demanding, as an equivalent, an acquiescence in the passing away of an independent sovereignty.

Before spring was well advanced, all England was shocked by the calamity which befell the Queen's ship, the *Eurydice*. She was nearing shore, off the Isle of Wight, at full sail, when a tremendous gale, accompanied by a heavy snowstorm, caught her, and before the command to lower sail could be obeyed, she foundered. Out of three hundred men only two survivors were picked up. The loss of the training ship recalled the loss of the turret ship, the *Captain*, off the Spanish coast, in 1870, as sudden and with equally disastrous results. Public confidence in the great turret ships which are a conspicuous

feature of the English navy has been rudely shaken. Their enormous cost, the wide sea-room they require, the hazards of their management, and the awful completeness of their collapse in case of accident, have re-awakened memories of the colossal, unmanageable galleons to which Philip II. pinned his faith, when he sent out the Spanish Armada. The question was raised, if these appalling casualties occur in the piping time of peace, what is to be looked for in the turmoil and disorder of a naval battle? If such tragedies happen to the green tree, what may not befall the dry?

Before summer came, a political crime was committed in Ireland, the worst of the kind with the exception of the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Colonel Bourke in broad day, in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, which later startled the country. Lord Leitrim, a despotic old soldier and an unpopular landlord, who had evicted tenants without scruple, was driving in an Irish car at a little distance from his own house, near Milford, when he, his clerk, and his driver were all shot dead from a neighbouring plantation. It is hardly necessary to say that the hereditary Celtic and Saxon hostility was revived for a season in full force by the lawless outrage.

As if to show that we shall always have the fool as well as the poor man with us, and that a considerable section of the community is as silly in the reign of Queen Victoria as it could have been in the reigns of Anne and Elizabeth, or, it may be, in that of Boadicea, the episode of "Madame Rachel" tickled the law courts, and filled the more thoughtful with mortification for the imbecility of their kind—their womankind—rather than with diversion. A wily woman announced to her vain and frivolous dupes that she could preserve their youth and beauty for ever, nay, that she could create personal charms where none had hitherto existed, by her washes and unguents. For the service she was paid in gold by her infatuated clients. Naturally, the fraud was discovered, and the defrauded victims sought redress at the hands of the law. Although the wise woman's decoctions contained nothing worse than fuller's earth and pearlash, and although the further charge against her of pawning articles of jewellery without strict warrant from their owner, might be regarded as dubiously authenticated, Madame Rachel was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. One cannot help regretting that the exposure of their senseless credulity was the only share her employers had in her punishment.

The deaths of Charles Mathews, the actor of comedy, and of George Cruikshank, the inimitable illustrator of Dickens, were reminders that the mirth of nations, like their follies, has an ebb and flow.

Of tragedies there is seldom a lack. The young Spanish Queen Mercedes, died at the age of eighteen, six months after her marriage. Her story was a repetition of that

of the gentle, beautiful young Coburg Princess, whose marriage was announced at the same time as the marriages of the Princess Royal and Princess Charlotte of Belgium, when the bridegroom was the young King of Portugal, and the bride only went to Lisbon to die.

Two colliery explosions, the one in Lancashire, the other in Wales, which cost between them the lives of four hundred and sixty-two miners, were among the calamities of this disastrous year. But these accidents were surpassed in loss of life by the sinking of the *Princess Alice*, a Thames passenger steamer. She had been making a pleasure trip to Gravesend, and was returning crowded with holiday makers, when she came into collision with the *Bywell Castle*, a steamer of a similar kind. The accident happened off the City of London Gas Works, near North Woolwich. In spite of the nearness of land, the proximity of a third steamer the *Duke of Teek*, and the amount of craft on the river, the loss of life reached the lamentable amount of six hundred. A piteous feature in the scene was the number of women and children who were among the dead. Whole families were swept away, the nearest and dearest were torn asunder when the flood clutched the child in its mother's arms, or loosened the grasp of the numbed fingers, striving frantically and in vain to keep hold of their chief treasure.

In the end of August, the Queen, Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold and their suite, paid a second visit of a few days to the Duke and Duchess of Roxburgh. But it was not again to Fleurs, to Teviotdale and Tweedside; it was to a new district, less romantic, but possessed of its own attractions. It was to "the fat Lothians" whose rich fields are the glory of agricultural Scotland, while its rugged coast-line is bold and picturesque. The ducal seat here is an unpretentious country house called Broxmouth, but it is near the ancient town of Dunbar, which was at first merely a cluster of the retainers of the Maitland family, congregating round their head the Earl of Lauderdale, in his castle of Thirlstane. Cromwell's victory was gained in the immediate vicinity, and traces of a remoter warfare between England and Scotland survive in the ruins of the old castle which "Black Agnes," wife of the Earl of March, held successfully in his absence, during a siege by English soldiers. Scotch children are still told the story, how she and her maidens were wont to walk round the battlements, and wipe with their napkins, in mocking defiance, the marks left on the walls by the useless clumsy artillery of the assailants. Her own better-directed shafts she spoke of as "Black Agnes's love darts." It was to this nearly impregnable castle that Bothwell carried Mary Queen of Scots, after their meeting at the Cat's Stane. One of Queen Victoria's excursions was to these massive ruins by the sea.

Another expedition was to what remained of the still more famous stronghold Tan-tallon—the keep of the mighty Douglasses. It is said a Tudor, Princess Margaret, the elder daughter of Henry VII. and the widow of James IV., stayed in it when she was the wife of the Earl of Angus, and doubtless she kept the neighbourhood aflame with her restless schemes and rash fickle temper.

On Sunday the Duke and Duchess's parish minister, Mr. Buchanan, an able preacher, held a service, and delivered a sermon to the Queen and the household.

The well-remembered birthday of the Prince Consort occurred this year when the Queen was at Broxmouth. He was always with her in spirit, and she kept the day by kindly gifts, and remembrances of the place as from him, to their daughter, to the gentleman and ladies of the suite, to the men and maidservants.

The younger members of the ducal family, Lord and Lady Bowmont, and Lady Susan Grant Suttie, with her husband and their little children, in whom the Queen took a lively interest, made a variety in the home party. Pensive memories were awakened by the unexpected news of the death of a near neighbour and old friend at Windsor—Madame Van de Weyer, the widow of the former Belgian Ambassador, who, as an old ally of her uncle King Leopold's, had been specially welcome to the Queen.

Returned to Balmoral, a fresh loss awaited Her Majesty, in the death of an old and valued servant, Sir Thomas Biddulph, Comptroller of her Privy Purse. He had gone down with the Queen to Scotland, and died at the farmhouse of Abergeldie Mains. She visited the house repeatedly during his illness. On his asking to see her, on the occasion of one of these visits, she went to his room with Sir William Jenner, and found Sir Thomas in bed, "very ill, but able to speak quite loud." He said simply, counting securely on her sympathy, "I am very bad." She stood looking at him, and took his hand; he said, "You are very kind to me"; and she answered, pressing his hand, "You have always been very kind to me." These were the last words which passed between them.

His death was a great distress to his royal mistress. She regretted she had not been in the house with Lady Biddulph when the blow fell. The Queen, Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Roxburgh, and Lady Ely were present with the members of the family when the coffin, which had lain in the dining-room, was removed, after Mr. Campbell, the minister of Crathie, had read and prayed. The Prince of Wales, and all the gentlemen of the household, accompanied the hearse to Ballater, where the coffin was put into the same railway train by which Lady Biddulph and her children journeyed to Windsor.

In November the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise, who had now been married for seven years, embarked in the *Sarmatian* for Canada, of which he had been appointed

Governor-General. After an unusually stormy passage, they were met at Halifax by the Duke of Edinburgh, in his ship, the *Black Eagle*, and proceeded to the seat of government—Ottawa.

The same month of November saw the beginning of the fatal epidemic at Darmstadt, which left a palace home desolate. There are few domestic records in the English language more pathetic than the telegrams and letters of Princess Alice, and the narrative of her friend, Miss Macbean, during the outbreak of the deadly sickness. The only parallel is the brief diary of Mrs. Tait, wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, written when her husband was Dean of Carlisle. Five out of her seven children were attacked with scarlet fever, the whole five little girls dying, one after the other. Miss Macbean begins her account by a description of a merry afternoon tea at the new Palace, Darmstadt, when Princess Alice said she believed her eldest daughter, Princess Victoria, a girl of fifteen, was going to have mumps, she had such a stiff neck, and remarked, jestingly, how comical it would be if the disease was infectious, and all the household had mumps! However, one of the children came with a petition that Miss Macbean should play, and they danced to her music for half-an-hour. The next morning the doctor pronounced Princess Victoria's mumps diphtheria, and, in addition to the anxiety felt for her, there was the dread that she might have infected the other children. On Monday, the 11th, it was hoped the worst was over, but, during the night, Princess Alice was summoned to her little namesake, her daughter Alix, aged six years, and, on looking into her throat, saw patches of the white membrane so much dreaded. It was another case of diphtheria, and in its worst form.

The Princess's grief was great, and so was her fear for her youngest darling, Princess May, a charming child, four years of age. She had clambered on her mother's bed that morning to kiss her, and had played on the floor in the highest spirits. She had gone out for a drive with the children who were still well, and had stood for a moment on the landing of the stairs, smiling down at her mother, looking, "in her blue hat and cloak," such a picture of health that the image long lingered in the memory. But by noon an alarmed nursemaid came to fetch the Grand-Duchess, who rushed to the nursery, and found the child in a high fever, with the fatal spots on her throat. "Oh, if only my little May is left to me, my little pet, my darling," was the cry.

Princess Ella, a girl of fourteen, with her English governess, and Prince Ernest, a boy of ten, with his German tutor, had been sent out of the house. The Grand-Duchess complied with every precaution to preserve her own health and that of her English friend. Each morning the doctor looked at their throats, telling them reassuringly it was "just

to be on the safe side." The ladies drove a little where the air was best, and they were not allowed to enter the worst sick room—a prohibition terribly hard on the mother—she could only go many times to the door, and drive to the hospital to fetch a water-cushion for Princess May, who was very ill from the first. On the 14th November Princess Irene, a girl of twelve, was seized, and on the same morning, Prince Ernest was brought back to the palace, ill in a similar manner. The only comfort was that Princess Victoria was recovering, and Princess Ella remained well. Special services were held in all the churches, and the Grand-Duchess was able to attend the English service once, and to listen to the prayers the chaplain read in her room. "It was such a comfort," she said.

The 15th was an awful day, the little one continued to get worse, the Princess was nearly mad with anxiety and fear, but even then, "always thinking of others." At lunch, which Miss Macbean took with the Grand-Duke and Grand-Duchess, when conventionalities were set aside, "he showed himself in a wild state of excitement—dreadfully flushed, and said he could not swallow, but kept on whistling and laughing all the time." His wife strove to soothe him, trying to make a jest of his sensations; he had drunk port wine, he had been eating hazel-nuts. "No, he was going to be ill," he maintained with a laugh, teasing his guest, and then sending for a housemaid, and telling her to make a fire in the next bedroom—that of the Grand-Duchess, where he went and lay down. The Duchess made but one despairing comment, "Well, Katie, you and I are the only ones now left who are not ill, and we must not be ill, there is so much to be done and seen after."

It is not difficult to realise the scene. The warm-hearted, lovable man, who was yet mentally and morally his wife's inferior—brave as a lion on the battle-field, yet beaten by "the pestilence which walketh in darkness, and the destruction which wasteth at noon-day," so that he could only meet them, in the stricken house, with half-delirious bravado.

That night little Princess May died. The doctor came to her mother in the night, and told her that a piece of the membrane had crossed the child's windpipe and instantly choked her. The Duchess rushed to the nursery when it was too late, sat by the little one and kissed her. Princess Alice had to break to her sick husband the news of the child's death. "At first he would not believe it, and then he gave a great cry, and his grief was heartrending." All the sad arrangements for the funeral devolved on the Grand-Duchess, while her only son's life hung on a thread. She dared not tell him or the other children of the death of the little pet sister, and they were constantly asking for her and sending her their books and toys. The Duchess was present at the funeral service in the palace. In the long crape veil worn in Germany on such occasions, she passed through

the rows of the gentlemen of the Court, and of the servants at the bottom of the staircase, and entered the room where the little coffin was lying covered with white flowers. On either side large candles were burning, at the head was a great palm plant. She knelt down by the coffin and prayed, kissing a corner of the white-satin pall. She paused in going back to her room and told her friend to watch and let her know when the coffin was brought out. Kneeling and looking through the banisters, the Duchess saw it put into the carriage. Then from the Duke's sitting-room she watched it go out of the gates, where she was soon to follow.

After various dangerous relapses Prince Ernest recovered; the Duke and the other invalids were doing well. It was proposed that all the family should go for a time to Heidelberg, and the Duchess, always reasonable in her sorrow, eagerly promoted the plan. A whole month had elapsed, and so complete was the convalescence that she ventured to meet her sister-in-law, the Duchess of Edinburgh, at the railway station through which she was passing with her children on their way to England. After coming back from the station, the Grand-Duchess, for the first time, complained of being more ailing than usual, and within a few hours diphtheria declared itself. The worst was apprehended, for she was worn out in her prime, spent with sorrow and trouble; her constitution shattered. She wrote various notes, and left directions for her husband, in anticipation of her death, but as the malady progressed, and her case became hopeless, she believed herself better, and was cheerful as well as patient under great suffering. On the last afternoon she lived, she was able to greet her mother-in-law, and to welcome gladly a visit from her husband, for whose returning health she was affectionately concerned, while he knew that her life was ebbing fast. Sir William Jenner had been sent over by the Queen, and took with him a letter from Her Majesty, which her dying daughter could still read, before she sank into a sleep like that in which she had murmured, "From Friday to Saturday, four weeks—May—dear Papa." Her awakening was in another world. It was the 14th of December, the anniversary of the Prince Consort's death, and the day which had seen the Prince of Wales at the crisis of his fever. She was thirty-six years of age. She was buried beside her two children at the Rösenhöhe. Her brothers, the Prince of Wales and Prince Leopold, with her brother-in-law Prince Christian, travelled from England to join the Darmstadt mourners at the funeral. There she rests, near the fine monumental group of the dead mother clasping her dead child, which her brothers and sisters raised as a token of their love and sorrow. What was the grief of the widowed mother to whom Princess Alice had been so devoted a daughter, who may venture to tell? A country-woman permitted to enter the beautiful burial-ground where the Grand-Duchess lies, saw a huge wreath of heather from Balmoral among the other tributes laid at her motionless feet.





## CHAPTER IX.

MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.—STOPPAGES OF THE CITY OF GLASGOW AND THE CORNISH BANKS.—MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.—VISIT TO LAKE MAGGIORE.—DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL, ETC., ETC.

IN the end of the year 1878, George, Duke of Cumberland, only son of the late King of Hanover, was married, at Copenhagen, to Princess Thyra, younger sister of the Princess of Wales and the Czarina of Russia. The Emperor of Germany showed his resentment at the persistent refusal of the bridegroom to acknowledge the right of Prussia to annex Hanover, by refusing to send a representative to be present at the ceremony. Heavy commercial misfortunes, in the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank in 1878 (with the subsequent trial for fraud of the Bank directors, and the sentence of varying terms of imprisonment passed upon them), and, in 1879, in the failure of a Cornish bank, gave a blow to trade for a time, and brought ruin and desolation into many households.

“Sister Dora,” the beautiful, heroic nurse, whose feats of strength and courage in her vocation excited much interest, died in 1878.

A morsel of comedy came to a conclusion with the death of the renowned mannikin, General Tom Thumb. His own story was that it was the Queen who bestowed on him his military rank, when he presented himself in his uniform before her at Windsor. “You ought to hold an officer’s commission,” she said to him, jestingly; “I think I will make you a General.”

A curiously significant sign of the times was the lively interest awakened by the discovery of the audacity and ingenuity which had been practised by the burglar, Peace. He had passed successfully for years as a highly respectable Mr. Johnson, dwelling in various suburban retreats, such as Peckham, Greenwich, etc., etc., while he picked the locks of his neighbours. He was sentenced to penal servitude for life, made a sensational attempt to escape from a railway train, and was finally hanged as the murderer of a

man named Dyson. A tale, founded on Peace's adventures, made the reputation of a lady novelist.

On the 13th of March, a bright episode alternated with the sorrowful events which had preceded it. On the 11th, Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia, the affianced bride of the Duke of Connaught, had arrived in England, accompanied by her nearest relatives. The ceremony took place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. There were no less than four royal processions—the bride's, the bridegroom's, the Princess of Wales's, and the Queen's. The Queen was driven to the chapel in her own carriage, drawn by four ponies. The rest of the company drove in State carriages. The heralds, "York" and "Lancaster," in their gorgeous tabards, with Garter King-at-Arms, headed the Queen's procession. Among the company were the Princess of Wales and her younger children; the Princess Royal and her son, the present Emperor of Germany; the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh; Prince and Princess Christian; the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; the Duke of Cambridge; the Crown Prince, Prince Fritz Leopold and Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia; the King and Queen of the Belgians, etc., etc. The Maharajah Dhuleep Sing was there, with diamonds and emeralds flashing in his lemon-coloured turban, while his wife, the Maharanee, was in cloth of gold and a scarlet shawl.

In compliment to the only independent crowned head among the guests, the "Order of Leopold" was prominent among the decorations worn. The King returned the compliment by wearing the Order of the Black Eagle of Prussia. The Princesses wore the cordon of the Order of St. Catherine, in compliment to the Duchess of Edinburgh, and the white and black striped ribbon with the cross of the Prussian Order of Merit, in honour of the bride.\* The Queen when in State always wears the Order of the Garter, with "the George" in diamonds.

The Queen was in a court dress of black satin, with white veil and coronet of diamonds; Princess Beatrice, in her twenty-third year, was in turquoise blue, with blue velvet train. By her side walked Prince Edward of Wales, a lad of sixteen, in the dress of a naval cadet. The heralds, "York" and "Lancaster," preceded the bridegroom, who was supported by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, all three in uniform—the bridegroom in that of the rifle brigade, to which he belonged. The Royal brothers wore their collars as Knights of the Garter, and "a crowd of other Orders." The bridegroom knelt in prayer on a cushion to the right of the altar, his brothers standing at his right hand.

\* We are indebted for information with regard to the etiquette and courtesy ruling the wearing of Royal Orders, as well as for the animated and picturesque description of the Duke of Connaught's marriage, to the "Annual Register" for 1879.

The bride, ushered in like the bridegroom, walked between her supporters, her father, Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, and her cousin, the Crown Prince. A soldier's bride, she was escorted by two of the most distinguished soldiers of the generation. She was in bridal white satin, orange blossoms and myrtle, and had the usual eight noble English bridesmaids.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Winchester, and Worcester, with the Dean of Windsor, stood ready to perform the ceremony. The Crown Prince wore a white tunie, crimson trousers, jack boots, and carried the helmet with the white plume of the Queen's Cuirassiers. Prince Frederick Charles (the Red Prince) was in the red uniform of his famous Zeethem regiment of the 3rd Hussars. He wore the blue dolman of the Hussars, which partly concealed his scarlet uniform.

The bride knelt on her cushion to the left of the bridegroom, her stalwart kinsmen standing behind her. When the Archbishop commenced the marriage service, the Red Prince gave his daughter away. The Prince of Wales presented the wedding-ring.

At the close of the ceremony the bridegroom kissed the bride, and led her to her father and mother, who took her in their arms and kissed her on both cheeks. The Queen kissed the bride, who kissed the Queen's hand. Bride and bridegroom led the return processions to the music of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." The battery of the Royal Horse Artillery fired salutes of twenty-one guns in the Long Walk, as the *cortège* left the chapel, and proceeded to the palace, where the register was signed. The bride was in her nineteenth, the Duke of Connaught in his twenty-ninth year. Their residence is Bagshot Park—a house which, for a soldier occupant, is situated conveniently near to Aldershot.

At the close of the month the Queen went, with Princess Beatrice and the Royal suite, by Cherbourg to the Italian Lakes, staying at Lake Maggiore, and being visited by the King and Queen of Italy. Before she returned home, she received the melancholy tidings of the death of her grandson, Prince Waldemar of Prussia, a fine boy of eleven years, son of the Princess Royal and the Crown Prince of Prussia. Prince Waldemar was another victim to diphtheria, dying after a slight attack by that failure of the heart's action which is apt to occur in the disease.

In the month of May the Queen received the good news of the birth of her first great-grandchild, the little daughter of the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen and the granddaughter of the Princess Royal.

Elizabeth, Duchess of Argyle, daughter of the Queen's friend, the Duchess of Sutherland, and mother-in-law of Princess Louise, was seized with a fit of apoplexy,

from which she never rallied. She had been dining, along with the Duke, at the house of Lord and Lady Frederick Cavendish, where she died the same night. Her body was removed to Westminster Abbey, from which it was conveyed to Scotland and laid in the family burial-ground, under the shadow of the mountains, by the shores of the Holy Loch, Argyleshire.

The Queen was at Balmoral on her birthday. Her first visit was to the granite cross erected “to the dear memory of Alice, Duchess of Hesse, by her sorrowing mother.”

On the 10th of June the Golden Wedding of the Emperor William and the Empress Augusta was celebrated in Berlin with great splendour and rejoicing. Nowhere are there broader contrasts of success and failure, good fortune and ill fortune, life and death, than among those who wear, or have worn, the purple. On the 19th of June the melancholy intelligence reached England of the death of the Prince Imperial of France, who had gone as a Volunteer with the English troops to Africa, and was slain in the Zulu War. The circumstances of his death were sad in the extreme. He had joined in a sortie against the enemy on the 1st of June. The party were pursued, and night was coming on when the Prince, among the last of a group of soldiers, fell behind, his absence unnoticed till too late. A detachment of the troops, returning to the scene with the morning light, found his body—not alone—with the bodies of two English soldiers who had stood by him, stripped naked and piercéd by many assegais.

There were severe reflections on the officer who had led the sortie, and had suffered the young stranger, who had fared with the troops, thus to perish unaided. Whether or not these reflections were merited by any culpable carelessness, the unfortunate officer did not long survive the disaster. The feeling of pity for the dead, and displeasure with the living, who might have anticipated and prevented the calamity, went farther. There was an impression in some quarters that the soldier Prince, the Duke of Connaught, ought to have been with the expedition, and that if he had been so the Prince Imperial would probably have been in his company, while, in the care with which the Queen’s son would have been surrounded, the tragedy would have been avoided. The reasons given for the Duke of Connaught’s not being with the expedition were the Queen’s shrinking from the exposure of her son to the dangers of active service, with the additional obstacle of the Duke’s marriage not more than three months before. The murmurers proceeded to complain that, while the Queen spared her own son, she sent the sons of other mothers, of widows like herself, and the recently-wedded husbands of wives as young and fond as the Duchess of Connaught, into the battle. The single occasion when it was the experience of the present writer to hear a scurrilous political ballad implicating the Queen

and the Royal Family sung in the streets of London, was in reference to the details of the death of the Prince Imperial. A sufficient answer to the charge brought against the Queen and her son is to be found in his active service in Egypt, and in the zeal and fidelity with which he has never failed to discharge his military duties in India and elsewhere. There are cool-headed arguers, not without some amount of sense on their side, who hold a view—apart from the popular impulsive notion of our responsibility for the fate of the unhappy Prince Imperial—to wit, that if a young adventurer, however gallant, princely or otherwise, chose to attach himself to our Army for the purpose of seeking that military glory which might have been the desire of his heart, or might have been an ambitious bid for the admiration of a nation notoriously susceptible to the glamour of such laurels, he is likely to be a hampering burden to his adopted comrades-in-arms. Their officers' first duty is to the Army and the country, and that duty is not always plain and easy. Is it quite fair to reckon the officers accountable for the misadventures of the volunteer, let them be ever so lamentable and pathetic? How sincere and deep the Queen's grief was for the untimely death of the Prince Imperial, whose birth she could remember as hailed with exultation by a great nation—who had grown up in England the contemporary and friend of her own younger children—how keenly she felt for the sore bereavement of her friend, the Empress Eugénie, Her Majesty has recorded in her Journal: “At twenty minutes to eleven Brown knocked and came in, and said there was bad news; and when I, in alarm, asked what, he replied, ‘The young French Prince is killed!’ when I could not take it in, and asked several times what it meant. Beatrice, who then came in with the telegram in her hand, said, ‘Oh! the Prince Imperial is killed!’ I feel a sort of thrill of horror now, while I write the words. I put my hands to my head and cried out, ‘No, no, it cannot—cannot be true! It can’t be!’ And then dear Beatrice, who was crying very much, as I did too, gave me the telegram from Lady Frere. . . . To die in such an awful, horrible way. Poor, poor, dear Empress; her only, only child, her all gone! and such a real misfortune! I was quite beside myself, and both of us have hardly had another thought since.”

The Queen started for England on the following day, her accession-day forty-two years before, reflecting, as she prepared to go, “Always at Balmoral, in May or June, dreadful news or news of deaths of Royal persons had come, obliging the State parties to be put off.” Yet the season and the country were at their sweetest, “the lilac just preparing to burst.”

Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice travelled by Dundee, getting the newspapers, with fresh grievous details, at the stations as they passed. The last time the Queen had

been at Dundee was with the Prince Consort, on their way to Blair, when the Duke of Edinburgh was a baby, and the Princess Royal—now a grandmother—a child not four years of age, carried in a footman's arms through the crowd. The Royal party crossed by the Tay bridge—that wondrous and beautiful structure doomed to speedy destruction—and Mr. Bouch, the engineer, was presented to the Queen. Through Fife, admiring the wooded country beyond Ladybank, interested in Loch Leven, with its ruined castle and its memories of Queen Mary, past the twin Lomands, and by the Ochils to Stirling, and on to Beattock and Carlisle, still haunted with the ghastly news of the day before, still scanning the newspapers for more circumstantial accounts. “To think of that dear young man, the apple of his mother's eye, born and nurtured in the purple, dying thus, it is too fearful, too awful and unexplicable and dreadful that the others should not have turned round and fought for him. It is too horrible.”

On the 10th of July the Prince Imperial's embalmed body reached Spithead in Her Majesty's ship, the *Oronto*. The body was conveyed to Chislehurst, and buried there on the 12th, the Queen and Princess Beatrice going down to Camden Place—the house occupied by the Empress, where the late Emperor had died—to sympathise with her and witness the funeral. Several members of the English Royal family and the Crown Prince of Sweden were among the pall-bearers.

On the 5th of July, at her house in Carlton Terrace, died Frances, Countess of Waldegrave. Few figures were of greater note in the social England of her day, few histories were more romantic. She was called the “Helen” of modern times; she was the conqueror of all hearts; she subdued, by her womanly charms, those who would have been naturally her foes. She retained her fascination till she had reached the verge of threescore. Very beautiful in her youth, brilliant and sympathetic in her maturity, the stately and gracious *dame de salon*, whose intellectual gifts and graces eclipsed those of her contemporaries, with few rivals and no superiors in her splendid worldly fortunes, she stands alone in her generation.

Frances Braham was the daughter of John Braham, the Jewish vocalist who was a convert to Christianity. She was born in 1821, and when a young girl she won the affections of the first of her four husbands, Mr. John Waldegrave, of Navestock, the eldest, but illegitimate, son of the sixth Earl of Waldegrave, who impoverished the other members of his family in order to endow, with all the riches he could secure for him, the son who had no legal claim on the Waldegrave estates. On Mr. John Waldegrave's death in 1840, his widow of nineteen was left heir to his fortune. His half-brother, the seventh Earl of Waldegrave, met the young widow on family business, and at once yielded to her attractions. A marriage was arranged between them, which was celebrated abroad

on account of English legal difficulties. She became thenceforth Countess of Waldegrave, a title which she retained throughout her later marriages. Six years after his marriage the Earl of Waldegrave died, leaving, like his brother, all the property he could dispose of settled on his widow of six-and-twenty. The settlement included Pope's Villa, at Strawberry Hill, and the late Earl's estates in Essex and Somerset. In the following year, 1847, the Countess married George Granville Vernon Harcourt, of Nuneham, eldest son of the Archbishop of York. He lived longer than his predecessors. On his death, twelve or thirteen years after the marriage, she married for a fourth time in 1863, when she was in her forty-third year, Chichester Fortescue, afterwards Earl of Carlingford. Her réunions at Strawberry Hill and Carlton Terrace were famous assemblies of the choice spirits of the day. Like her successive husbands, a Liberal in polities, her talents and genial *savoir faire* furnished her with weapons available on all political parties.

One of Lady Waldegrave's projects was to restore Strawberry Hill to what it had been in the days of Horace Walpole, and she succeeded in making of his Gothic toy the pleasantest of country houses. Each of her husbands spoke from the grave, as it were, bearing the highest testimony to her worth and his devotion. The last had an inscription engraved on the pillar of an edifice, which he had erected or restored, that the work was completed in the year of his great sorrow. At the time of her death she had attained the age of fifty-eight. By her will the Countess of Waldegrave left her extensive property in life-rent to her husband; on his death her estates and houses in Essex, Somerset, and at Twickenham were to return to the existing Earl of Waldegrave and his son.

In September the Zulu War was ended with the capture of the Zulu chief, Cetewayo. The Queen was at Balmoral in September, when she had the gratification of presiding over the Highland home-coming of the Duke of Connaught and his young Duchess. Her Majesty drove with Princess Beatrice and the suite in simple gala state "in the landau and four, the postillions in blue, outriders in red, Brown in full dress (Highland) and Power behind" to Ballater to meet the special train at three. After greetings and embraces, the Queen gave the Duchess a nosegay of heather as a Highland offering. At the bridge over the foaming Dee there was an arch of heather with the "Welcome to Balmoral," the "Hundred Thousand Welcomes" in Gaelic, and the initials of the pair worked in flowers against a mossy background. There, in addition to the escort of Scots Greys, were the kilted retainers and the groups of ladies and gentlemen from the Castle and from the neighbouring country houses. The little girls of one family flung marguerites into the carriage in allusion to the second Christian name of the Duchess. There was a halt, a short speech from the Duke, a reply from the Queen's Commissioner, Dr. Profeit, then the

carriage, headed by the pipers playing and the rest of the company following, proceeded at a foot's pace to the Castle.

It was a pretty, cheerful domestic scene, winding up with the cordial drinking of the healths of the Duke and Duchess and the family tea-drinking in the library. Three days afterwards in fine weather another gay gathering celebrated the marriage by inaugurating "the Duke of Connaught's Cairn," raised in commemoration of the happy event. The Queen rode on her pony to the top of the hill where the household—keepers and servants—were assembled, and stood with brimming glasses till Dr. Profeit again proposed the health of the Duke and Duchess, which was drunk with three times three, the hill echoes ringing to the joyous sound. The Duke responded. The Queen's health and that of the Princess Beatrice, the latter suggested by John Brown, had the same warm reception, one of the dogs—not the least animated part of the audience—barking in chorus. Each person present put a stone on the cairn, which bore the brief inscription—"Arthur, Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, married to Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia, March 13th, 1879." Haler and stronger than on former sad days, the Queen was able to walk the whole way down the hill without much fatigue.

During the month of October the Queen had kindly persuaded the Empress of the French to come up to the Highlands and be her neighbour at Abergeldie. One of their short excursions was to Glen Gelder Shiel, the Queen's smallest shiel or cottage, containing only two rooms and a kitchen, standing "in a wild, solitary spot looking up to Lochnagar"—that "dark Lochnagar" of which Byron sang "the steep-frowning glories," the taste of the world in scenery having undergone a change since the days of Dr. Johnson. The two Royal widows, so strangely brought together to begin with, one now in their common losses, walked with the attendant dogs a mile and a-half up the little river Gelder, talking of former times. In their absence John Brown had caught some trout, and cooked them with oatmeal for the ladies' tea—the Empress relishing them and saying they "would be her dinner." The evening, with the hills pink in the sunset, and the clear sky, set its seal to the walk and talk and rest in the little shiel.

On the 29th of November the King of Spain, like the poor young Prince Imperial an exile in England, at no distant date, familiar with its Royal circle, married again at Madrid the Austrian Archduchess, Maria Christina.

This year an hospital and training school for nurses was founded at Darmstadt as a fitting memorial to Princess Alice from her countrymen and countrywomen.

The same year the Queen instituted the Order of St. Katharine, to be bestowed on nurses.

## CHAPTER X.

FALL OF THE TAY BRIDGE.—BETROTHALS OF PRINCE WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA AND PRINCE RUDOLPH OF AUSTRIA.—CONFIRMATION OF THE ELDER DARMSTADT PRINCESSES.—MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS FREDERICA OF HANOVER.—DEATH OF “GEORGE ELIOT,” ETC., ETC.

ON the night of the 28th of December, 1879, in darkness and tempest, the Tay Bridge snapped in two. The train which was crossing at the time contained seventy travellers, for the holiday of the New Year was close at hand, in addition to ten railway officials. The whole were precipitated from the height of the bridge into the river, perishing, in all probability, before they reached the water. There was not a single survivor left to tell the tale; there was only the ghastly gap, disclosed by the grey dawn, in that most graceful of erections to mark the terrible catastrophe.

On the investigation of the cause of the wreck, proof was deduced that not only had the bridge been too slight in its elegance, there was, by one of the frauds of trade, adulteration in the iron of which the material was composed. Mr. Bouch, the engineer whose masterpiece the bridge was, who had known nothing of the nature of the iron which he had failed to test, died broken-hearted not long after the disaster.

Alas! for the commercial reputation of England in days to come, when it is related that Sir John Franklin's ships were victualled with adulterated meat, and that the Tay Bridge was built of debased iron.

In 1880 the Queen opened Parliament in person.

In March, two Royal betrothals took place. The one was that of the Queen's grandson, Prince William of Prussia, elder son of the Princess Royal and the Crown Prince of Prussia, and Princess Augusta Victoria, grand-daughter of her Majesty's sister the Princess Hohenlohe and the daughter of the Princess Royal's cousin and intimate friend, the Princess of Augustenberg; another link to the English Royal family was, that on the father's side the bride was niece to Prince Christian, husband of Princess Helena. The

direct descent of the Princess Augusta from the Queen's affectionately-remembered elder sister, with the union of the grandchildren of the two sisters, was, no doubt, a source of gratification to Queen Victoria's loyal heart.

The other betrothal beginning with every prospect of happiness was, through subsequent misunderstanding and misconduct, fraught with misery to the betrothed pair. The bridegroom was Prince Rudolph, only son of the Emperor of Austria, a young man of considerable talent and scientific tastes, who travelled and wrote his impressions of travel, and was attractive in many respects, but, as the spoilt heir of a great inheritance, showed himself wild and wayward from the commencement. The bride was Princess Stéphanie Clothilde of Belgium, the fair delicate young daughter of the Queen's cousin, the King of the Belgians. She was Austrian on the mother's side, and the marriage was popular both in Belgium and Austria, where the young couple were hailed with acclamation, and for a time appeared well matched and hopefully attached.

In March the Empress Eugénie embarked at Southampton for the Cape of Good Hope, in order that she might travel up country and spend the first anniversary of her son's death on the spot where he fell, seeing with her own eyes the last objects he had looked upon, and carrying away a picture of the scene to be fixed indelibly in her memory.

About the same time the Queen and Princess Beatrice were at Darmstadt in order to grace the confirmation of the two elder Darmstadt Princesses, Victoria and Elizabeth, and to render to the motherless young girls their kinswomen's support on a solemn and trying occasion. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Crown Prince of Prussia were also present. It was the Queen's first visit to Darmstadt after the death of Princess Alice. The vacant place, the silent voice must have cost sharp pain to the heart of the mother who never spared herself a pang when duty was in question, or when it was for the sake of those she loved.

In May the freedom of the City of London was given by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen to the King of Greece at the Guildhall, with the usual banquet afterwards. The Prince and Princess of Wales (the King's sister) were present on the occasion.

On the 24th of April, the Queen's cousin Princess Frederica of Hanover, daughter of the late King, was married in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in the presence of the Queen and of several members of the Royal family, to Baron von Pawel Rammingen, who had been equerry to her father. The marriage was a love match with a private gentleman, and as such was disapproved of by the bride's mother and brother. For once the Queen went against the constituted authorities in support of the pair, and eventually the bride's family were reconciled to the *mésalliance*. Her Majesty assigned

to Princess Frederica and her husband a suite of rooms at Hampton Court. During the spring the veteran composer Verdi, one of the last of a famous cluster of musical composers, brought out his "*Pater Noster*" at the opera-house of La Scala, Milan, and was himself able to conduct the performance, which was received with great applause.

The "Irish Question," in national politics all that concerned Irish affairs, was becoming more and more troublesome, and was complicating the whole business of the House, when Lord Beaconsfield's Government sustained a defeat and a new Cabinet was formed by Mr. Gladstone, with Lord Hartington and Earl Granville for his colleagues.

In early summer the ship *Buechante*, which had taken the two lads—sons of the Prince of Wales—Prince Albert Victor (better known later as Prince Edward) and Prince George on a voyage that had lasted from the previous month of September, returned from the West Indies.

The sole surviving Miracle Play of past centuries, the striking spectacle known as "The Passion Play," only represented once in ten years, while each decade threatens to be the last, was performed this season as formerly at the little town of Ober Ammergau in Bavaria.

On the 3rd of June the Empress of Russia died in St. Petersburg at the age of fifty-nine. She was a Hesse-Darmstadt princess, and was the mother of six sons and one daughter—the Duchess of Edinburgh. She was for years an invalid from an affection of the lungs. It was said that from her daughter's early girlhood the mother entertained herself by collecting together the choice articles which were to form the Grand-Duchess's sumptuous trousseau. One recalls Dean Stanley's glimpse of the Empress on her daughter's wedding day, a pathetic forlorn figure in her palace home. Yet her marriage too was said to have been a love match, when the Czarevitch of the day, sent on a tour round various German courts to see and choose a suitable bride, arrived at Darmstadt, and passing over an elder sister who had been suggested as eligible for the distinguished post, declared himself the fervent admirer of the younger sister. But in this instance love had indeed faded away like the morning dew, and the Empress had little hold save that of the mother of his children on her imperial husband. One significant part of the magnificent funeral rites accorded to the Empress was that while her open coffin lay in the church where the service was performed, the Emperor should in the presence of the officiating priests, the court officials, and the great congregation, including the members of his family, approach and take his last farewell of his dead Empress by kneeling and kissing the pale, cold lips on the coffin pillow. This the Emperor Alexander did—with what feelings he only could have told.

During the London season the Prince and Princess of Wales lent their countenance to an innovation which was likely to be a great benefit to the children in the densely populated City quarters and eastern suburbs of London. It was the conversion of old disused churchyards into children's play-grounds. The site so transformed on this occasion was a former Quaker burial-ground, in Whitechapel. At the same time the Duke and Duchess of Connaught opened the new Victoria and Albert Docks, below Poplar.

A different affair, good for trade, was the great ball of the season, the "Bachelors' Ball," given by eighty single gentlemen at Kensington House, and attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince and Princess Christian, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, the Duke of Cambridge, &c., &c. The scene of the ball was as grand, in a certain way, as was the gorgeous ball itself. It was the huge white mansion, with extensive grounds, where a rookery of Irish poor had once squatted. The whole had risen like a mushroom at the stroke of the wand of a wealthy *roturier*, bearing a title bought, as such titles can be, along with a German estate. The riches represented here are, of all riches, the kind the most apt to take to themselves wings and flee away; so, before the great mansion was completed, while the upper rooms were said to have been lined with cedar, the lower and more important rooms had to be finished with humbler materials. The costly paintings secured for the picture gallery were never hung. The "Baron" who had built the house failed to occupy it. The building remained an empty shell, unfurnished and never dwelt in. A report was in circulation that there was a proposal to buy the caravanserai as a town residence, superior to Clarence House, for the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, but even their purse could not afford the purchase. The gigantic structure stood for a time a monument of foolish vulgar ambition, only in use when it was hired, at intervals, for expensive concerts, fashionable entertainments, aristocratic gatherings in the shape of banquets, charitable bazaars, &c., &c. The "Bachelors' Ball" seems to have been got up in the lavish ostentatious spirit of the speedily forgotten founder of Kensington House. The grounds on the summer night were ablaze with variegated lamps and Chinese lanterns, to the number of thirty thousand. Illuminated gondolas floated on the mimic lakes, rockets and magnesium balloons rose in the soft air, supper with its glories of silver and crystal, and masses of flowers and fruit were set out in the rooms opening on the terrace—on which a flood of white radiance was poured down from the electric and lime lights on the top of the house.

In July, the month succeeding that of the death of his Empress, Alexander, Emperor of Russia, married privately the Princess Dolgorouky, the mother of several of his

children. His ministers were present at the ceremony, but no member of the Russian royal family consented to countenance it with the exception of the Grand-Duke Nicholas. These morganatic marriages are more common among foreign princes than they have ever been in the English Royal family. In a sense they are recognised as *bonâ fide* marriages; neither husband nor wife can contract another marriage while the morganatic husband or wife is living and is not divorced. But the children of such marriages cannot claim Royal descent, and are barred from the succession to a throne. Occasionally the marriages, by special favour of the reigning sovereign, are more fully legalised—the husband or wife is not only ennobled, he or she is permitted to bear a family title, and the children are addressed as "Highnesses," or called "Princes" or "Princesses."

The Queen was at Osborne when she received the colours of the 24th Regiment, which had been lost in the African battle of Isandlana, but had been afterwards recovered from the Zulus. The officers who were in charge of the colours were presented to Her Majesty. She praised the gallantry and endurance of the regiment, and decorated the colours with wreaths. The incident of colours lost and won back was sufficiently rare to be thus commemorated.

Death was busy with more than one celebrity during the summer and autumn of 1880. The accomplished statesman, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who was English Ambassador at Constantinople during the Crimean War, and had much to say on the relations of England with Turkey at the momentous period in question, died full of years and honours. Tom Taylor, the kindly and witty editor of *Punch*, and the author of comedies, one of which made the name of a popular actor, while others still hold their own on the stage—"Our American Cousin" (in which Southern played Lord Dundreary), "Still Waters run deep," "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing"—died suddenly in the prime of life. An old woman, Ellen Tree, widow of Charles Kean, closed her loving faithful eyes. In her gifted youth she had waived all her individual claims to distinction in the histrionic art—some critics held greater than those of Charles Kean—in order to promote his career as an actor, by constantly playing parts subservient to his, whether suitable or unsuitable to her genius. She preferred the part of a loving and loyal wife to that of a great actress, and she had her reward. A generation had come and gone since on the night of their wedding-day, she and Charles Kean played in a London theatre the comedy of "The Honeymoon," just as it had been played at an earlier date by Elizabeth and William Inchbald on the night of their wedding day.

Alexander Lindsay, twenty-fifth Earl of Crawford, premier Earl on the union-roll of Scotland, the cultured author of "The Lives of the Lindsays," &c., &c., and the pos-

sessor of one of England's choice libraries, died at Florenee. A blameless, studious gentleman of quiet, retired habits, he was destined to share in a singular manner the after-death celebrity of the American millionaire Mr. Stewart—of all misfortunes, the one likely to have been most repugnant to modest, refined natures.

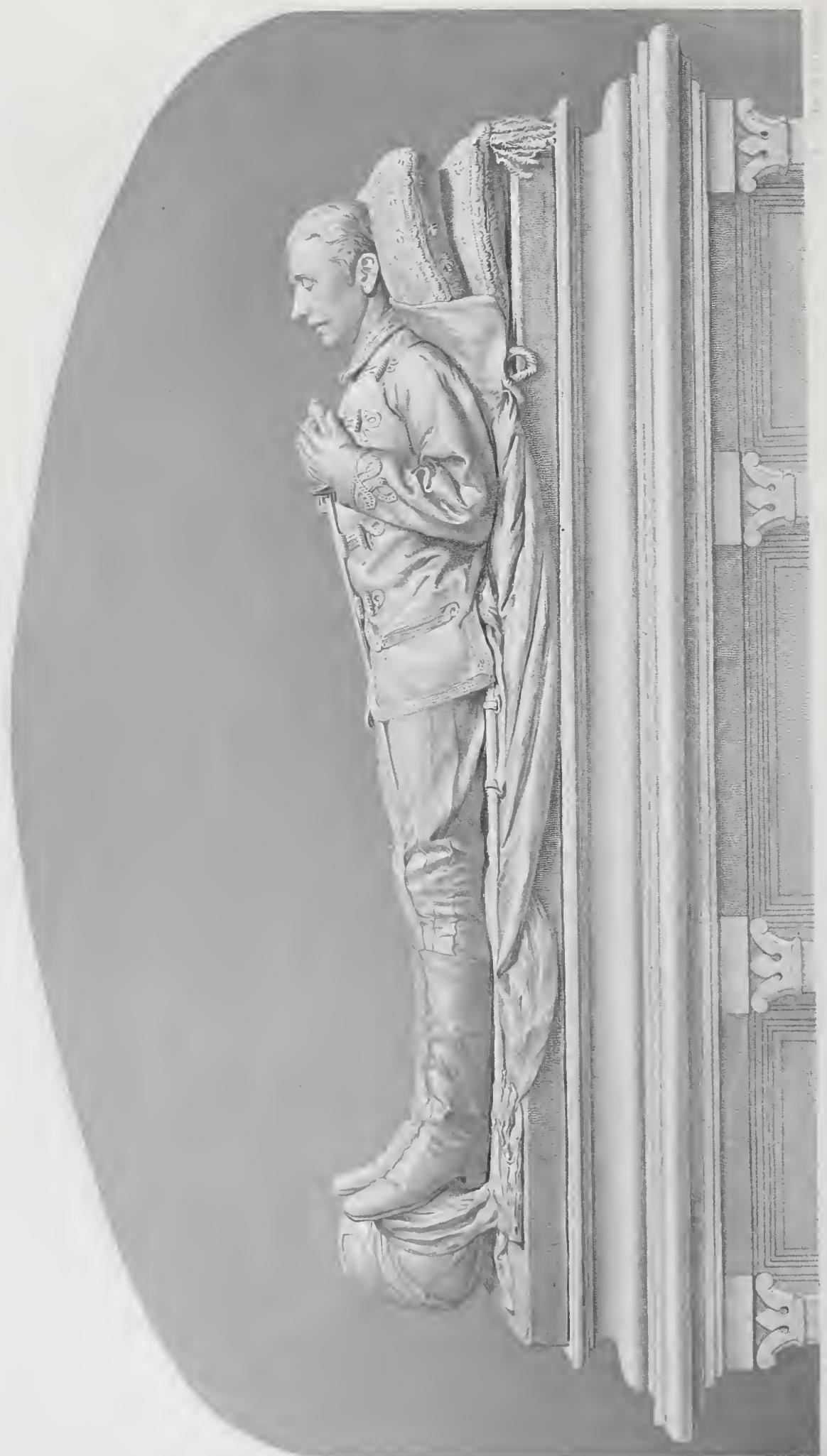
Lord Crawford's body, which had been embalmed at Florenee, and sent to Scotland for burial, was stolen from the family vault at Dunecht, Aberdeenshire. The strange theft was discovered several months after the funeral; suspicion was aroused by a peculiar aromatic smell, and the remains of sawdust noticed at the entrance to the vault. On examination, it was found the coffin had been rifled and the body removed, and for many months no trace of it could be discovered. There was no apparent motive for what was sacrilege to the dead, and torture to the living. There was no attempt to extort money from any member of the family for the restoration of the body, such as happened in connection with the abstraction of the corpse of Mr. Stewart. Lord Crawford's nearest relations wisely abstained from offering any reward, which might have acted as a stimulus to further deeds of the same brutally heartless description. The matter was kept as private as possible, until a clue was supplied by the delinquents themselves, on the understanding that it should not be followed up so as to bring them to punishment, for what was either the most hideous of practical jokes, or an utterly unwarrantable attempt of unscrupulous votaries of science so-called, to penetrate the secrets and ascertain the results of the process of embalming, which is rapidly falling into disuse. The body was found at a spot indicated, decently buried without further outrage, in a wood not far from Dunecht. Then the nine days' wonder terminated, after unspeakable distress to the family. The cruel nature of the injury from which they had suffered appealed strongly to all kind hearts, and awoke the warmest sympathy from the Queen.

One of the serious railway accidents which, comparatively rare as they are, appear to a certain extent inevitable, filled with dismay the travelling public. The disaster occurred at Bentham, between Leeds and Morecambe, seven persons were killed, and still more injured.

In the House of Commons, the Irish Members were pursuing the tactics which could only be baffled by the otherwise objectionable introduction of the closure.

If the interests of Ireland could be promoted in the eyes of her sons, by interrupting and protracting debates, till they lasted ten or twenty hours, so that the weary Members of the House were called on to sit night and day, with their bodies and minds alike exhausted, and no business done, there was never wanting a stout-hearted Irish Member to spring to his feet, and use his fluent tongue, the recognised signal of battle. The





solitary cure to check the evil, and enable the business of the House to be carried on, was what the most liberal-minded patriot saw himself reduced to adopt. It was the passing of a motion by which, when it was seen to be necessary, the number and length of speeches to be delivered on given subjects were strictly limited, so as to prevent the conducting of the affairs of the country being stopped by a device neither fair nor dignified.

In September, the Queen caused the monument to the Prince Imperial, with its pathetic recumbent young figure, of which the accompanying engraving gives a good idea, to be placed in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. There had been some heart-burning with regard to the destination of the monument. It had been offered by the ex-Empress of the French, with the Queen's consent, to Westminster Abbey. Dean Stanley, always generous and sympathetic, had accepted the gift. But the Abbey does not belong solely to the Queen and its Dean. The majority in the House of Commons voted against the introduction into the great National Valhalla, where space is scant, and must be husbanded, of the monument to a young Prince who, however estimable his character, and tragic his fate, was an alien, and was one who bore the name and represented the dynasty of the great Corsican soldier, once so odious to English minds. In reference to the opposition to placing the monument in Westminster Abbey, which though not without a foundation in reason, must have sounded a painful example of English ungraciousness to the widowed and childless Empress, the offer was withdrawn. The Queen stepped in to heal the breach ; she suggested the sanctuary of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in which so many of the names and memories of her own Royal dead, and of the English Royal dead of other generations are preserved. Rather an impressive coincidence occurred in relation to the idea of placing the Prince Imperial's monument in what is known as the Braye Chapel. Already the Queen's permission had been granted to a younger brother of Captain Wyatt Edgell, slain in the battle of Ulandi during the Zulu War, to hang the dead soldier's sword in the Braye Chapel over the spot where his ancestor, Sir Reginald Braye, was buried. As it happened, Captain Wyatt Edgell had been one of the party sent, a few weeks before the battle of Ulandi, to recover the body of the Prince Imperial.

Already a National difficulty pressing on England was the disposal of the unemployed, and of those masses of the surplus population of the poor who cannot do more than earn a bare subsistence. Many individuals and families among them are willing to do well if they have the opportunity granted to them. Emigration from an over-peopled country seems the natural solution of the question. Accordingly, many philanthropic persons, both men and women, have warmly advocated it, among them Mr. Thomas Hughes, more familiar

to the public as "Tom Hughes," the author of that most popular of boys' books, "Tom Brown's School-days," and the brother of Mrs. Nassau Senior, whose benevolent career was ended. An ardent admirer of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, whose pupil he had been, an associate and intimate friend of Maurice and Kingsley, Hughes ranked with the Christian Socialists, whose labours for their poorer countrymen were generous and zealous. He advocated co-operative work, in which the men should have a commercial interest in the master's concerns; should share their responsibilities and losses, and should have a proportionate part of their gains. At this time, as Chairman of the British Land Society, he employed his means and influence to found an English colony in Tennessee, and named the first township "Rugby," after the great master's school, which was specially dear to Tom Hughes. Infected by his enthusiasm, his old mother of nearly fourscore went out to finish her days in the colony.

Ireland was still unsettled and threatening mischief. Lord Mountmorris was assassinated near his house of Ebor Hall, Clonmurl, Galway, much as Lord Leitrim had been assassinated. Captain Boycott, in a letter to the *Times*, described so graphically the persecution he suffered from his Irish neighbours, that a new word coined from his name has been introduced into the English language. The verb "to boycott" is even better known than the verb "to burk."

In the course of the winter, Lord Beaconsfield published his last novel, "Endymion." Like his other novels, it was a medley of polities, gorgeous descriptions and high-flown sentiments, while at the same time he did not hesitate to give personal ambition the first place among the motives of the most honourable and influential men. He failed to rank pure principle before expediency, influence, and success. To efface one's self, to care little for power and favour, except as weapons to use for the welfare of mankind, never formed even ostensibly any part of Disraeli's creed, and his history was a commentary on his belief. He began life a penniless political literary free lance; he ended it a squire of broad acres, a peer of the realm, the leader of a great political party, and the friend and confidential adviser of his Sovereign. The unusual circumstance of an eminent statesman, over seventy years of age, writing and offering to the public a novel, invested it with an amount of *éclat* for the moment extending far beyond the circle of readers who relished the author's assumption of transcendental wisdom, his Oriental style, and his use of living political magnates to serve as the originals of many of his characters; yet it was said of "Endymion" that of the large number of copies ordered for Mudie's Library, never were there so many second and third volumes returned with the pages uncut and unread. Highly as the Queen learnt to esteem Lord Beaconsfield as a

Cabinet Minister, it is difficult to imagine her, with her simple unaffected tastes, deriving pleasure from his literary work, though it is not destitute of a certain kind of eloquence.

Towards the close of 1880 a name imperishable in the annals of English literature ceased to belong to the lists of contemporary writers. It was that of Marian Evans, better known by her *nom de plume* of George Eliot. She was born at Griff, near Nuneaton, in 1820. Her father acted as steward to several Warwickshire squires. Always clever and thoughtful for her years, so as to be promoted to teach in a Sunday school at the age of twelve, when her father removed to the neighbourhood of Coventry, she set herself to acquire a liberal education. She studied Latin and Greek, taught herself a little Hebrew, learnt French, German, and Italian, without neglecting music, in which she had keen enjoyment. Her chief friends were a family named Bray, who lived in the neighbourhood of Coventry. They had intellectual tastes, and at their house she met Emerson and Froude. From the Brays she borrowed the tenets of Unitarianism—a change of religious opinion which alienated her from her father and family, who were Calvinists. Her first literary work was a translation of Strauss's *Life of Christ*. On her father's death she went abroad with some of the Bray family, remaining behind them in Geneva. On her return to London she boarded in the house of the editor of the *Westminster Review*, and became a frequent contributor of essays to its pages. In the meantime her Unitarianism had developed into Comtism. In connection with the *Westminster Review* she made the acquaintance of Mr. G. H. Lewis, well known as a philosophic and scientific writer. He was a married man, the father of several children, but he was separated from his wife, who had eloped from him. He and Marian Evans became attached to each other while she was acting as mistress of his house and governess to his children. In accordance with the principles of each, they considered it a sufficient marriage to call their friends together, and announce that she was to be thenceforth regarded as Mrs. Lewis. This step separated her irretrievably from a brother to whom in youth she had been much attached, and placed a barrier between her and the mass of English society which still regards the marriage of one man to one woman as a sacred Christian institution, and views any other connection of the kind in the light in which it is regarded by the laws of the land and the laws of the Church. George Lewis wrote largely for *Blackwood's Magazine*, and it was to Blackwood that George Eliot sent anonymously, in 1857, her first attempt at fiction in "Tales from Clerical Life." They at once aroused lively admiration. It was evident that a new writer of singular power, with a unique grasp of human nature, had entered the field. Her succeeding novel, "Adam Bede," brimful

of character, of humour, and of genius of the highest order, was received with a storm of appreciation and delight. Within a week the book was quoted, with a sympathetic response, in a speech in the House of Commons; within a month it was read all over England, and within a year it was ranked as a classic. As an example of the interest which it excited in the Prince Consort, he commissioned companion pictures to be painted from it to be hung at Osborne—the one was to be Dinah preaching on the village green, the other was to be Hetty making up pats of butter in the farm-house dairy before the admiring eyes of the young squire. George Eliot scarcely surpassed, scarcely approached the excellence of “*Adam Bede*” in her later work. “*The Mill on the Floss*,” the novel which follows “*Adam Bede*,” though rich in humour and in pathos (where, in Maggie Tulliver and her brother Tom, George Eliot is said to have recalled the boy and girl images of herself and the brother from whom she was severed), shows a distinct strain of the fatalistic element born of her creed and her history, which was thenceforth to weigh heavily on her life and her work. In “*Silas Marner*” more lingering faith and hope are to be distinguished. In “*Romola*” she flung herself back into the Florence of the Middle Ages, a marvellous feat, with much that is noble in conception and execution, tainted as it is with the gospel of doubt, distrust, and hopelessness. The long poem, “*The Spanish Gipsy*,” more fatalistic than “*The Mill on the Floss*,” proved that, though a mistress of poetic prose, she lacked something—the innate melody which constitutes a poet. The decadence of George Eliot’s work was still more conspicuous in “*Felix Holt*,” not so much in style, although that—always richer and more elaborate than clear and simple—grew constantly more and more encumbered with scientific turns of thought, and even with scientific turns of speech, until there was a danger not only of the loss of dramatic force and grace, but also in the material of the book, its characters and their conduct. There was some recovery of vigour and tenderness in “*Middlemarch*,” with its thoroughly English setting, but the humour and the hopefulness had alike fled. “*Daniel Deronda*” contained a learned study of a Jewish nature, and an able delineation of the whole Grandcourt group, but in all else there was a great falling off. Only our American cousins, who having admired once go on admiring *ad libitum*, who hold “*Edwin Drood*” equal to “*Nicholas Nickleby*,” and place Du Maurier before Thackeray, are, or were, capable of ranking “*Daniel Deronda*” with “*Adam Bede*.” In “*Daniel Deronda*” the incidents are forced, the working out of the plot is disappointing and depressing, and some of the scenes—notably one between Daniel Deronda and his mother, are stagey beyond what might have been expected of a performer before the footlights. The last publication of George Eliot’s was a volume of essays given as the productions of “*Theophrastus Such*,”

which, with two exceptions, are as heavy and unattractive as the far-fetched name attributed to their author.

As a natural consequence, perhaps, of the excessive well-nigh extravagant popularity of George Eliot's earlier work, which caused it for a time not only to eclipse, but almost to extinguish the charm of contemporary work—the virile strength, vividness of presentation and high motive in the midst of frequent eccentricity of many of Charles Reade's novels, and the fine intuition, dainty humour, unshaken trust and faith united to dramatic force, free from exaggeration, in Mrs. Gaskell's best stories—reaction followed. The practice of over-rating the merit of the work of a popular author has reached its worst and most deplorable form in the United States. The “booming”—to use a slang term—of a star, often by no means of the first magnitude, in the literary and artistic world is partly a calculated commercial speculation, partly an indulgence in exuberant undisciplined emotion, which reminds us that our kindred across the Atlantic are still young in comparison with ourselves. Their praise is carried to an outrageous extent, offensive to right judgment and good taste. Such laudation can only be mortifying to its object, supposing he or she retain common-sense and modesty under the infliction. One of the results to be feared from the treatment, even in a modified form, is injury often more lasting than the error which led to it, to an author's reputation. Thus it is the fashion of a section of latter-day critics to decry George Eliot's tales—very fine at their best—and to contrast them unfavourably with the novels of Charlotte Bronté and George Sand, neither of whom, whatever her excellence in other respects, possessed a tithe of George Eliot's impersonal breadth of vision, width of sympathy and sagacious tolerance and moderation in seeing and dealing with the humanity around her. Eighteen months after the death of George Lewis, Mrs. Lewis, in the spring of 1880, married, in accordance with the rites of the Church of England, Mr. John Cross, a friend and *habitué* of the house, who was at the same time considerably her junior. She was then an ailing woman of sixty years of age. After spending the summer in Italy, she returned to England, and before the end of the year died, after a short illness, at her house in Chelsea. In youth her personal appearance was regarded as striking but not altogether prepossessing. She was tall and gaunt, with a long, strongly-marked face, which, in the days of her great fame, her admirers were pleased to liken to that of Dante.

## CHAPTER XI.

THE SOBIESKI STUARTS.—PRINCE LEOPOLD THE PRESIDENT OF THE KYRLE SOCIETY.—MARRIAGE OF THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.—MARRIAGE OF PRINCE WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.—THOMAS CARLYLE.—ASSASSINATION OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA, ETC., ETC.

TWO fantastic shadows of another régime, wearing a strange unlikeness to the generation of George Eliot and Thomas Carlyle, fit across our pages. The one was that of the lady calling herself “Countess” of Derwentwater, and claiming descent (the links of which could not be established) from the old Radclyffes, Earls of Derwentwater, whose great estates in the North of England were forfeited after the rebellion of the “’15,” and the execution of the Earl of Derwentwater for his share in it. An excuse for the unsubstantial claim existed in the harshness and doubtful justice of previous governments in connection with the Radclyffe estates. When other forfeited lands were, after a time, given back with a pardon to the descendants of the original offenders, the alienated possessions of the Radclyffes—part of which had been set aside for the maintenance of Greenwich Hospital, were exempted from the amnesty. One reason given for the exemption was that the direct representatives of the Radclyffes, Earls of Derwentwater, had, according to plausible presumptive proof, come to an end. This was not the belief of the unfortunate lady of foreign extraction who came to England and made a vehement assertion of her rights and wrongs. She assailed courts of law, attempted to arrest tenants’ rents, pitched a tent among the ruins of the Radclyffes’ old Castle of Dilston and took up her abode in it. When she was ejected by the proprietor of Dilston, she shifted her quarters to the highway, a liberty which the road trustees would not permit. Her romantic story and her reckless persistence in her aim caught the fancy of the country-people, who erected a shed for her protection when she elected to dwell by the roadside. The memory of the Earls of Derwentwater, with the tragic fate of the last Earl who ruled at Dilston and risked and lost all for his king, still haunted these sluggish rustic imagina-

tions, in which the past long survives. To a recent date, in the remote Northumberland dales, the aurora borealis was still known as "Derwentwater's lights," because there was a magnificent spectacle of aurora borealis in the northern sky on the night of the day when the last Earl laid down his head on the block.

The other shadow—a dual shadow—displayed a fragment of truth distorted into an incredible myth. It was that of the brothers John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart, known as the Comtes d'Albanie. They asserted themselves to be the lawfully born grandsons of the last Pretender, Prince Charles Edward, the beloved Scotch "Prince Charlie." They were the sons of James Stuart, who also took the title of Comte d'Albanie. He alleged he was the legitimate son of Prince Charles Edward Stuart and of the Princess Louise of Stolberg, a marriage which was understood to be childless, but according to James Stuart, his birth was kept secret for political purposes. For the same reason he was brought up as the adopted son of Admiral Allen. Some of the old Jacobite houses, if they did not quite believe the legend, showed a certain amount of favour to the two brothers, handsome in youth, dignified in age. Only the younger, Charles Edward, left heirs—a son and several daughters. The son entered the Austrian service and married Lady Alice Hay, and one of the daughters married an officer in the Austrian Imperial Guard. John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart posed, picturesque, half-pathetic, half-grotesque figures in London, Edinburgh, and other European capitals. They hardly increased their pretensions by laying before the public a veiled version of their story, and by writing a book on the Highland clans, or more strictly speaking, the Highland clan tartans. The pair are buried together in Lord Lovat's burial-ground on his estate in Eskdale, Scotland. There is a conjecture that their father, James Stuart, the originator of the tale of his own and his children's royal descent, might have been the grandson of Prince Charles Edward and Miss Walkenshaw—on whose daughter the prince bestowed—so far as bestowal was in his power, the title of Countess of Albany.

In January, 1881, Prince Leopold presided over the first meeting of the Kyrle Society, founded for the purpose of beautifying the homes of the working classes, and encouraging in them a taste for the refining influences of life. He was now a young man of twenty-seven, who had studied at Oxford, and was earnest in desiring to spread abroad the culture he appreciated.

This year saw the marriage of the greatest heiress in England, Baroness Burdett-Coutts. The daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, she inherited her wealth through the partiality of the Duchess of St. Albans, in early life Miss Mellon the actress, later the wife of Miss Burdett's grandfather, the banker Thomas Coutts, who left unconditionally to his widow

the bulk of his enormous fortune, which she in her turn, after marrying the Duke of St. Albans, bequeathed to Thomas Coutts' youngest grandchild. Miss Burdett-Coutts was created—in acknowledgment of her princely contributions to philanthropic objects—Baroness Burdett-Coutts, by which title she has been well known to the English public for many years. She married neither prince nor duke, but a simple gentleman of the name of Bartlett, who took her name Burdett-Coutts in addition to his own.

In February the marriage of the Queen's grandson Prince William of Prussia, and Princess Augusta Victoria of Augustenberg, was celebrated at Berlin, with the customary rejoicings.

The spring dismissed to another sphere Thomas Carlyle, philosopher, historian, man of genius, of a rugged but most genuine type. He came of people belonging to the working class, small farmers and masons, sturdily independent and gifted with the shrewdest intelligence and a fair amount of knowledge, the fruits of John Knox's Scotch parish schools. Carlyle himself was born near the village of Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire, in 1795—a schoolboy at Annan, a student at Edinburgh University, a teacher of mathematics at Kirkealdy, where his successor was the famous preacher Edward Irving. Carlyle soon adopted literature as his profession. His first piece of work which attracted notice was the translation of Göthe's novel "Wilhelm Meister." In addition to the attention which it excited in this country, it brought him into friendly relations with the author, the great German poet. Carlyle married when he was thirty years of age, in 1825, Jane Welch, only child of a medical man in Haddington. The lady was beautiful, witty, with no lack of high spirit and pungency of temper to cope with the masterful will and dogged humour of her husband. After a brief sojourn in Edinburgh, the couple settled for some years at Craigenputtock, a lonely moorland farm in Dumfriesshire belonging to the Welches. There, in comparative poverty, but in no absolute pecuniary straits, he studied, and she managed the small household and joined in the studies. In contributing to various magazines of the day, he got on the staff of *Fraser's Magazine*, the chief Liberal magazine, the editor of which published in detached portions Carlyle's very original essays known as "Sartor Resartus." Before their publication in book form, he removed to London and brought out his "French Revolution," a marvellously brilliant and vigorous representation of the stormy struggles of the period. In spite of the strange peculiarities of style—abruptness, uncouthness, violent transitions due to the intense personality of the writer thrown into his work—the "French Revolution" remains an unapproachable picture of the time, "a flame picture," as one of his critics quotes of it; and he adds, "every page seems on fire, we read the whole as if we were listening to successive volleys of artillery."

The accident which attended on the completion of the "French Revolution," is familiar to many.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle were then in the house which they occupied so long at Chelsea, and were by no means in affluent circumstances. Carlyle lent the first volume of the MS. copy to John Stuart Mill, who left it behind him on his library table (or else he gave it to Mrs. Taylor—the lady whom he afterwards married—and she left it behind her on her desk). In either case, a careless servant used it for lighting the fire. Nothing could atone for the lost labour to the unfortunate author, but Mill made what reparation he could by immediately putting to Carlyle's credit in his bank a sum of £1,500. The "French Revolution" will continue Carlyle's masterpiece, though he lived to show many more examples of the passion of truthfulness and earnestness, the acute and concentrated thought, and the unspeakable pains which he brought to his life task. His "Heroes and Hero Worship" worked a revolution in many minds. He did much to shake and overthrow the old prejudiced verdict against the Great Protector Cromwell. Carlyle's "Life of Frederic the Great," was a still more Herculean performance in the shape of length and minute accuracy, but although always as graphic and occasionally as eloquent, the subject is not so overwhelmingly interesting. At last Carlyle's name and fame were widely acknowledged, especially by his countrymen. His circumstances were easy, and in spite of the chronic dyspepsia which embittered his temper, darkened his moods and shattered his nerves, an honoured and happy old age might have lain before him had not the great calamity of his life overtaken him. He was in Edinburgh, for the purpose of receiving the crowning honour of his university—his installation as Lord Rector, when his wife, long an invalid, died very suddenly during a drive in Hyde Park. There can be no doubt that, notwithstanding the caustic remarks and sharp words which the couple were, characteristically, in the habit of using, with the utmost frankness, to and of each other, the attachment between them was fervent and faithful. The loss of his wife was desolation to Carlyle, since they were a childless couple. He never ceased to lament her, and to reproach himself with almost morbid remorse for any vexation he had ever caused her. Living the life of a recluse at Chelsea, he was, however, not without the solace of kindred companionship in his niece, and eventually in her husband, who was Carlyle's nephew. He was still able to receive favoured visitors, to whom he poured forth his conversation, rousing and entralling, like his writings, while the shadow which had fallen on him, if it was not lifted off, grew lighter in the nine years which passed between his wife's death and his own. Everywhere "the sage of Chelsea" was held in honour and reverence. The Queen desired

to make his acquaintance, and an interview was arranged by Dean Stanley at the Deanery, Westminster. A certain comic element was present on the occasion, for not only did Carlyle request permission to avail himself of an old man's privilege to be seated in Her Majesty's presence, his monologue of talk flowed on as freely as if he had not been in the company of an august sovereign supposed to lead and control the conversation which is carried on before her. It is said an offer of the order of the G. C. B. was at one time made to him, and that he declined it, but that he accepted the Prussian order "For Merit," as a recognition of his services to Prussian history and literature. He died at the age of eighty-six. His great friend and literary executor was his fellow historian, J. A. Froude. The trust was a delicate one. Carlyle left among other papers "Reminiscences" of his life, written shortly after his wife's death, and not looked at by the writer during the intervening years. These "Reminiscences" were racy, like the man, and deeply interesting. On the other hand, they had been written with a reckless disregard of the pain they might inflict, not only on many persons referred to, but also on such friends and relations as might have survived them. The license of the writing seems to infer a purpose of revising it before it came into the hands of the public. If so, the intention was never put into execution. What was Mr. Froude to do? Was he to withhold the precious fragment? Was he to go cutting and carving into the work—not merely of his dead friend, but of one of the greatest geniuses of the century? Had he adopted either of these courses, and owned what he had done, he would have had to face, not simply the scruples of his intellectual conscience for a trust tampered with, he would have incurred the severest censure from the public. He published the "Reminiscences" as they stood, leaving their author to be accountable for what he had written. A ferment of indignation and invective arose when "the sage of Chelsea" was revealed in the light in which all who knew him well were accustomed to see him—as a man of like passions with ourselves, nay, of a peculiarly irritable and cantankerous temper, who had the misfortune to appear to be spitting venom from his grave on the unfortunate individuals who had offended him, or against whom he had entertained a prejudice. But time softens many an offence and heals many a wound. Again the man is seen in his rugged honesty, his dead earnestness, his well-nigh majestic contempt for trivialities of form and ceremony. His faults of temper, allied to his physical infirmity, and his passionate worship of strength and success are forgiven and forgotten.

On the 13th of March Alexander, Czar of all the Russias, father of the Duchess of Edinburgh, was brutally assassinated in one of the streets of St. Petersburg. His life had

been repeatedly attempted by the Nihilist plotters who were at last successful. The Czar, accompanied by his brother, the Grand-Duke Michael, was being driven at noon in a close carriage from the Winter Palace. He had reached the Catherine Canal when an explosion took place behind the carriage, wounding the horses and one of the escort, and killing a moujick standing near. The carriage was stopped, and the Czar, till then uninjured, stepped out. An officer ran up to him and asked whether he was hurt. "No," was the calm answer, "thank God; I am untouched. Don't disturb yourself, I must see after the wounded." Soldiers and civilians who had been passing at the time were lying on the ground injured. The Czar ordered that all attention should be paid to them. Then, turning round, he saw, a few paces from him, a man with a dagger in one hand and a revolver in the other. His arms were held fast by a soldier. The feint was successful, for he occupied the attention of the bystanders while the Czar ordered him to be removed. The next act in the terrible drama was that, on the Czar walking a few steps farther, another young man pressed forward and threw something—a bomb—at the sovereign's feet. It burst with a great explosion, heard all over the city. When the smoke rose the Czar was discovered lying on the ground in a pool of blood with many wounded persons, and many people, including the assassin, thrown down by the shock, stretched around him. The deed was done, and it signified little to the fatalist who had committed the crime that he was immediately seized by the police, who had difficulty in saving him from lynch law administered by the maddened crowd. The Czar was unconscious. He was placed on the sledge of the chief officer of police and taken bare-headed, his helmet having been blown off, back to the Winter Palace. On an examination by the doctors, it was found that both the Czar's legs were broken below the knees, the lower part of the body and one side of the head were shockingly injured; the case was hopeless. All the Royal family at St. Petersburg were summoned to the Winter Palace. The chaplain administered the last communion to the sufferer, who died soon afterwards. The Imperial standard (floating over the Palace) was then lowered half-mast high before a vast, silent, awe-stricken crowd waiting without for the sign. That night the late Czar's morganatic wife, Princess Dolgorouki, was required to leave the Palace with her children. A month afterwards the group of prisoners condemned to death for the assassination were executed at St. Petersburg.

On the 19th of April, Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, died at his house in Curzon Street at the age of seventy-five years. He was born in London in 1805. He was of Jewish extraction, and was the son of an accomplished scholar and literary man, Isaac Disraeli, who in his turn had been the son of a Venetian merchant. The elder

Disraeli lived in retirement in London and at his country house in Buckinghamshire. His son Benjamin was educated privately, and was intended for a post in the Court of Chancery, but he speedily chose literature for his profession. At the age of twenty he wrote "Vivian Grey," the first in a series of novels in which the distinguishing features were bold sketches of political, social, and literary celebrities, together with much smart satire. The very audacity of the clever novelty from a lad caught the fancy of one class of readers, and Disraeli gained free access to aristocratic and fashionable society. He was, still more than his contemporary Lytton Bulwer, a dandy of dandies, with the pronounced aquiline feature and curling hair often present in his race. "Vivian Grey" was followed by "The Young Duke," in which love, political theories, and the author's tendency to gorgeous millinery and upholstery were blended. He travelled in Palestine, and at Jerusalem began his "Wondrous Tale of Alroy"; "Contarini Fleming" and "Henrietta Temple" belong also to this time.

But politics and not literature was now the vocation at which Disraeli was aiming. In his endeavours to get a seat in Parliament he was repeatedly foiled, until the dogged tenacity of purpose which Englishmen view with respect was well developed. In the course of his political campaigns, Disraeli contrived to effect a combination between Radicals and Tories, in the course of which he found some favour for a time in the eyes of both Daniel O'Connell and Sir Robert Peel. The alliance with O'Connell soon came to an end, and the former allies attacked each other with mutual acrimony. O'Connell declared that Disraeli was the descendant of the unrepentant thief on Calvary. Disraeli, great in grandiloquent utterances, dismissed the contest with the sibylline speech, "We shall meet at Philippi." After six years of unsuccessful political canvassing for a seat in Parliament, Disraeli was elected one of the members for Maidstone, his colleague being Mr. Wyndham Lewis of Glamorganshire. On the occasion of Disraeli's delivering his maiden speech, he could not obtain a hearing. What were then his high-flown fantastic periods fell flat on an audience notorious for loving plain statements, logical oratory seasoned with common-sense, alternating with witty raillery and good jokes, which everybody can see and relish. The members would not even listen to the new accession to their ranks, they treated his pretensions with a contempt which provoked the long-remembered vehement close of his speech—"I am not at all surprised at the reception I have experienced. I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last; I sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me."

Two years afterwards, when the sinews of war in the shape of money began to fail him ominously, his funds were replenished by his marriage with the wealthy widow of

his late colleague Mrs. Wyndham Lewis. A fortune came to him later from another quarter—a rich Jewish lady who was only acquainted with him by hearsay, in her pride as a Jewess in his achievements, left him a large legacy. Nine years after his marriage, in 1848, Disraeli published his novel “Tancred.” By sedulous practice, the embryo statesman who continued to sit in Parliament learnt to speak with the subdued and sarcastic effect which told, in the end, as he had predicted.

He continued to write also his more or less political novels, among which were “*Contingsby*,” and “*Sybil*”—one of his best. They were marked by his peculiar fluent eloquence, and by fanciful dreams, fascinating to the young, of Saxon democracy and Norman aristocracy walking hand-in-hand. In Parliament he was, for a time, a supporter of Sir Robert Peel, until Sir Robert began to advocate the repeal of the Corn Laws. Then was Disraeli's opportunity. He entered the lists of the Conservatives—pure and simple—and became, under Lord George Bentinck, their acknowledged champion. Not content with abandoning his former chief on the ground of his new policy, Disraeli denounced Peel, and the course he was pursuing, with the most bitter and pitiless antagonism night after night, in the storm in the House and the country which preceded the repeal of the Corn Laws. The story went that someone asked Disraeli the grounds for his hatred of Peel, on which he expressed the most naïve astonishment—“Hate! I do not hate him, but he slighted me, and that is enough.” If the speech was ever made, it was doubtless an example of the picturesque bravado in which Disraeli excelled.

But the nightly attacks caused such real and poignant misery to the shy, sensitive man on whom they were inflicted as to throw him into a state of anticipatory fever, for which he had, on one occasion, to be bled before going down to face his enemy in the House. On the sudden death of Lord George Bentinck, of whom Disraeli wrote a biography, he succeeded to Bentinck's post as leader of the Conservative Party. When Lord Derby assumed the reins of Government, Disraeli was, without holding any intermediate office, named Chancellor of the Exchequer. This appointment was a phenomenal incident in his remarkable career. Another extraordinary achievement was his finding time when Prime Minister to write the novel “*Lothair*”—the hero of which was said to be (in flesh and blood) a young nobleman of great estates, a recent pervert to Roman Catholicism. The tale was as before, a vent for his sentiments ecclesiastical, political and social, while there was even a more pronounced indulgence in sumptuous surroundings. His wife, to whom, as to “the perfect wife,” he dedicated “*Lothair*,” died in 1872. She was considerably his senior, and had reached an advanced age. To her he was the most chivalrous and devoted of husbands, as she, on her part, was the truest and tenderest of wives; she was

more eccentric than cultured, and he was said to have made the remark upon her, in affectionate jest, that she was "a good creature," but that she never could remember whether it was the Greeks or the Romans who came first in history. She adored "Dizzy." A pathetic little story is told of her unselfish regard. On the eve of the delivery of one of his famous speeches, she was driving with him to the House of Commons, when her arm was caught, without his knowledge, and severely bruised by the closing door. Not a cry of pain did she utter. She sat smiling on in her agony, lest he should discover her sufferings, and in his distress be prevented from doing himself justice in the coming debate. During the period that he survived his wife, he was not only in his place in the political arena, he wrote his last novel. Probably one of the proudest moments in his life was when, on his return from the Berlin Congress of European Powers, he proclaimed to the multitude shouting round his carriage, "Peace with Honour." He had established a system of tactics, demonstrated long since to have been abortive, and he had procured for England the unprofitable island of Cyprus. Lord Beaconsfield had many of the showy qualities which, joined to fairy-tale success as in his case, or to romantic misfortune, as in the instance of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, constitute a popular hero. Disraeli was antipathetic to the Prince Consort, and it is said when the Queen first came into close contact with the gentleman as a Cabinet Minister, she was inclined to look upon him with more disfavour than she had felt for any of her Ministers, unless when, for a time, she was justly indignant with Lord Palmerston. How he won the esteem of Her Gracious Majesty, who for the most part endorsed her dead Prince's opinions, how she distinguished Disraeli with many marks of her friendship, is a matter for history. Another anecdote in circulation about Lord Beaconsfield has reference to this transformation. A friend having expressed curiosity as to the means by which the Minister propitiated his Sovereign Mistress, Disraeli's reported answer was that while he never flattered, which would be an insult, he never contradicted. A more likely explanation is to be found in a generous woman's desire to atone in the present for what she may have come to view as an inordinate, unwarranted dislike in the past. Apart from this, Lord Beaconsfield's personal charm, exercised on all who came near him, from the early days when it enthralled his young sister, is undeniable.

His funeral, which took place on the 26th of April, was attended by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Leopold. Four days afterwards the Queen and Princess Beatrice paid a visit to Hughenden, to the church and open vault where his coffin rests beside that of his wife. The Queen and the Princess placed wreaths on the coffin. The association of Lord Beaconsfield's name with the primrose, which

has had far-reaching results among the Conservative party, in "primrose days," "primrose leagues," and "primrose dames," is said to have arisen from an observation of the Queen's that the primrose was his favourite flower.\* The taste was a curious inconsistency in a man to whom a critic of character would have attributed as his pet blossom an exquisite costly orchid, or a gorgeous cactus flower. Let us trust the association, with its lavish tribute each spring, will not in course of time extirpate "the widowed primrose weeping to the moon," and leave our English meadows and lanes the poorer for the loss of one of their chief attractions.

In June, Prince Leopold was created Duke of Albany, and took his seat in the House of Peers with the income (fifteen thousand a year) accorded to his brothers the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught when they had their dukedoms.

The Queen was to mourn yet another friend and counsellor whose place was left vacant this summer. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster, died in the month of June, 1881, at the age of sixty-six, in his Deanery of Westminster. The son of the bird-loving Bishop of Norwich, a scholar from the first, he was in turn professor of ecclesiastical history in Oxford, Canon of Christchurch and Dean of Westminster. A little man with a beautiful face, deficient in an ear for music, and in the senses of taste and smell, he was one of the most liberal-minded, gentle, and generous of men. He was the Queen's comforter in her great sorrow, the companion of the Prince of Wales in his travels in Palestine, the husband of the Queen's dear friend Lady Augusta Bruce, whom he only survived six years; he was a Broad Churchman in the best sense of the word, broad in finding Christianity not so much in dogmas, rites, and ceremonies, as in love to its Founder, and charity to all mankind. His work on the Jews, "Memorials of Canterbury," sermons and essays, were full of his scholarly intellectual grasp and fine nature. Ten days before his death, he lectured on the "Beatitudes" in the Abbey, left the pulpit ill, was seized with erysipelas, and sank rapidly. One of his last conscious sentences was that the end was just as he would have had it to be.

Two men, original and notable in their generation—Borrow, the gipsy's friend, the author of "The Bible in Spain," and "Lavengro," and Trelawney, the friend of Byron and Shelley, who in his old age sat for the ancient mariner in Millais's picture of the North-West Passage, died in 1881.

\* It was the favourite flower of the Prince Consort.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE QUEEN FIRED AT.—LONGFELLOW AND DANTE ROSSETTI.—MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF ALBANY AND PRINCESS HELEN OF WALDECK.—CHARLES DARWIN.—ASSASSINATION OF LORD FREDERICK CAVENDISH AND COLONEL BURKE.—BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR, IN WHICH THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT WAS ENGAGED, ETC., ETC.

**S**UMMER was darkened by the assassination of President Garfield, to whose widow the Queen sent an autograph letter of condolence.

The Queen opened Parliament in 1882, when she announced the approaching marriage of Prince Leopold to Princess Helen of Waldeck.

In March, on the 2nd of the month, when the Queen was in the act of entering her carriage at the station, Windsor, a shot was fired at her. For a time it was doubtful whether the pistol had been loaded with more than powder, but eventually the ball was discovered in a situation which showed it had passed between Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice, as their impression had been. The shot was fired by a man close at hand, who was immediately arrested. His name was ascertained to be Roderick Maclean, and he was found to be respectably connected. Much sympathy and indignation were felt by the public, and the two Houses of Parliament voted addresses embodying their wrathful regret at the deed, and their congratulations on Her Majesty's escape. Maclean was tried for high treason, acquitted on the ground of insanity, but recommended to be confined during the Queen's pleasure. As a matter of course there was no motive for the crime—while this form of homicidal mania adds a fresh danger to the lives of sovereigns.

Within a fortnight from the alarming incident, the Queen with Princess Beatrice and the suite sailed from Portsmouth to Cherbourg, and went on by Paris to Mentone, where the royal party stayed fourteen days. This was one of the earlier of those spring visits to the Continent which have become a regular feature in Her Majesty's life. The habit

recommends itself where bodily health and mental elasticity are concerned, while it is a great change on the practices of former sovereigns, even so late as the reign of George III., when travelling was less easy.

In the month of March, two poets known as far as the English language extends, dwelling in different hemispheres, widely removed from each other in age, in character, and in destiny, paid the debt of nature. The one was the American poet Longfellow, full of years and honours, a good man of unquestionable genius, who lived and wrote his creed. His longer poems, "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," etc., etc., are melodiously suggestive pictures of Puritan and Indian life. His shorter lyrics, "Excelsior," the "Psalm of Life," "The Village Blacksmith," etc., etc., enjoyed an immense popularity. But the very qualities which helped this popularity, the simplicity, directness of thought and diction, combined with exquisite picturesqueness and never-failing tunefulness, have tended to render him less valued in a critical age. People have found his verses so easy to understand that they have come to the conclusion that there is not much in them to be understood. He has been ranked as the poet of sentimental boys and girls who adore him in their salad days and forsake him when their minds are older and more complex, and crave stronger meat than the milk which is for babes. There is this atom of truth in the faultfinding, that Longfellow deals with the obvious joys and sorrows of life, and dallies with them in strains of wonderful grace, instead of treating the deep and difficult problems of the universe with which men and women as they grow older are often fascinated. Any criticism which on other grounds regards Longfellow as superficial and juvenile is based rather on supercilious arrogance than on right judgment.

The second poet who ended his career at the same time as Longfellow finished his work was Gabriel Dante Rossetti, a gifted wayward being, an exotic on this English soil, for both father and mother were Italians, though he himself never set foot on Italian soil—one of his strange perversities. Belonging to a brilliant domestic circle in which not the least distinguished member was his sister Christina, the most cultured of genuine poetesses, and one of the most amiable and devout of women, Dante Rossetti, whose power of painting was as great as his faculty of writing, early ranged himself under the pre-Raphaelite painter Madox Brown. At war with the world and its standards, destitute of any common-sense faculty, Rossetti painted and wrote at bay, as it were, amidst constant money difficulties, declining to exhibit his work, in his disdain of the authorities in art, choosing his subjects both in pictures and poems with the reckless disregard of the law and the gospel, and the marked desire to scandalise his neighbours, which mark the social Ishmael. His beautiful wife, whom he married in 1860, died two years afterwards from the

accident of an overdose of chloral. In his despair he caused his unpublished MSS. to be buried in her coffin. Years afterwards, with a relenting as extraordinary as the impulse thus to destroy his written work, he permitted several of his friends to join in delivering them from the destruction to which he had sentenced them. His poems, weird, sardonic, sensuous, not to say sensual, but full of vigour, and of the ring of true poetry, include the lyrics "Rosemary," "Sister Helen," "The Blessed Damozel," etc., etc. Amongst the most famous of his pictures are "The Girlhood of the Virgin," "The Blessed Damozel," "Monna Vanna," "Venus Verticordia," etc., etc. He was a superb colourist, but the types from which he modelled the women he painted were strange and for the most part antipathetic to English eyes. With larger limbs than are to be found in the robust studies of Rubens, with huge bushes of hair standing out on each side of the face, and thick lips which might have been found on the face of a mulatto, one is struck by the result of the worship of the senses and of animal strength run mad. Undeterred by the sad fate of his wife, Rossetti wooed sleep by the habitual use of large doses of chloral, till health of mind and body were alike sapped, and he died in the prime of life.

Princess Helen of Waldeck, her parents and her brother-in-law and sister, the King and Queen of the Netherlands, arrived in England towards the end of April, and the marriage of the Duke of Albany and Princess Helen took place on the 27th of April, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in the presence of the Queen and the other members of the Royal Family. The function was quieter and more private, but not less full of promise and happiness, than had been the marriages of the bridegroom's brothers and sisters.

The Queen was losing the home son, so long closely associated with her and with Princess Beatrice; but she was securing for him the family life, doubly precious to a young man of domestic tastes, delicate constitution, and no active professional career. He was in his twenty-ninth, and his bride in her twenty-first year. Claremont was assigned to them for their residence. There was a mournful interruption to the gladness of the honeymoon in the unexpected death of a sister of the bride, Princess William of Wurtemburg, who died in child-birth, at the age of twenty-three.

In the course of the year, the Queen caused a monument to be erected in Hughenden Church to the memory of Lord Beaconsfield, with the inscription "By his grateful affectionate Sovereign and friend—Victoria R.I."

"Kings love him that speaketh right."—*Proverbs* xvi. 13. \*

In April, a place was found in Westminster Abbey for the greatest naturalist of his day, Charles Darwin, a man of untiring patience and diligence, of great modesty, of

\* Lord Beaconsfield is also commemorated in Westminster Abbey.

single-hearted integrity and kindness of nature, and a very genius of observation and deduction. His character and life disarmed those most opposed to his doctrine of evolution, while his determination, well-nigh his inveterate instinct, to accept no truth that was not tested by material evidence, shut him out from the spiritual region which one would have thought the proper sphere of one so free from worldly ambition, so candid and gentle. His chief works, "The Origin of Species" and "The Descent of Man," with their calm lucid reasoning, and their mass of proofs, worked a revolution in the creed of a multitude of the orthodox, who submitted to resign the kingdom of matter, while they retained the spiritual kingdom, which is beyond proof, which appeals to the soul of man, to his moral nature and the highest aspirations of his heart—at least, as real and indestructible as any workings of his reason.

Early in May the Queen went with Princess Beatrice in State to Epping Forest. They were met by the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and the Duke of Connaught, Ranger of the Forest. The object of the visit was to declare Epping Forest open to the public. It would be hard to over-estimate the boon thus granted to Londoners of the poorer classes. "A day in the Forest" is a dream and a delight, often the sole rural experience of thousands; and while it is free to all, it still has noble trees and sylvan glades which justify its name, and offer attractions alike to the cultured and the uncultured.

On the same day, the memorable 6th of May, 1882, a horrible crime was committed in broad day in one of the most public places in the United Kingdom—the Phœnix Park, Dublin. The two highest Government officials—with the exception of the Lord-Lieutenant—in Ireland, Lord Frederick Cavendish, second son of the Duke of Devonshire, and Colonel Burke, were assassinated. In the hue and cry which followed the double murder, not content with seizing the humbler tools in the commission of the barbarous deed, a widespread Fenian conspiracy was suggested, which included men of greater mark, among them the Irish leader, Mr. Parnell. His long-drawn-out trial, however, ended in his exculpation from the charge.

Cetewayo, the Zulu chief, lately our enemy in arms against us, arrived in England on a peaceful visit.

The *Bacchante* returned with the sons of the Prince of Wales after a two years' cruise.

At midsummer, Garibaldi, the ten days' idol of the London populace, the brave deliverer of Naples, Sicily and Venice from foreign yokes, and one of the chief instruments in establishing the unity of Italy, died a peaceful death, with his work accomplished.

In August the Queen presented colours to the Second Battalion of the 66th (Berkshire)

Regiment. This was again a case of replacing old colours lost two years before in the engagement with Ayoub Khan at Maiwand, in the sore disaster when 370 of the officers and men, including their commander, Colonel Galbraith, were killed. At the ceremony, which was performed at Parkhurst, Isle of Wight, two of the companies wore the Afghan Cross in memory of the march from Cabul to Candahar. The Prince and Princess of Wales received the Maori chiefs—doubtless some of them the converts of Bishop Selwyn—presented by Canon Liddon.

War with Egypt was declared, and the Duke of Connaught sailed with his brigade under Sir Garnet Wolseley. The Queen was making her usual stay at Balmoral, and had for her guests the Duchess of Connaught and her baby daughter. Mother and wife shared the natural anxiety for the safety of the son and husband. The very rank and influence of the persons chiefly concerned, by commanding earlier information—a comfort in itself—did not spare them a single foretaste of what was coming. Amidst all the Queen's griefs and troubles, this waiting for news of battle, with a son at the front, was new to her. She herself has recorded the trying experience.

“September 11th, 1882.

“Received a telegram in cipher from Sir John McNeill marked *very secret*, saying that it was ‘determined to attack the enemy with a very large force on Wednesday.’ How anxious this made us God only knows; and yet this long delay had also made us very anxious. No one to know, though all expected something at the time.”

“Tuesday, September 12th.

“Drove at ten minutes to five with Beatrice, Louischen (Duchess of Connaught) and Harriet, to the Glen Gelder Shiel, where we had tea, and I sketched. The sky was so beautiful. We walked on the road back, and came home at twenty minutes past seven. How anxious we felt I need not say; but we tried not to give way. Only the ladies dined with us.

“I prayed earnestly for my darling child, and longed for the morrow to arrive. Read Körner’s beautiful ‘*Gebet vor der Schlacht*’—‘*Vater, ich rufe Dich*’ (Prayer before the battle—Father, I call on Thee). My beloved husband used to sing it often. My thoughts were entirely fixed on Egypt and the coming battle. My nerves were strained to such a pitch by the intensity of my anxiety and suspense, that they seemed to feel as though they were all alive.”

“Wednesday, September 13th.

“Woke very often. Raw and dull. Took my short walk and breakfasted in the cottage. Had a telegram that the army marched out last night. What an anxious moment!”

Happily for the Queen she had a pleasant interest to divert her mind from the engrossing subject, in which hope and fear were equally mingled. The Duke and Duchess of Albany were about to make their first visit together to the Highlands, and the usual pretty family welcome and rejoicing were in preparation; therefore the Queen goes on to say, "We walked afterwards as far as the arch for Leopold's reception, which was a very pretty one . . . and thence back to the cottage, where I sat and wrote and signed, &c., &c." (neither joy nor sorrow exempted the sovereign lady of the land from the performance of her great functions). "Another telegram saying that fighting was going on, and that the enemy had been routed with heavy loss at Tel-el-Kebir."

At last came the blessed relief from suspense and apprehension such as, with the recollection of the fate of the Prince Imperial, must have gnawed at the hearts of mother and wife. "On coming in got a telegram from Sir John McNeill, saying, 'A great victory; Duke safe and well'; sent all to Louischen. The excitement very great. Felt unbounded joy and gratitude for God's great goodness and mercy."

The same news came from Lord Granville and Mr. Childers, though not yet from Sir Garnet Wolseley. A little later, just before two, came the following most welcome and gratifying telegram from Sir Garnet Wolseley :

"Ismailia, September 13th, 1882.

"Tel-el-Kebir, from Wolseley to the Queen, Balmoral.

"Attacked Arabi's position at five this morning. His strongly entrenched position was most bravely and gallantly stormed by the Guards and line, while cavalry and horse artillery worked round their left flank. At seven o'clock I was in complete possession of his whole camp. Many railway trucks with quantities of supplies fallen into our hands. Enemy completely routed, and his loss has been very heavy; also regret to say we have suffered severely. Duke of Connaught is well, and behaved admirably, leading his brigade to the attack."

"Brown (the trusted friend, as well as the confidential servant) brought the telegram, and followed me to Beatrice's room, where Louischen was, and I showed it to her. I was myself quite upset, and embraced her warmly, saying what joy and pride and cause of thankfulness it was to know our darling safe and so much praised. I feel quite beside myself for joy and gratitude, though grieved to think of our losses." (Other loving mothers bereft of their sons, other happy wives transformed into woeful widows.) ". . . We were both much overcome. . . ."

Now the rural festivities attending on the home-coming of the Duke and Duchess could be entered upon with proper spirit and light hearts. Nay, as the sunshine never floods the world with such glad radiance as after the dispersal of dark clouds—probably none of the family homecomings had been so joyous as this one. “At ten minutes past three drove with Beatrice and Lady Southampton to Ballater; we got out of the carriage, and the train arrived almost immediately, and Leopold and Helen stepped out. . . .

“The Guard of Honour, Seaforth Highlanders (Duke of Albany’s) out, and many people. Leopold and Helen got at once into the landau with us two, and we drove straight to Balmoral. At the bridge Louischen and Horatia (the Honourable Horatia Stopford) were waiting in a carriage, and followed us. Beyond the bridge, and when we had just passed under the arch, the carriage stopped, and Dr. Profeit said a few words of welcome, for which Leopold thanked.” Everybody was there, household, tenants, servants in gala dress. “The pipes preceded, playing the ‘Highland Laddie.’ Brown and all our other kilted men walked alongside and before and behind the carriage, everybody else close following—and a goodly number they were. . . .” At the door, “Dr. Profeit gave Leopold and Helen’s healths, and after these had been drunk, Brown stepped forward and said nearly as follows, “Ladies and gentlemen, let us join in a good Highland cheer for the Duke and Duchess of Albany; may they live long and die happy,” which pleased everyone, and there were hearty cheers.

“Then I asked Leopold to propose ‘the victorious army in Egypt,’ with darling Arthur’s health, which was heartily responded to, and poor Louischen was quite upset. After this Dr. Profeit proposed ‘The Duchess of Connaught,’ and at Brown’s suggestion (Brown was always ready with kindly after-thoughts) he also proposed ‘The little Princess.’ The sweet little one had witnessed the procession in Chapman’s (her nurse’s) arms, with her other attendants, and was only a little way off when her health was drunk.”

The Queen, as her attached and grateful subjects rejoice to realise, has had, even after the eclipse of her life’s light, many a moment of supreme happiness such as she has deserved to feel.

Tea in the Queen’s room followed, “. . . a bonfire,” the royal writer continues, “was to be lit by my desire on the top of Craig Gowan at nine, just where there had been one in 1856, after the fall of Sebastopol, when dearest Albert went up to it at night with Bertie and Afie. That was on September 10th, very nearly the same time twenty-six years ago.” The Duke of Connaught had found time to write a very long and most interesting letter home. The Queen’s satisfaction in it was not marred by

the fact that it was addressed to his young wife, to whom Her Majesty went in order to have portions of the letter read to her.

“Only ourselves at dinner ;” the Queen brings the day crowded with incidents to a conclusion, “and at nine, Beatrice, Louischen, Lady Southampton and the gentlemen, and many of our people, walked up (with the pipes playing) to the top of Craig Gowan—rather venturesome in the dark ; and we three, Leopold, Helen, and I, went up to Beatrice’s room, and from there we saw the bonfire lit and blazing, and could distinguish figures and hear the cheering and the pipes. They were soon back, and I went and sat with Beatrice, Louischen, and Lady Southampton, who were having a little supper in Louischen’s room. Endless telegrams. What a day of gratitude and joy, but mingled with sorrow and anxiety for the many mourners and the wounded and dying.”

In November the Due d’Aosta, for a time King of Spain, and brother of the King of Italy (Humbert), entered the company of the “Misericordia,” at Florence. The Brotherhood includes men of all ranks, and dates from the Thirteenth Century. Forty of the Order are always on duty, prepared, when called upon, to don cassock and cowl, and minister to the sick poor.

By November the troops had returned from Egypt, and the Queen reviewed them, to the number of eight thousand, in St. James’s Park. On the 21st she delivered war medals to the Generals and the representatives of various branches of the service, and addressed them. On the 22nd she again gave medals to the men as well as to the officers. On the 24th, she held at Windsor an investiture of Orders conferred on officers of the army and navy engaged in Egypt.

Early in December the Queen opened the New Law Courts. She was received by the Judges and the representatives of the Bar, a dignified and imposing company, in their ermine-trimmed robes and ample wigs. Lord Chancellor Selborne was raised to the rank of an Earl, and Knighthood was conferred on the Governors of the Inns of Court.

Once more the Queen parted with her soldier son, but the parting, though more prolonged, was less trying this time. He went out to India, but not to engage in active service. He was appointed to fill an important military post, and he was accompanied by his young Duchess—their infant children remaining in England under Her Majesty’s guardianship.

In December the Queen lost an old and faithful friend in Archibald Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury. Sagacious, with high principles, conciliatory and devout, a statesman as well as a churchman, he showed his wisdom and quiet courage from the time when, as one of two Oxford tutors, he interposed to check the headlong impetus of the Tractarian

movement. Holding Arnold's place as Head Master of Rugby, in succession Dean of Carlisle, Bishop of London, and Archbishop of Canterbury, the letters which passed between the Queen and her Archbishop, at the troubled crisis of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, sufficiently indicate how much she depended on his counsel, and with what large-minded judgment and tolerant tact he played his part in the affairs of Church and State. Delicate in his youth, as the son of a Scotch country gentleman, as a student and scholar, he continued throughout his busy manhood liable to attacks of serious and disabling illness; which did not, however, impair his energy and industry. As a qualification to the success of his honourable career, sore domestic trials beset him. When Dean of Carlisle he lost five little girls, within a few weeks, from scarlet fever. His only son, a lad of much promise, died shortly after he had attained manhood. At last the Archbishop's wife—the faithful sharer of his work, and of his joys and sorrows—was taken from him by a brief illness, when they were making a holiday tour in Scotland. She was one of three most benevolent Christian women—specially distinguished for their services to the sick during a severe visitation of cholera in the East of London. These ladies were known among their friends and coadjutors by the half-jesting title of "The Three Catherines": one was "Catherine Tait," wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, then Bishop of London; another was "Catherine Gladstone," wife of the (Liberal) Prime Minister; the third was "Catherine Marsh," the friend of the navvies. Archbishop Tait's last great service to the Church was his successful appeal to Mackonochie (another good man, though of widely different views) to end the clerical scandal and strife, with regard to Mackonochie's High Church services in St. Albans, Holborn, and to the violent opposition of a portion of his parishioners, resulting in an unseemly contest, which lasted over a considerable period of years. The aged, almost dying, Archbishop wrote, not simply as one in authority over the incumbent of St. Albans, but as a Christian friend and brother, beseeching him to consider the welfare of the Church, and showing perfect trust in Mackonochie's disinterestedness. The appeal was received in the worthy spirit in which it was written. Mackonochie resigned, as he was asked to do, and that rankling warfare was brought to an end. A word here on the pathetic fate of Mackonochie. He was in Scotland soon after his resignation, and was overtaken by a snowstorm when crossing a Highland moor, in company with his two dogs. Like many another belated wayfarer—

"He lay down to sleep on the moorland so dreary."

When his body was found a couple of days afterwards, it was still guarded by a trusty watch in the shape of his little terrier and his deer-hound.

Archbishop Tait's last public appearance was in connection with the Queen's grandsons. He travelled down to the Isle of Wight to preside at the Confirmation of the sons of the Prince of Wales, in the presence of the Queen and the rest of the Royal Family in England. Returning to his palace, near Croydon, he retired to the sick-chamber, which he was to occupy to the end. An interval of weakness, and of tender nursing on the part of his daughters and his son-in-law—his future biographer, the Rev. Randal Davidson, subsequently Dean of Windsor and Bishop of Winchester—and the good Archbishop expired. His last utterance was as characteristic of his sweet reasonableness and meek, manly contentment, as was any other saying of his. He is said to have had, in the middle of his brightness, a physical shrinking from and dread of death—some of his near relatives having suffered severely in the rending asunder of soul and body. But when his turn came, and he knew it had come, he remarked with pleased, grateful surprise, for the comfort of those around him, to the effect that it was not so bad after all. In his active days, when the heaped basketfuls of official papers and letters were brought to be gone through by him and his secretary, and were contemplated ruefully, he changed the current of ideas by observing cheerfully, “but think how nice it will be, when they are all done.” On one occasion, when even *his* patience gave way before the exceeding folly of a clerical suitor, “Tell him,” the Archbishop impulsively instructed his deputy, “that he is a great ass—but do it kindly, you know,” the speaker put in as an immediate amendment.

The harvest of death had a further tribute in the contemporaneous death, at Oxford, of Tait's old opponent in the Tractarian movement—Dr. Pusey, who went so far, but no farther, in his pre-Reformation leanings. Highly honoured as a scholar, deeply loved as a man, earnest and devoted, though not without a strain at once morbid and subtle in his nature, he too was called on to survive a gifted and only son.

Anthony Trollope, the novelist of middle and higher-class English life, who, with his studied moderation and quiet humour, divided for a time the laurels of fiction with Dickens and Thackeray, was destined to outlive his great popularity, and seems now in a fair way to being forgotten. By a curious coincidence, he died in 1882, from an apoplectic seizure, at the age of sixty-eight, which he had elected to be the term at which men, with their days of usefulness over, ought to retire from the world, prepare for their latter end, and presently make their exit from this sublunary scene.

Gambetta—the French patriot—died from the effect of a wound in the hand, caused by the accidental discharge of a revolver.

In January, 1883, the Prince of Wales and his sons unveiled a statue to the Prince

Imperial at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, of which the Prince had been a cadet. The statue was the work of the Queen's nephew, Count Gleichen (Prince Victor of Hohenlohe).

The silver wedding of the Princess Royal and the Crown Prince of Prussia was celebrated at Berlin, but with delayed festivities on account of the recent death of the Emperor's brother, Prince Charles.

In January a daughter was born to the Duke and Duchess of Albany, at Windsor. It was the second of the Queen's grandchildren born under her roof. The first was the eldest child of Princess Alice and Prince Louis of Darmstadt, born in the sad year of the Prince Consort's death, when the widowed Queen's second daughter and her son-in-law bore her company in the palace home which had been rendered desolate. The birth of the second—Princess Alice of Albany—was due to the kind forethought which realised that the associations of Claremont were not favourable for such an occasion, for at Claremont died, with intervals of time between, the Queen's cousins, Princess Charlotte of Wales and the Duchesse de Nemours, both in childbirth.

Wagner died. The great German composer, whose "music of the future" has had time to become the music of the present, had to surmount with pain and toil the sore struggle for a living, while his operas were refused at every opera-house, and he, his wife, and his huge Newfoundland dog, moved from town to town sustaining existence by any musical drudgery Wagner could accomplish. He lived to see his "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," and, above all, his tetralogy of the "Niebelungen Lied," acknowledged to be in the first rank of musical works. A still wider audience, if less select, recognised the popular beauty of "The Flying Dutchman," and "The Meistersinger."

A famous Russian statesman, Prince Gortchakoff, whose statecraft had often been pitted against that of the Queen's Cabinet Ministers, passed away.

In March, 1883, an accident—not of a dangerous, but of a peculiarly disabling and painful nature—befell the Queen. She slipped on a stair at Windsor and sprained her knee, the consequence being a period of confinement and suffering, which lasted more or less over many weeks. It was during this season of illness and helplessness that the Queen sustained one of those personal losses of which she has had so many. They have deprived her in turn of mother, husband, beloved children, brother, sister, friends, and in this case of a deservedly prized servant. John Brown, who came first under the Royal notice as a favourite gillie of the Prince Consort's, who had gradually risen to be the Queen's constant personal attendant, suddenly sickened at the age of forty-nine, and after three days' illness, died in his prime. His single-minded honesty, his warm-hearted

kindness, his very homely friendliness overleaping the barriers of form and ceremony, were keenly valued by the Queen. More than once his unslumbering vigilance had interposed between her and danger ; his unfailing sympathy—that of a friend as well as of a servant, forestalled her wishes and understood her wants. His sound sagacity and manly independence knew exactly the boundary line of his position and prevented him from taking undue advantage of his mistress's favour. It was little wonder that she trusted him implicitly, and relied upon him for much of her personal security and comfort. It was little wonder also that she could not find words too strong to express her sense of his merits and of the irreparable misfortune which his death was to her. Her Majesty's servants, high and low, have remained long with her, and have entered into the circle of her friends. In the course of time their ranks have been thinned as sadly as inevitably, till one nearly allied to the Queen has been driven to lament the growing loneliness, in her own generation, of the woman whom so many respect and love. But in the instance of John Brown's death the blow was totally unforeseen.

## CHAPTER XIII.

OPENING OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.—CORONATION OF THE CZAR AND CZARINA.—THE PARCEL POST.—DEATHS OF THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD, BISHOP COLENSO, AND ROBERT MOFFAT.—HOLLOWAY COLLEGE.—DEATH OF THE DUKE OF ALBANY, ETC., ETC.

THE Royal College of Music was opened at Kensington by the Prince of Wales, with an announcement from the directors that one hundred thousand pounds had been subscribed and fifty scholarships founded—welcome news to the music-loving Queen.

One of the many “Exhibitions” which prevailed for successive seasons in London—the Fisheries this year—was opened in early summer. The picturesque foreign fisher-girls and Newhaven fishwives who figured at the ceremony were entertained by the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House, and were conveyed afterwards, in carriages sent by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, to the Zoological Gardens, for the rustic guests’ delectation.

The first recipients of the Order of the Royal Red Cross (instituted for members of sisterhoods devoted to nursing), gazetted on the Queen’s birthday, 1883, were the Princess of Wales, the Crown Princess of Prussia, Viscountess Strangford, and Florence Nightingale.

The gala of the year in Europe was the Coronation of the Russian Czar and Czarina (the Princess of Wales’s sister) at Moscow. It was attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

A deplorable accident, calculated to strike to the motherly heart of the Queen, occurred at Sunderland in June. A number of children were assembled in the gallery of a theatre to watch the tricks of a conjuror. On hearing the announcement that he was about to scatter prizes, the children rushed pell-mell down a stair, and were met by a half-fastened door, opened only so far as to permit the exit of one person at a time. The foremost children stumbling or falling, the impetus of the crowd coming down behind

launched them into a struggling mass of little creatures vainly seeking to extricate themselves. In the effort a hundred and eighty-three children perished.

At the height of the season a faney ball was given by the Savage Club in the Albert Hall, when the Prince and Princess of Wales were present. One feature of the scene reads like a survival of the masques of the reigns of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth. Thirty members of the club were dressed as North American Indians (the conventional savages), and received the company, afterwards entertaining them with the performance of various Indian feats.

One of the greatest of the century's social boons had been "the Penny Post." This was now to be improved upon by "the Pareel Post," a less but still a welcome benefaction, due to the considerate and successful calculations of the blind Postmaster-General, Fawcett.

Captain Webb, the athlete who had swum across the Channel from Dover to Calais, whose exploits were useless save for the examples they afforded of manly adventure, strength, and courage, perished in a fruitless attempt to swim the Niagara Rapids.

In September, the direct succession from the French Royal House of Capet ended with the Comte de Chambord, grandson of Charles X. Henri, Comte de Chambord, was a good, narrow-minded man, not altogether unlike his unfortunate grand-uncle, Louis XVI. The last of the main line of Bourbons and Capets held obsolete ideas of the divine right of Kings and their title to absolute sovereignty. He stuck to his views doggedly, while he did nothing to disturb the peace of Europe, living quietly in exile, waiting till France should come to her senses and recall him to his proper place on her throne. Perhaps he was rendered more contented in the endless delay by the fact that he was childless, and that the grandson of his sister, the Duchess of Parma, was precluded by the Salic Law from being the heir of his uncle's barren claims—an obstacle which, however, has not prevented his pretensions from being aired and advocated by his Spanish relations. The real successor to the Comte de Chambord's shadowy crown and sceptre, whom, in spite of his prejudices, Henri de Bourbon consented to acknowledge towards the close of his life, was his far-away cousin, the Comte de Paris, head of the House of Orleans and grandson of Louis Philippe, who supplanted Charles X. as King of France.

But the Comtesse de Chambord was a Legitimist of Legitimists, outdoing her husband in the old creed. Dutiful and obedient to her exiled King on all other points, she declined to endorse his will in reognising the Comte de Paris as the head of the House of Bourbon as well as of that of Orleans. Accordingly, no representative of the Orleans family was at Gortz when Henri de Bourbon was laid to rest with his uncle, the Duc d'Angoulême, his sister the Duchess of Parma, and his grandfather Charles X.

During the Queen's autumn visit to Balmoral, Princess Beatrice opened in Her Majesty's name a public park, presented by a daughter of the granite city of Aberdeen.

Down in Kent an aged Jew, who had been a public-spirited and generous citizen of England for many a year, attained his hundredth birthday, and received a congratulatory message from his sovereign on the auspicious occasion. Making his way from small beginnings, the princely merchant Sir Moses Montefiore had accumulated such wealth that when in advanced life he paid a visit to Palestine, a rumour went abroad that he was about to buy it back from the Turks, and re-establish its Israelite population as a Jewish nation. It is said that he was only kept from doing so by the conviction that the Jews in Palestine were not yet fit for emancipation from the Turkish yoke. In his English home his faithful partner, who had shared his early struggles, died long before him. Under the impression that in the course of nature he was soon to follow, he had a temporary mausoleum, after the model of the tomb of Rachel, erected in his grounds, where her body was laid till husband and wife could be buried together in the nearest Jewish burial-ground at Canterbury. That earthly reunion was necessarily deferred, and the Eastern tomb in Sir Moses' grounds remained an object of curiosity and interest to the natives for many years.

Towards winter the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh went in state to open a new wing of the Croydon Hospital. It was the first state visit to Croydon by a prince and princess since the days of Queen Elizabeth.

At the end of 1883 the Queen was pleased to create Alfred Tennyson a peer of the realm under the title Baron Tennyson. He was the second, as Macaulay was the first, English peer who owed his title to the peaceful laurels of literature.

While the year was still at its height there died two men, representatives of different Churches and different ranks in life, whose destiny it had been to be associated with Southern Africa, not in connection with gold or diamond mines, chartered companies and armed police, but as messengers of glad tidings to the heathen. The one was Colenso, Bishop of Natal. Having written books which questioned the verbal correctness—especially with regard to arithmetic—of the Pentateuch, he was deposed from his office of Bishop; but the deposition was proved to be illegal, so that he remained Bishop of Natal, while to satisfy the scruples of the ultra orthodox, another Bishop was appointed to South Africa, the Bishop of Maritzburg. Colenso was the champion of the natives, who looked up to him and trusted him. He pled the cause of the Zulus against the Boers, coming to England to urge the claims of the chief Langalebele, and acting as mediator between Cetewayo and the English Government. Colenso returned to the scene of

his labours with failing health, deferring his retirement on account of the critical condition of the country, until he died at his post.

The other friend of the Kaffir and Hottentot raees was the Scotch missionary, Robert Moffat. Humbly born and humbly bred, but trained in the use of all the necessary weapons for his warfare, he went out into the Bechuanaland wilderness with his wife Mary. The couple taught the wild people the arts and decencies of civilized life, and made many of them converts to the Gospel of their Master. The Moffats had the happiness before they quitted their Africane station of seeing the desert—physical and moral, which they had faced so bravely—begin to blossom like the rose, and of knowing that they had been the means of awakening many sons and daughters unto righteousness. In some respects more privileged and fortunate than their illustrious son-in-law, Livingstone, they were like him in purity of aim and integrity of soul.

A movement in which the Queen was interested, to which she lent her countenance, giving to the great institution established in her neighbourhood the distinction of the word “Royal” appended to its name, was the projected establishment of the Royal Holloway College for Women, near Egham. Mr. Holloway, the possessor of a large fortune earned by the sale of the medicines bearing his name, sought to promote the higher education of women, and at the same time to raise a monument in honour of his wife, by founding the splendid college in which girls might have the benefit of a regular college course amidst refined and artistic surroundings, in one of the most beautiful spots in beautiful Surrey. In the carefully-elaborated plan there was only one drawback: the college is situated too far from either of the two great English Universities for the girls to be profited directly by the teaching of Oxford or Cambridge professors and tutors.

In the beginning of 1884 General Gordon (“Chinese Gordon”), the heroic man of the age, who had already in China turned the fortunes of war, and won back an empire by the force of the man’s dauntlessly righteous and godly personality, set out for the Congo River, at the instance of the King of the Belgians, for the purpose of dealing a decisive blow to the slave trade exercised there. Before he could carry out his mission he was summoned to England, reinstated in his full military rank, and dispatched by the English Government, under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone, to the Soudan, for the maintenance of the Egyptian garrisons threatened by the insurgent forces of the Mahdi, or false prophet.

Signs of the times which were ominously frequent in the early eighties were abortive attempts at dynamite explosions. These senseless, dastardly outrages were

tried in connection with the Houses of Parliament, the Tower, the great thoroughfare of London Bridge, the principal West End London club-houses, and the chief London railway stations. Providentially, the indiscriminate slaughter the plots were intended to effect came to little beyond a certain amount of injury to life and property. The failures were as humiliatingly futile as the attempts were basely treacherous, and heartlessly regardless of the innocent victims who might very well perish along with those whom the plotters regarded as guilty. The baulked proceedings were un-English, unfair, and inhuman to the last degree. Common rumour fixed the guilt on foreign communists and anarchists, or on American-Irish Fenians.

In March, 1887, the Duke of Albany, apparently in his usual health, went to Cannes in order to reap the benefit of a few weeks of the genial southern spring, while the Duchess, who was unfit for the journey, remained with her little daughter at Claremont. The Duke, who had enjoyed his share of the spectacles of the Carnival, was on the 27th of the month at the *Cercle Nautique*, when, in mounting a stair, he fell and hurt his weak knee. The accident was very slight, and as something of the kind had happened to him before without bad consequences, no apprehension was excited; he went back in a carriage to the "*Villa Nevada*," where he was staying, and was able to write a cheerful account of the little accident to the Duchess. Fortunately, he was not left alone during the following night, in the course of which he was observed, as he lay asleep, to be breathing heavily. On closer examination he was found to be in a fit, from which he never rallied. He died in the course of a few minutes in the arms of his equerry, Captain Percival. Sir Henry Ponsonby, Master of the Household, broke the melancholy news to the bereaved Queen, whose first and constant thought was for the young widow at Claremont. To her Princess Christian—always to the front at such sorrowful seasons—went and told the disastrous tale, remaining with her sister-in-law in the first anguish of the unlooked-for calamity. The poor Duke was only thirty-one and his Duchess twenty-three years of age. The Prince of Wales went to Cannes and brought back the body in the Royal yacht *Osborne*. When the cavalcade reached Windsor it was met at the railway station by the Queen and her daughters, Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice. Alas! what a meeting. The coffin was borne by the Seaforth Highlanders, whose Colonel the Duke of Albany was, through the room in which the Queen awaited it, and taken to the chapel, in which a short service was held in her presence. The Duchess came in private to weep by the bier. The funeral was on the following day at noon, and among the mourners were some who not two years before had graced the marriage of the Duke and Duchess—her father the Prince of Waldeck, and his sister the Queen of Holland—come





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PHOTOGRAPHIE PRINTING R. PAULUSSEN, VIENNA

H R H THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

to support and comfort her in her need. The pomp of the ceremony did not outweigh its pathos, emphasising the untimely end of one young, good, and happy life.

To the wailing of the music and the booming of the cannon, the Queen entered on the arm of the Princess of Wales, and followed by Princess Christian, Princess Louise, and Princess Beatrice (the Duchess of Albany and the Duchess of Edinburgh were incapable of attending the funeral from their state of health), Princess Frederica of Hanover was the last lady in the Royal group.

The Prince of Wales was chief mourner, and was supported by the Crown Prince of Prussia, the Grand-Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, and Prince Christian, brothers-in-law of the Duke of Albany, by Prince Edward of Wales his nephew, and the Duke of Cambridge his cousin. The coffin, with its velvet pall hidden by flowers, was again carried by a detachment of the Seaforth Highlanders, while the band played Chopin's Funeral March and minute guns were fired, to the principal entrance of St. George's Chapel.

As the coffin, the movements of which were regulated by the word of command of the officer in charge, entered the choir, the Queen and Princesses rose as if to greet him who thus came for the last time among them ; the rest of the company had been standing from the moment of the Queen's entrance. The Dean of Windsor read the funeral service. The Queen again rose and stood during the singing of the anthem, "Blessed are the Departed." Lord Brooke, son of the Earl of Warwick, who had been a friend of the Duke of Albany's when he was at Oxford, and was named in his will as one of his executors, threw, not unmoved, the handful of earth on the coffin, which illustrated the words "earth to earth, ashes to ashes."

Once more the Queen rose at the singing of the hymn, "Lead, kindly Light," and at its close quitted the chapel with the Princesses. She had been able to remain calm during the solemn scene. Garter King-at-Arms recited the style and titles of the deceased, and the coffin was lowered into the vault.

Two days after the funeral was the birthday of the late Duke, and in two more days was the second anniversary of his marriage. Sore hearts must have greeted the memorable days. To all the Queen's other losses was added that of her youngest son in his noon of manhood. Mothers know how doubly dear to them is the child who has had to suffer the penalties and restrictions of delicate health. From his childhood upwards this shadowed lot had been ordained for Prince Leopold, the only sickly member of a healthy family. All that could be done to alleviate the trial of lack of health and strength was, of course, done. Still, the incapacity for any active career, the deprivation of the exercise of a young man's energies in sport, adventure, travel, the languor of

weakness and weariness, the touch of infirmity, had to be endured by him. But he had grown inured to his circumstances, he had passed the critical period of early youth, he had been able to keep his terms at Oxford ; a life of quiet usefulness, the pleasures of a cultured mind, the sweetness of home and family ties lay stretched out before him, when he was called upon, just as the world appeared fairest and most hopeful, to resign it. This was the end here of the care lavished on him from infancy. The heart could not have been a mother's heart which would not, even in its Christian resignation, have felt the pang of frustrated efforts and disappointed hopes for the son—dear in proportion to the precariousness of his hold on life from the beginning.

The Queen had, from the death of Princess Alice, taken a peculiar interest in her motherless children, and she now roused herself to make the journey to Darmstadt in company with Princess Beatrice in order to do honour to the marriage of the eldest Darmstadt Princess. The dead was beyond even a mother's care ; to the living—the child of the daughter who had so faithfully stood by the Queen in her sorest need—she could still show her tenderness. Princess Victoria, at the age of twenty-one, married her kinsman, Prince Louis of Battenberg, son of Prince Alexander of Hesse and the Countess von Battenberg, and younger brother of a younger Prince Alexander, who ruled for a time over Bulgaria.

The overtures for another marriage in the Darmstadt family had just been concluded, and it was to take place in St. Petersburg, with great magnificence, six weeks later. It was that of the beautiful Princess Elizabeth, who, like her younger sister Princess Alix, resembled her mother, and the Russian Grand-Duke Sergius, brother of the reigning Czar. The Queen could not grace the second wedding, but she could take farewell of the young bride who had paid her Royal grandmother long visits at Osborne, and bestow on her the last wise loving counsels.

Unhappily, there was yet a third marriage on the *tapis*. It was concluded in haste and privacy early one morning in the Royal chapel, Darmstadt. Of all seasons chosen for a rash and reckless step, it was during the Queen's stay in the palace—as if the act were one of defiance of her opinion, and the next thing to insult to her person. For the bridegroom was her son-in-law, the Grand-Duke of Hesse, and the bride thus willing to become a morganatic wife was Madame de Kolomine, a notorious *intrigante*, the widow of a wealthy Russian, and according to her German antecedents a descendant of Ulrich von Hütten. No greater proof could have been given of the strain of impulsive wrong-headedness which existed along with many attractive qualities in Louis, Grand-Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, and in other members of his family, nor could stronger evidence have presented itself of

the degree to which a simple man was in the toils of an ambitious, unscrupulous woman. One can only be silent on the just anger, mortification, and pain of the Queen when she learnt that the husband of her dear daughter, not yet six years dead, could thus demean himself, could be guilty of mad disregard for her presence and feelings.

But the error was no sooner committed than it was repented of. Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt was too honest and affectionate not to be open to the remonstrances—not to listen to the entreaties of his best friends. Within two days the marriage so miserable in its prospects, both political and social, was dissolved, and after some trouble and delay the Darmstadt Government, and the German law courts, in which there were suits in connection with the marriage, confirmed its annulment. How freely the Queen forgave the slight done to her, how generously she condoned the offence, her continued kindness to the offender amply testified.

The fact of Prince Louis of Battenberg's holding a commission in the English navy gave the agreeable assurance that he and Princess Louis would spend at least a portion of their time in England.

It is said that yet another marriage was planned in this marrying season at Darmstadt. The fourth marriage was that of Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, brother of Prince Alexander and Prince Louis. In the Queen's busy secluded life, which her youngest daughter shared, there was little opportunity for available suitors to approach the Princess, unless during these short sojourns abroad, when foreign Royalties hastened to pay their respects to Her Majesty. It was said also that Princess Beatrice had announced her resolution never to leave her mother. But in the case of Prince Henry, who had no special duties binding him to Germany, the resolution might be kept while the Princess's heart was lost and won, and her life might have all the additional brightness of wedded love and ties specially her own. Prince Henry and Princess Beatrice were of nearly the same age—no longer boy and girl, but young man and woman in their prime. They had much in common to attract each other. He was handsome and manly, frank, bright, and kind. She was a woman of a fine presence, good, gentle, and cultured. His mother, Countess von Battenberg, ambitious for her son, was said to have done her utmost to foster the inclination between the two, of which there is no sign that the Queen ever felt any disapproval.

In May, Prince Edward of Wales delivered his maiden speech on behalf of a worthy object. He addressed a meeting of graduates and undergraduates in the Guild Hall, Cambridge, for the purpose of promoting the settlement of University men from

Oxford and Cambridge in the East End of London, where the population stood much in need of instruction and guidance.

The Queen addressed a letter of thanks to her people for their sympathy with her and the Duchess of Albany in their recent bereavement.

Edinburgh had just celebrated, with much rejoicing, the tercentenary of her ancient University.

Another venerable seat of learning—Oxford—most conservative of Universities, took a step forward in voting by a majority in Convocation the admission of women to certain degrees of examination, with classification of results. Already the women's halls, “Somerville” and “Lady Margaret,” had been founded in Oxford, after the example of “Girton” and “Newnham” at Cambridge.

Two different more or less significant tokens of the spirit of the times were showing themselves at work. The one was the sale, and in some cases the dispersion, of great private libraries—“Beckford” and “Hamilton”—to be followed by those of the Osterley Park library, belonging to the Earl of Jersey, and the great “Althorp” library, which happily has not been dispersed.

The other was the singular rise and progress of the Salvation Army, with its elaborate military organisation under “General Booth,” and its bold grappling with the submerged masses in “Darker England.”

In the course of the summer the Earl of Shaftesbury unveiled, on the Thames Embankment, a statue to Tyndale, the martyred translator of the New Testament into English.

Charles Reade, the novelist—whose powerful philanthropic novels, “It's Never Too Late to Mend,” “Hard Cash,” and “Put Yourself in his Place,” are said to have aided in the reform of prison discipline, the management of lunatic asylums, and the organisation of trade unions—died.

Sir Bartle Frere, the able Indian civil servant, who had received the thanks of Parliament, and was latterly Governor of Cape Colony, where his policy was severely criticised, died, and was buried in the crypt of St. Paul's.

In July the Queen had the consolation of the birth of a posthumous son to the late Duke of Albany, at Claremont this time. What need to heed omens and flee from death, which had come when and where it was least looked for? The infant was very delicate, as might have been expected, and it was not till after six months that he could be baptized in the parish church of Esher close at hand, where in the presence of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family, the child received his dead father's name.

In August, the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Newcastle-on-Tyne, and opened a park, a museum, and a free library. On the following day they embarked on board a steamer, and led a procession of steamers as far as a new dock, which they opened.

The advent of cholera was dreaded: it raged in Naples, spread to Genoa, and appeared in France.

In November, a ghastly episode in Devonshire had a strange association with the earlier days of the Queen's reign. Soon after she came to the throne, one of her bed-chamber women was a Miss Keyse. This lady had remained unmarried, and was residing in a house in Babbacombe Glen, near Torquay. The house was seen to be in flames on one of these winter mornings. When the servants were roused, and the fire was sufficiently subdued for the dining-room to be entered, Miss Keyse was found not only with her clothes charred, but with a gash in her throat and her skull fractured.

Riotous disturbances in far-away Skye, of poor crofters who clung to their barren crofts and refused to be dispossessed of the privileges which had been the Skye man's inheritance from time immemorial, awoke more sympathy than indignation, even among the legal authorities.

In December, the Queen's consent to the marriage of Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg was publicly announced.

The losses of the year that was gone, as usual, extended far and wide. The Queen's first host in Scotland, the aged and worthy Duke of Buccleuch died, so did Sir Moses Montefiore, lamented alike by Jews and Christians. The long-delayed funeral, which was to be the joint funeral of husband and wife, took place at last in the Jews' place of sepulchre at Canterbury. Henry Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General, who had so gallantly faced, in his early manhood, the deprivation of sight, and had lived to be one of the most active and useful of his contemporaries, passed away in middle life.

But a greater tragedy was in the air, one which arrested all eyes, thrilled all hearts, and filled them with indignation at the strange supineness of Mr. Gladstone's Government, which had not sooner taken steps to prevent the catastrophe.

Gordon was with the Egyptian garrison of Khartoum when the town was surrounded and besieged by a horde of the Mahdi's Arabs. In December, Sir Herbert Stewart had been dispatched with an army for the relief of Khartoum and the rescue of Gordon. But the effort was made far too late to effect its purpose. The sole result was the loss of more lives, among them that of Gordon's brother-in-arms, Stewart, after a great victory, but useless so far as Gordon was concerned. The beleaguered man, steadfast as ever, shut up for ten months in a town divided against itself and ready for treachery, looked long and

vainly for the approach of English troops and marvelled at their delay, but neither fretted nor murmured. Thus death found him, when on the 26th of January the town was basely betrayed to the enemy, and the Great-heart of his generation perished—it is hardly known how to this day, only that he stood at his post, and that his foes, a thousand to one, closed in upon him. All that was left to his country was his glorious career of unbounded faith, courage, and charity ; the memories of his winning back an empire when the sole weapon he carried in his hand as he led the Chinese soldiers was a harmless cane ; of his fearless raids against the brutal slave-dealers whom he alone could cow, and that other memory of the exhaustless self-denial and patience with which he taught and trained the squads of boys whom he saved from the depths of degradation and vice and sent out into the world honest, intelligent, God-fearing lads. Now one of the treasures of the grand corridor at Windsor is Gordon's well-worn Bible, lying open in a crystal casket. His Bible was given by Gordon to his sister, and by her as a fit offering to his Queen who mourned him.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE JAPANESE VILLAGE AT THE ALBERT GATE.—THE QUEEN AT AIX-LE-BAINS AND DARMSTADT.—VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO IRELAND.—THE QUEEN'S PALACES AND HOUSES.

**I**N the spring there were rumours of war between Russia and Afghanistan on the boundary question; but an encounter in which England would surely have taken part, so great has always been her jealousy of too near an approach of Russia to England's Indian territories, was happily averted.

Lord Shaftesbury, whose religion showed itself in endless efforts to benefit the poor and helpless, closed a long and honourable career.

A pretty somewhat fantastic idea, which has since been largely followed, was put into execution about this date. It was the construction of a veritable Japanese village in London, at the Albert Gate. The village was occupied by real Japs, so that stay-at-home people could catch a glimpse of the ways and customs of Asiatics without the necessity of traversing half the globe.

In March, the Queen and Princess Beatrice paid a spring visit to Aix-le-Bains—for health on this occasion, since rheumatism, a witty old Scotch lady's assiduous lover, under the title of "Don Sorebonia Rheumatica," had not refrained from paying his suit to various members of the Royal Family—has even had the audacity to address himself to the first lady in the land.

Almost simultaneously, the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Ireland, in company with their elder son. Ireland had been sufficiently disaffected to render the nature of their reception a trifle doubtful, but only at the town of Mallow was there the slightest approach to a hostile demonstration.

The Queen returned by Geneva, Bonn, and Bâsle to Darmstadt, where she was present

at the confirmation of Princess Irene of Darmstadt, and where Princess Beatrice had another opportunity of meeting Prince Henry of Battenberg's kindred and friends.

In May, the toy Japanese village was burnt to the ground, and the little Japs had some difficulty in escaping with their lives ; one, indeed, perished in the flames.

At the beginning of the season, the International Inventions Exhibition was opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales. The same day the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne opened the East London Industrial Exhibition (exhibitions were overdone as a commercial speculation), with Carlton Square Garden, and the churchyard of St. Bartholomew, Bethnal Green, as places of public recreation.

The revised translation of the Old Testament which had occupied the revisers for fifteen years, was offered to the public as the revised translation of the New Testament had been previously.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice went in May to Netley Hospital, to visit the sick and wounded returned from the Soudan.

A notable woman was closing a brave, unselfish life. It was the blind daughter of Gilbert, Bishop of Chichester. She devoted herself to the service of the blind. She lost her sight during an illness in childhood, when, unaware of the misfortune which had befallen her, she kept piteously begging her nurses to tell her what she had done so very naughty that she was made to stay in the dark. Her father wisely decided that, in order to accustom and reconcile her to her loss, she was to be allowed to run about as if she saw. He persevered in this treatment, although the first use she made of her liberty was to grasp the hot bars of a grate, and burn her little hands. Experience taught her not to repeat injudicious acts, and she grew up, like Henry Fawcett, energetic and independent, a blessing to those similarly afflicted who were less fit to cope with the affliction.

In May, the great French poet and novelist, Victor Hugo, died. He received a great public funeral from his countrymen.

In the course of the early summer the Queen lost an old friend, one of her beautiful bridesmaids and for many subsequent years one of the ladies of her bedchamber, the Countess of Gainsborough.

On the 9th of May, the Prince of Wales unveiled a statue to Darwin in the National History Museum, South Kensington.

Mr. Gladstone resigned office on a question connected with the Budget, and was said to have been offered, and to have refused, a peerage. Lord Salisbury succeeded Mr. Gladstone as Prime Minister.

One of the terrible colliery explosions which startle the nation occurred at Clifton Hall Colliery, near Manchester, and cost the lives of one hundred and eighty-six miners.

Away in Prussia there was great mourning for the gallant Red Prince, the father of the Duchess of Connaught, Prince Frederic Charles of Prussia, who died in a time of peace, and was buried with much honour at Potsdam.

The body of the Duke of Albany was removed from its temporary resting-place in St. George's Chapel, and placed in a sarcophagus in the Royal vault. There was a service on the occasion, at which the Queen and Princess Beatrice were present. The tomb of the Duke of Albany is in the Albert Chapel. It is of white marble, with a full-length figure of the Duke in his uniform as Colonel of the Seaforth Highlanders. The inscription bears his name and titles, with the verse—

“I heard a voice from heaven say,  
Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.”

Prince Edward of Wales received the freedom of the City of London. The usual banquet followed at the Guildhall, at which the newly-elected burgess, with the Prince and Princess of Wales, was present.

In July the Prince and Princess of Wales opened the Albany National Memorial Hospital for paralytics and epileptics, of which the late Duke of Albany had laid the foundation stone.

The Queen held an investiture of the Orders of the Bath, St. Michael and St. George, and the Star of India, at Windsor Castle.

It may be as well here, in drawing to the end of one of the decades of Her Majesty's life, to say something of the various palace homes on which she has left her mark.

Windsor is the great State palace of England, dating back for long centuries, and full of historical associations. It is the scene of State ceremonies, State banquets, etc., etc. The grey Tower of St. George's is visible from miles around. The stately pile under its shadow contains many spacious suites of rooms, among which a stranger like Baron Bunsen might easily lose his way. On the terrace, to the music of the military band playing on Sundays, George III. and Queen Charlotte, attended by various members of their large family and the gentlemen and ladies of the King's and Queen's suites, were wont to promenade, to the great delight of the King's loyal subjects who, from the town's side of the palace, were permitted to come within a respectful distance and witness the spectacle. There has been a slight revival of the old practice in the military bands having been commanded to play again on the terrace on Sundays.

“The Slopes” (the sides of the ascent on which the castle is built) are private, and partake of the nature both of shrubberies and flower-gardens. The “Long Walk,” with its double avenues, has witnessed many striking processions, none more so than the old torchlight funerals of sovereigns and princes, which were conducted in the gloom of night, under the drooping, rustling boughs. The grandest sights within the castle are the storied Waterloo Gallery, containing portraits of sovereigns, generals, and statesmen who were connected with the era of Waterloo, with the sumptuous display of plate, including the gold wine “bath” set out there on great festivals; and the spacious corridor round three sides of the palace quadrangle. Near the entrance to the corridor is Theed’s group of the Queen and the Prince Consort, finely conceived and worked out soon after the Prince’s death, with the solemn parting of two hearts tenderly attached as the motive of the whole. The figures are not only ideally graceful—while the likeness in each is carefully preserved, the expression is beyond praise. The wife clings in devotion so perfect that impassioned hope contends with chill despair, to the arm of the husband, who looks down on her whom he loves best with fond encouragement, and the peace of the blessed already settling on the stainless brow. The inscription is from Goldsmith’s “Deserted Village,”

“Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.”

The corridor has priceless cabinets, vases, pictures of kings and great men, including a fine portrait of Sir Walter Scott. But perhaps its most distinguishing feature is a series of pictures illustrating the chief events in the Queen’s life and reign. Beginning with Wilkie’s “First Council,” the chain runs on, linking together her marriage, the baptisms of the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales, the reception of Louis Philippe, the Princess Royal’s marriage, and a long train of subsequent family events.

St. George’s Chapel is a sight in itself, and is not one but a cluster of chapels—as many as eight, some of them of great antiquity and of much beauty. The most impressive part of the building is that which holds the stalls of the Knights of the Garter, with their suspended banners.

The most conspicuous work of the Queen’s is the restoration and the re-christening of the Wolsey Chapel, while the Albert Chapel, a separate structure, is full of the thought of him who was once master there. The white marble figure of the Prince represents him as a knight in armour, lying sword in hand, his mailed feet against the hound, the emblem of loyalty, while round the pedestal is carved his name and state, and the place of his burial. The epitaph fits him: it is

“I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course.”

Her Majesty has erected various monuments in St. George's Chapel. A recumbent marble figure, on an alabaster sarcophagus, is to her father. A marble figure, larger than life, in royal robes, is to Leopold, first King of the Belgians, of whom his niece could cause to be written, with perfect truth, "who was as a father to her, and she was to him as a daughter." King Leopold had entertained a wish that he might be buried in England, and this monument is near the well-known one to the dead King's never-forgotten first wife, Princess Charlotte of Wales. The third and fourth monuments are to the Queen's aunt, Princess Mary, Duchess of Gloucester, and to the Queen's cousin, the blind King of Hanover. The inscription has the pathetic allusions :

"Here has come to rest among his kindred, the Royal Family of England, George V., the last King of Hanover."

"Receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved."

"In thy light he shall see light."

A fifth monument is to a young eastern prince, son of Theodore, King of Abyssinia, who came to England only to die. The epitaph is—

"I was a stranger and ye took me in."

These are the earlier monuments raised by the Queen. Later losses, striking nearer home, have called for commemoration, but those which struck nearest of all are commemorated more especially, elsewhere than in St. George's Chapel. In the grounds of Frogmore is a splendid mausoleum, in which the Prince Consort's coffin was placed. The building is octagonal, in the form of a cross, and is richly decorated with coloured marbles, etc., etc. On the tablet over the entrance (only open to other visitors than the Royal Family, by ticket, on the anniversary of the Prince's death) are the words :

"His mourning widow, Victoria, the Queen, directed all that is mortal of Prince Albert to be placed in this sepulchre, A.D. 1862."

"Farewell, well-beloved! Here, at last, I will rest with thee; with thee in Christ I will rise again."

The massive sarcophagus of polished Aberdeen granite rests on a slab of black marble. The sarcophagus is double; one half contains the remains of the Prince Consort, the other half is reserved for the coffin of the Queen. On the lid is the recumbent figure of the Prince in white marble, in Field-Marshal's uniform, wearing the mantle and Order of the Garter. The sculptor was Baron Marochetti. At the corners of the sarcophagus are four kneeling angels, in bronze. The Glorification of the Saints, painted on the ceiling, was from a sketch by the Crown Princess of Prussia. The bronze and gold lamps were the gift of the Prince of Wales. Although the mausoleum was expressly designed for the Royal pair (at a cost of two hundred thousand pounds, paid from the Queen's privy purse), a marble cenotaph to Princess Alice, a statue to the Duke of Albany, and memorials to the Queen's dead grand-children, have been introduced.

The remains of the Duchess of Kent are in a separate vault, beneath a dome, supported by pillars of polished granite, and surrounded by a parapet. In the upper chamber, lit from the top by stained glass, is a statue of the Duchess, by Theed. A marble bust of the Princess Hohenlohe is in a niche below the mausoleum of her mother, the Duchess of Kent.

Windsor and its great park are beautifully situated within the bounds of what was the Old Forest, in which the phantom of Herne, the Hunter, is supposed to follow a midnight chase. The sylvan scenery of Virginia Water is only one of the many attractions of the neighbourhood.

A quaint item in the immediate surroundings of Windsor, is the cottages of the Poor Knights, the sign of an ancient institution which provides a shelter and a modest income for old officers whose circumstances call for such assistance. The little colony recalls the chivalrous, gentle personality of Thackeray's "Colonel Newcome."

About three-quarters of a mile from the castle are Adelaide Lodge, planned and fitted up by Queen Adelaide, Queen Victoria's kennels for fancy dogs, her exquisite dairy (the beautiful tiles, due to the taste of the Prince Consort), her poultry-yard and aviary, the home farm, etc., etc.

The courtly little town of Windsor is only divided by a bridge from the famous aristocratic public school or college of Eton—the boys of which, long brought into contact with Royalty, have, on exceptional occasions, certain privileges all their own. Windsor and Eton lie side by side in the green meadows which fringe the silver Thames.

Within a short walk or drive from Windsor are the country-houses of Frogmore and Cumberland Lodge, both of them royal appendages; the first was bought by Queen Charlotte, and destined as a home for her unmarried daughters. Cumberland Lodge had an older connection with the English Royal family. It was the residence of William, Duke of Cumberland, the younger son of George II., and the favourite child of George's Queen Caroline. He was a brave enough soldier in his day, though there was a somewhat exaggerated halo cast over his exploits. His English comrades called him "Bluff Bill." Scotchmen who felt his severity dubbed him "the Butcher."

On the lawn before the substantial square mansion house are still to be seen the cannon which the Duke of Cumberland captured on the field of Culloden. Cumberland Lodge has long been the residence of Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and their family. They removed to it from Frogmore, which is lower in the valley, and was supposed to be in a less healthy locality.

If less healthy, Frogmore is much prettier in a simple unpretentious way. When at

Windsor the Queen still comes occasionally to breakfast at Frogmore, as she was wont to do in the Duchess of Kent's time. Her Majesty's special kennel for her superannuated dog pets is at Frogmore.

Windsor was the Queen's Royal home in the joyous days when she was the maiden Queen. There she was finally wooed and won by her cousin, Prince Albert. There she arrived in bridal white in the gathering twilight of a February afternoon to spend her brief, radiant honeymoon, and thence, alas ! she departed, a broken-hearted widow, on that dreary December day, twenty-one years afterwards.

Buckingham Palace ("the Queen's House" in the time of Queen Charlotte, for whom it was bought) has always been the Queen's town-house, but from the time of her marriage the Prince Consort inspired her with his love of the country, and she ceased, except for State and social reasons, to reside at Buckingham Palace for longer periods than the occasions when she was under the necessity of dwelling in town—she has left few marks of her individuality there, though the Prince Consort found pleasure in the wonderfully pretty and retired grounds in the near neighbourhood of a great city, and took much interest in the frescoes with which artists adorned the walls of the garden summer-house or pavilion. Latterly, in consequence of old St. James's Palace becoming more and more inadequate from lack of light and space for such ceremonies, Buckingham Palace has been largely identified with the spring Drawing-rooms and with the other times when the Queen comes up for a couple of nights in order to discharge the obligations of her position. It is also used for State balls and concerts, which the Queen no longer attends, and for the lodging of foreign Royalties visiting London.

The two houses, which are the Queen's very own, which she bought, and she and the Prince Consort reared, from the mere nucleus of what they were to become, on which he lavished his taste for landscape gardening and domestic architecture, and she, those loving touches of family affection and faithful remembrance which a warm and tender-hearted woman who has been bereaved is likely to leave behind her.

Osborne and Balmoral were both chosen as quiet retreats from State cares and public obligations, where ever-present duties could still be discharged, but with less effort and cost in the peace and seclusion of country homes. For this reason they are situated at well-nigh the two extremities of the United Kingdom—the one in the Isle of Wight, with its girdle of water, the other on Dee-side, surrounded by mountains. Osborne is built on the wooded slope above Cowes, and has the combined advantages of fine sea views, delightful sea air, and a mild climate in winter. The pile of building was planned to express stately simplicity, the clock-tower and the bell-tower being its chief ornaments.

The ground is laid out in a series of terraces, the highest being a flower-garden, with here a fountain and there a statue. The other terraces are wooded slopes, containing charming walks. The trees were chosen and grouped by the Prince Consort, who was successful in naturalising many foreign trees, such as the Spanish cork tree.

The different entrances lead into long corridors, commanding vistas with gleams of the blue sea, and glimpses of the green park. These corridors abound in statuary, works full of antique and modern grace and beauty, standing out snow-white against the pale, sea green of the walls. In recesses are cabinets containing superb china, and trophies from the east and the west. The dining-room has not one, but a series, of family pictures, groups all sprung from the parent group at the head of the room, telling natural, kindly, human tales of children's children, and the bounteous autumn of life. The Queen is there in her early matronhood, with the husband of her youth and their elder children—the same children grown to goodly manhood and womanhood, figure as husbands and wives, fathers and mothers in their turn. Here is the Prince of Wales, with his beautiful Danish princess and their children. There is the Crown Princess of Prussia, with her Red Prince—ere mortal illness had struck him—and their elder born, and yonder are the Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse, with their children, taken shortly before her death, while the noble, womanly face was in its prime. Of these children of the third generation nearly all are scattered, settled, wedded, the parents of a fourth generation—while one, who should have heired in his turn a goodly heritage, is not, with his end full of unspeakable pathos.

In the drawing-room, opening into the billiard room, stands the Queen's grand piano, richly inlaid. Round a great recess, in a semi-circle, are slender, graceful, marble figures. These are the poetically devised statues by Mrs. Thornycroft of the young princes and princesses already referred to. In addition to the figures taken from the children's masque, there are others of Princess Helena as Peace, in a flowing robe, bearing in her hands the symbolical olive-bough and berries; of Princess Louise as Plenty, with one foot resting on a sheaf of corn, and clasping in her arms the classic cornucopia, laden with fruit; of Prince Arthur as a hunter, in tunie, baldric and buskins, his *couteau de chasse* at his side, a long spear in one hand, and in the other a hunter's horn, half raised to his lips, in keeping with the listening expectant air of the whole pose; and of Prince Leopold in a fisher's short breeches, his entire figure bent back, as if dragging ashore the net, from which a few small fishes have fallen. A fit centre to the circle is the pretty marble likeness of the baby, Princess Beatrice, in her marble cradle, shaped on the model of a nautilus shell.

Among the other pictures at Osborne, is a lovely fanciful allegory, in which Princess Helena appears as "The Amazon." The picture, by Winterhalter, was taken when the Princess was four or five years of age. We hear of her elsewhere at this date as a particularly chubby, rosy child, and the face is full of youthful artlessness and innocence. Above the clustering curls is placed a helmet, and one small hand is grasping and supporting against the soft, round shoulder a shield of warlike proportions.

Among the gems of the drawing-room is the Sleeping Beauty turned to stone, with her young head thrown back, her lips apart in the depth of her hundred years' slumber, and her small hands relaxed so that the fatal distaff is lying on the ground at her feet.

Another tribute of genius somewhat strange in this neighbourhood is Delaroche's "Napoleon at Fontainbleau," brooding darkly over the abdication of his empire at hand. Among the portraits in one of the rooms are three faces, which recall the Court beauties of the Queen's early reign. There are the likenesses of the Duchess of Wellington, Lady Jocelyn and Lady Canning. One of the attractions of Lady Canning was her magnificent hair, reaching nearly to her feet. A story is told of the Queen, having said that she would ask Lady Canning to show her hair loose, and of Lady Canning's anxiety to fasten her hair so lightly that she could undo it and let it fall at a moment's notice, so as not to keep Her Majesty waiting for the sight. A window-pane contains a representation of the comely German face of Jenny Lind. The companion pictures from "Adam Bede" are here.

Leaving the house and walking along one of the roads over the turf, closely shaven like a lawn, dappled with lights and shadows after the fashion of the sea below—which is now a deep purple, and again a faint blue, on a cloudy, breezy, fine day—the Swiss Cottage is reached. There it stands, brown and picturesque, with its deep over-hanging eaves and German inscription carved below the sloping roof, duly held on by big stones. In front of it lie, all in a row, the nine gardens of the nine children of the Queen. Here was their happiest playground, where they were mimic gardeners, mimic soldiers building the adjoining fort, mimic naturalists and virtuosos, arranging the treasures of the museum within the cottage, mimic cooks and housekeepers. Here the Queen and the Prince Consort would come on family galas and birthdays to be entertained by the youthful hosts and hostesses.

Contrasted with Osborne, Balmoral is but a rustic lodge in a wilderness with the moorland daisies and heather growing, as in some Royal parks in Germany, to the verge of

the carriage drive, and the homely little village and Kirk of Crathie, within a stone's throw. But the wilderness has its unique charms of mountain, moor, and river, and many a cairn, many a statue, denote how dear is every inch of ground to the Queen, and how each is inseparably connected with the happy and the sorrowful past, the living still spared to her, and the dear dead who have gone before her into the shadowy land.

## CHAPTER XV.

MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS BEATRICE.—MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARIE OF ORLEANS, DAUGHTER OF THE DUC DE CHARTRES, TO PRINCE WALDEMAR OF DENMARK.—SUIT OF THE PRINCE OF BULGARIA.—DEATH OF KING FERDINAND OF SAXE-COBURG, FORMERLY REGENT OF PORTUGAL.—THE JUBILEE YEAR, ETC., ETC.

THE marriage of Princess Beatrice took place on the 23rd of July, 1885. It was a family and not a State affair, a quiet, happy marriage, celebrated in the parish church of Whippingham, erected by the Queen and the Prince Consort, as it is the church of the parish in which Osborne is situated, where the bride had worshipped on many occasions since her childhood. The festival was in fine summer weather, in a lovely country neighbourhood, among rejoicing country people, with Cowes Harbour choke full of yachts, which had sailed from all regions for the chance of their owners seeing something of a royal wedding. The officiating clergymen were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Winchester, the Dean of Windsor, and the Rector of the parish. The Queen gave away the bride, who walked to the altar between her mother and the Prince of Wales. Over the bridal white, the myrtle and orange blossom, the bride wore the magnificent veil worn by the Queen at her own wedding, forty-five years before. The bridegroom was in the white uniform of a captain of cuirassiers of the Prussian Guard. He was supported by his brothers, Alexander of Bulgaria, and Prince Francis of Battenberg. The ten bridesmaids, in place of being noble damsels, daughters of English peers, were ten princesses (tell it out of fairyland!), nieces of the bride, ranging from blooming girls in their teens, to the bonnie little three-years-old Princess Margaret, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

The flight of time was marked again by one more sprig of myrtle in the bride's bouquet from the myrtle tree set from that other sprig in the Princess Royal's bouquet at the first joyous marriage in the family, twenty-seven years before.

The present bride was twenty-eight, the bridegroom twenty-seven years of age. When the newly-wedded pair drove back together to Osborne before setting out to spend their honeymoon at Quarr Abbey, three of the Queen's young grand-daughters bore her company in her carriage. But she was not to lose a daughter, and she was to gain a son, of whom she wrote afterwards, when she had lost him, referring tenderly to his filial attentions to her, and to the cheery, unselfish manliness which made the sunshine of the palace homes, to be again eclipsed, alas, ere long. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg were to have no separate establishment, but were to occupy suites of rooms at Windsor, Osborne, etc., etc., and Princess Beatrice received the same dowry and annuity accorded by the vote of the House of Commons to all the younger daughters of the Queen—that is, thirty-thousand pounds for a marriage portion, and six thousand for a yearly income.

Although the Queen's motherly heart consented gladly to the accomplishment of the happiness of her youngest daughter, her close companion for fourteen years, it was well understood that others in high places did not look with similar favour on the union. For one thing, Prince Henry's mother was not of Royal extraction, and his brother of Bulgaria was not only on a perilously insecure throne, he was likely to be a bone of contention to the different European States. These objections were intensified by the circumstance that Prince Alexander had either made, or was about to make, overtures for the hand of the eldest daughter of the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia. These overtures were believed to be agreeable to the young lady (Princess Victoria), and to her mother the Crown Princess, but the Emperor William was opposed to them, and they were utterly antagonistic to the views of the Emperor's powerful minister, Bismarck. Among other complications, the political influence of Russia and Austria in Bulgaria, weighed heavily against Prince Alexander's pretensions. It was remarked that not a single representative of any reigning house in Germany was present at the wedding.

In the autumn, Prince Waldemar of Denmark was married to Princess Marie of Orleans, daughter of the Due de Chartres. The Orleans princesses, whether significantly or not, were beginning to form alliances with all the reigning families in Europe. Representatives of Russia, England, Denmark, and Belgium, graced this wedding.

Fraser, Bishop of Manchester, the people's bishop, who maintained their claims, and acted as an arbiter between master and men, died, much lamented. A vigorous man in mind and body, as a young country clergyman, having encountered by chance on a country road one of his parishioners who appeared to be an irreclaimable scoundrel, Fraser

is said to have called him to account, and when the scamp showed himself incapable of receiving any other teaching, to have inflicted on him, without hesitation, sound personal chastisement.

Mr. Gladstone, as member for Midlothian, restored and presented to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh and his bailies the "Mercat Cross," to stand on its old site.

A dissolution of Parliament occurred in its natural sequence.

By a terrible colliery accident in the Rhonda Valley, Wales, seventy-seven lives were lost. How much the Queen has felt these disasters, how ready she has been to express her heart-felt sympathy, and lend her aid when called for, her contemporaries will always remember.

An elderly relative of the Queen and of the Prince Consort closed his eyes with the closing year. This was Ferdinand, King Consort of Portugal, as the second husband of Doña Maria. He belonged to the Roman Catholic branch of the house of Saxe-Coburg. Doña Maria had been a contemporary of Queen Victoria's. Like another contemporary, Queen Isabella of Spain, Doña Maria succeeded to a divided inheritance. Her uncle, Don Pedro, claimed the throne of Portugal, just as Isabella's uncle, Don Carlos, aspired to that of Spain.

Before Doña Maria could ascend her throne, she and her mother had to take refuge in England, so that the future Queens of England and Portugal met as girls. William IV. gave a ball in their honour, when the contrast between the fair, frank young English girl, and the dark, self-conscious Portuguese girl, was commented upon. Restored to her kingdom, Doña Maria was more fortunate than Queen Isabella, inasmuch as no wily, grasping Louis Philippe caught her in his net and ruined her chance of domestic happiness. But her first husband, a Leuchtenberg prince, died of fever, caught after a day's hunting, a few months after their marriage. She was happy, however, in her second husband, King Ferdinand—a kindly, reasonable, forbearing man, to whom she bore a large family of children. Her private life was as pure and honourable as her public career, which her husband could not control, was marked by wilful rashness and short-sighted obstinacy. She persisted, after at least one collapse of her authority, in re-electing and retaining in the principal government offices the members of a noble Portuguese family, whose culpable misgovernment rendered them odious to their countrymen. But for her English allies, her own people would have overthrown her dynasty, small fault as they had to find with her character as a wife and mother. On her sudden premature death, they rallied round her husband and confirmed to him the

regency which he rendered stable and popular. His eldest son's coming of age and marriage brought a brief season of rejoicing to the Court, followed swiftly by the death—not only of the much-loved young Queen, but of her husband, Don Pedro, and two of his brothers—the Due de Béga and Prince Ferdinand. The young men died from the same typhoid fever which was soon afterwards fatal to their kinsman, the English Prince Consort. The Due d' Oporto, a fourth brother, was left to fill the vacant throne. King Ferdinand, never ambitious on his own account, and rendered less so by three successive bereavements, was fain to retire, as soon as he could, from the cares of State, and to be happy in his own way. Yet so successful had been his regency that he was offered the crown of Greece, which was then going begging, as later the principedom of Bulgaria followed its example. Greece soon found a fitting King in Prince George of Denmark; as for King Ferdinand, he had got enough of crowns, well as he had served them. He withdrew into retirement. He married again morganatically into the bourgeois, perfectly respectable Danish family of Essler, not the least virtuous of whose daughters was King Ferdinand's wife's sister, Fanny Essler, the famous danseuse. She was as modest and good as she was exquisitely agile and graceful. To the daughter of the people King Ferdinand was warmly attached, proving as loyal to her as he had been to Maria de Gloria.

We have now traced, step by step, Queen Victoria's most honourable, dutiful, and kindly career from youth to age—let us trust not without profit. We have dealt, as far as was possible, with the political and social features of her reign. The routine of Her Majesty's life (of work, rest, and recreation) continues the same, and is likely to survive, with few changes for the years (may they be many) which remain to her. We have still the winter stay at Osborne, the spring drawing-rooms—the Queen's attendance at which has latterly been limited to one, the Princess of Wales, or some other lady of the Royal family, representing the sovereign at the others, while over the levees the Prince of Wales or one of the younger princes presides. We have the March and April resort to the summer climate of the South of France, Italy, etc., etc., while the Queen's birthday and the beginning of June are spent at Balmoral, and the later summer is passed between Windsor and Osborne, the autumn bringing Her Majesty once more among the mountains and moors of the beloved Deeside. But in the last decade of the Queen's life which lies before us, there have been, as it has happened, more striking events in the Royal Family, with their joys and sorrows to the Queen, than have occurred in the same space previously. It is these we now propose to chronicle in their order, dealing with side issues in less detail.

In January, 1886, the Queen opened Parliament in great state, in severe wintry weather.

In consequence of threats of Irish disaffection, the Prince of Wales and his sons, when they went on a visit to the Duke of Westminster, stopped at a wayside station, instead of going on to Chester, and drove thence to Eaton Hall, the Duke's seat, which was surrounded by a *cordon* of police. In February there were mass meetings in Trafalgar Square, with violent speeches and a march of men, breaking club windows and wrecking shops. During the black fog of the 10th of the month, considerable apprehension was excited lest the disorders should be repeated, and rumours—fortunately false—were in circulation of fifty thousand men on the march from Deptford and Greenwich.

At the end of February the Queen came from Windsor to London, to be present at the performance of M. Gounod's "Mors et Vita," in the Albert Hall, where she was warmly received. A month afterwards Her Majesty laid the foundation stone of the Medical Examination Hall of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, to be erected on the Thames Embankment near Waterloo Bridge. In the House of Lords a motion was carried for opening London Museums and Art Galleries on Sundays. On the 21st of May the Queen visited and inspected the courts of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, which was bringing crowds of native princes and eastern officials to England.

In June, the mad King Ludwig of Bavaria, while walking with his doctor in the park of Starenberg, threw himself into the lake and was drowned, drowning the doctor, who strove in vain to save his Royal patient. A strange and sad addition to this tragedy is to be found in the terrible death of the Duchess d'Alençon in the destruction by fire of the disastrous bazaar held in Paris (in May, 1897). The Duchess was the wife of the son of the Due de Nemours, whose mother was a Coburg Princess and a cousin to the Queen and the Prince Consort. The Duchess d'Alençon when a young, beautiful, and gay Bavarian Princess was fondly loved by her cousin, King Ludwig, and was for a time betrothed to him. The marriage was broken off on one of the sudden violent impulses already shown by the King.

In June the Prince and Princess of Wales laid the foundation stone of the Queen's Hall at the People's Palace—a noble contribution to the philanthropic work of the time, due largely to the kindly imagination of a distinguished author, Walter Besant, aided by the bequest of Mr. Beaumont in 1838, to secure recreation for the people, and by later subscriptions.

On the 30th of June the Queen went from Windsor to Egham, in order to open the

Royal Holloway College for Women. It was now completed and offered accommodation for four hundred girl students.

In the beginning of July, Her Majesty held a review of fifteen thousand men at Aldershot. This was done specially in honour of the Colonial and Indian representatives in the country. She afterwards entertained at luncheon two hundred and fifty of these visitors. From the time that the Queen took the title of "Empress of India," she showed a particular interest in her Oriental dominions and subjects. A noticeable result of this is to be found in the Indian attendants who are now constantly about her person, to whom she has transferred a portion of the favour she was wont to reserve for her Scotch Highlanders. Among the Orientals is a learned moonshi, who gives the Queen lessons in Hindustani. These Asiatics, in their gorgeous native dress, have latterly formed a picturesque feature in Her Majesty's progresses in and out of her kingdom. The Queen's Eastern visitors, on the occasion of the Colonial Exhibition, brought her gifts in wrought gold, silver, and ivory.

In the same month of August an extraordinary adventure befell Alexander of Battenberg, Prince of Bulgaria. His palace at Sofia was visited during the night of the 21st by a party of officers. They entered the Prince's room, and called on him to abdicate. On his refusal, he was forcibly carried off, put on board a steamer, and landed on Russian territory. He presently returned to Roumania, and was, to all appearance, cordially welcomed back by his people, and yet, as on the 7th September he telegraphed to the Czar and the Sultan his determination to abdicate, the inference gained ground that the previous abduction was with his own consent. A few more lines, though they cover a term of years, may end the history of the erratic Prince. A gallant and able soldier, personally attractive, in whom the impulsive wayward tendencies of the Grand-Dukes of Hesse-Darmstadt came again to the surface, while still the nominal wooer of a Royal bride, Alexander of Battenberg suddenly threw up his princely obligations and offices, and married a beautiful Viennese actress. A year or two afterwards, just when the Emperor of Austria had taken the first steps towards the Prince's forgiveness by reinstating him in his military rank and ennobling his morganatically wedded wife, the culprit died with very much the same unexpectedness and precipitation which he had evinced in the conduct of his other affairs.

In August, the Queen, on her way to Balmoral, paid a brief visit to Holyrood. She did it for the purpose of going to see the Edinburgh International Exhibition, which had been opened, a short time before, by Prince Edward of Wales. Towards the end of 1886 the Prince of Wales declined the testimonial to him which was projected in

acknowledgment of his services to the Colonial Exhibition, and requested that the money should be given to establish a permanent institute, which should also be a memorial of the Jubilee.

On the 23rd of November, a son was born at Windsor to Princess Henry of Battenberg. He was not the first child of the third generation born under the Queen's roof; Princess Alice of Albany, the eldest child of Princess Louis of Battenberg, and the first child of the Queen's nephew, Prince Victor Hohenlohe (Count Gleichen), all enjoyed that distinction, but this grandchild was the first of a family of children who were to abide with Her Majesty. She had always been a lover of children, and these were to be the children of her old age.

Among the English events of this year we may count the inauguration of Mansfield College, the first Nonconformist college at Oxford; and the presentation of the freedom of the City of London to Henry Stanley, who shortly after started for the relief of Emin Pasha, Governor of the Equatorial Province of Egypt. Among the personal losses to the Queen was the death of John Tulloch, Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews. He was a man of high character and ability, well calculated to influence the young men who came under his teaching. He had filled, in some respects, to Her Majesty, the place of Norman Macleod. Her published letter to Principal Tulloch's widow is full of appreciation of the dead and sympathy with the living.

Among the foreign events were the following: The celebration of the ninetieth birthday of the Emperor William, with much rejoicing, at Berlin. The crown of Bulgaria, after having been offered to, and refused by, Prince Waldemar of Denmark, was accepted by Prince Ferdinand, one of the Queen's Catholic Coburg cousins, and a grandson of Louis Philippe, through his mother the Princess Clementine of Orleans. The Duchess of Cumberland (Princess Thyra of Denmark, younger sister of the Princess of Wales and the Czarina of Russia) was removed to a private asylum near Vienna. Happily her mental ailment was only temporary.

The great event of 1887 was the Queen's Golden Jubilee. It was a busy and, with one or two exceptions, a happy year from first to last. Long before the important month of June it began to be crowned with golden sunshine. It appeared as if the Queen was, by anticipation, renewing her youth, for while her strength was husbanded with wise care, and the precaution was taken of maintaining the custom of the April visit to the Continent and the May sojourn at Balmoral, which refreshed and braced her, she was repeatedly in London, spending a few days at Buckingham Palace, and

on these days she shared more than she had done for many years in the popular entertainments of the season. In March she attended a private performance at "Olympia," the famous Kensington hippodrome, which was attracting crowds of visitors. In May she witnessed a private representation of "The Wild West," to which "Buffalo Bill" and his coadjutors were drawing still larger audiences. On the 7th of May the Queen came to London to receive the addresses and congratulations of the Lord Mayor and Corporation, the first of shoals of similar compliments. On the 14th of May she was in London in order to open the People's Palace at Mile End. Among the company were Mr. Besant and Captain Spence Beaumont—the representative of the Beaumont Trust. Both gentlemen were presented to Her Majesty. On her return she stopped at the Mansion House and took tea with the Lord and Lady Mayoress.

The Jubilee year was commenced by a special coinage and by a fresh "Queen's head" on the letter stamps. The House of Commons attended a special service at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in recognition of the year—a marked one. The Albert Medal of the Society of Arts was presented to the Queen in acknowledgment of her consistent promotion of arts, manufactures, and commerce throughout her reign. The Jubilee banquet of the Bench, the Bar, and numerous solicitors was held in the central hall of the Royal Courts of Justice—one of the innumerable banquets to do honour to the occasion. The Jubilee yacht race round the kingdom was started at Southampton by the Prince and Princess of Wales. There was no end to the galas, the balls, the dinners, in anticipation no less than in realisation of the auspicious event. As if to illustrate the occasion by a woman's triumph in the new field of learning opening to women, Miss Agneta Ramsay, of Girton College, Cambridge, daughter of Sir James Ramsay, of Banff, was placed alone in the first class of the classical tripos, and was, therefore, senior classic of the year.

However, all the world was not in accord with the prosperity and gladness of England. During the early summer the Crown Prince of Prussia was first operated upon for an obstruction in the throat, impeding his speech—an ominous incident which had a melancholy sequel.

The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, long a favoured pensioner of England, was more than suspected of hostile intrigue in his native India, to which he had gone, and of coquetting with Russia on points adverse to the interests of England, in which he had dwelt for a number of years.

The Queen arrived from Balmoral on the 19th of June, and on the 20th proceeded to Buckingham Palace, being met everywhere with great enthusiasm. For a week





H. R. H. THE DUKE OF YORK

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

before, foreign royalties, Eastern potentates, and colonial magnates had been flocking to London to pay their homage to the woman whom the nations—her own pre-eminently—delighted to honour. Every day, every hour of the day, saw the reception of Royal visitors at the different railway stations, and their progress, to the delectation of the London populace, to Buckingham Palace, to Marlborough House, to the different foreign embassies, to Claridge's Hotel.

The 21st of June was the most perfect day of a perfect summer month. It was a national holiday, on which every town, every hamlet in the United Kingdom and in our far-away colonies was *en fête*—houses and streets were universally decorated, and the line of the procession through London was as gay and gorgeous with flowers, ensigns, and loyal salutations as the citizens could make it. Her Majesty went in procession from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey. She was accompanied by the Royal Family and the foreign princes—her allies. Among them were the King and Queen of the Belgians, the King of Saxony, the King of the Hellenes, the King of Denmark,\* the Crown Prince of Austria, the Crown Prince and Princess of Portugal, the Infante and Infanta of Spain, the Crown Prince of Sweden, the Duke of Sparta, the Grand-Duke Sergius and Grand-Duchess Elizabeth of Russia, the Due d'Aosta, the Grand-Duke and Grand-Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Prince and Princess William of Prussia, Prince Henry of Prussia, Prince Louis of Bavaria, Prince and Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg, Prince Hermann of Saxe-Wiemar, the hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, Prince Louis of Baden, the hereditary Grand Duke of Anhalt, Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg, etc., etc.

The Queen's procession alone, containing Her Majesty, the members of her family, and her suite, occupied eleven carriages—with the Queen in her state carriage, drawn by her cream-coloured ponies, were the Princess of Wales and the Crown Princess of Prussia; the remaining princesses followed according to rank and age. The finest part of the spectacle—some say the grandest of the century—was the guard of princes accompanying the Queen on horseback, riding three abreast:—

Duke Sergius, Prince Edward of Wales, Prince William of Prussia (her grandsons by blood and marriage).  
 Prince Henry of Prussia, Prince George of Wales, and the young Prince of Hesse (her grandsons by blood).  
 The Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, Prince Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, and Prince Louis of Battenberg (grandson by blood and grandsons by marriage).  
 Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Crown Prince of Prussia, and Grand-Duke of Hesse (her sons-in-law).  
 Prince Henry of Battenberg and the Marquis of Lorne (her sons-in-law).  
 The Duke of Connaught, Prince of Wales, and Duke of Edinburgh (her sons)

\* The Pope's envoy had already brought congratulations and gifts. The Queen's return gift to the Pope was a finely chased gold basin and ewer.

Near the Queen's carriage rode also Field-Marshal the Duke of Cambridge, her cousin, whom she had known from childhood.

The route was by Constitution Hill, Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly, Regent Street, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, Cockspur Street, Northumberland Avenue, Embankment, and Bridge Street to the west doors of Westminster Abbey. The interior was altered so as to afford the greatest space. There were great galleries at either end for the "Upper Ten" of the public, and galleries on both sides of the nave for naval and military officers and their wives. In the area of the nave were the Judges, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, etc., etc. The Beefeaters kept the line throughout. The choir was retained for the minor princes and the attendants of the greater princes, whose seats were within the rails of the saerarium. Between the saerarium and choir was the daïs, covered with red baize, with the coronation chair in the centre. To the right of the chair were the places for the princes of the Royal Family who had accompanied the Queen in her procession; to the left were the places for the princesses. On one side of the daïs were ranged the members of the House of Lords; on the other the members of the House of Commons. Above the peers was a gallery for the diplomatic body. On the altar was a gold alms dish, and four bouquets of white lilies. The sun shone on gorgeous orders and scarlet uniforms, on the ermine of the Judges, and the white of ladies' dresses.

The youngest of the Queen's Royal grandchildren came first, arriving at half-past ten. At eleven appeared the Indian princes, magnificent in jewels. Among the magnates were the Thakur Sahibs of Gomdal, Limri and Morvi, the Maharajah of Kueh Behar, the Rao of Kutch, the chief Maharajah Holkar of Indore, a mass of emeralds and diamonds. The Sultanah of Persia, the Prince of Japan, the Prince of Siam, with other Eastern princes, were ushered within the saerarium, where there was a place kept for the wild Queen of Hawaii, with English blood in her veins.

Dr. Bridge, the organist, had been playing a selection from *Lohengrin*; he now played a "Marche Pontificale," chosen by the Queen to receive the European princes: among them the King of Saxony, temporarily blind, was led up the aisle by the Crown Prince of Austria and the Grand-Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, *née* Princess Augusta of Cambridge. She could not remember her blind grandfather, George III., but she had known from her youth her blind cousin, the late King of Hanover (Prince George of Cumberland), while blindness was said to be hovering over her son and only child, the hereditary Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. All the foreign kings and princes gained admittance to the saerarium by side entrances; the steps of the daïs were reserved for the Queen and her family.

At half-past twelve Garter-King-at-Arms heralded the approach of the Queen, while the roar of the shouting multitude outside the Abbey grew louder and louder. The State trumpeters on the rood-screen executed a flourish with their trumpets, the great audience rose, while to the sound of the National Anthem the clergy of the Abbey walked first, followed by the Bishop of London, the Archbishop of York, the Dean of Westminster, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Then came the Queen, with the princes and princesses of her family. She bowed to the altar, and took her seat on the coronation chair, Lord Lathom and Lord Mount-Edgecumbe placing the robes of State on her shoulders.

The Archbishop of Canterbury read the opening verses of the service. A Te Deum, composed by the Prince Consort, was sung by a choir of three hundred voices. The Archbishop then read three special Collects. The 20th Psalm was chanted. The Dean of Westminster read the first lesson from St. Peter, 2nd Chapter, 6th to 18th verses. Dr. Bridge's Jubilee anthem, which came next, had for its text the words, "Blessed be the Lord thy God, which delighted in thee, to set thee on His throne, to be King for the Lord thy God; because thy God loved Israel, therefore made he thee King to do judgment and justice." At the words to "set thee on His throne," the National Anthem was brought in with a full band and chorus, supporting the organ. The Archbishop of Canterbury read three more Collects, and pronounced the blessing. The service lasted one hour.

The Queen rose, assisted by Lord Lathom, and held out her hand to the German Crown Prince, who kissed it. To each of the princes she offered her cheek, "according to custom," and also "according to custom" they kissed her hand. The Princesses curtsied, the Queen kissing each in turn. It was remarked that the Crown Princess of Prussia (the Princess Royal) and the Queen kissed each other again and again. In that repeated embrace there was piteous apprehension as well as glad congratulation. The Queen bowed to each Indian prince as she walked down the choir. She retired for a quarter of an hour's rest, and at last, amidst renewed cheering, drove up Parliament Street on her return to Buckingham Palace.

In the afternoon the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales witnessed the pretty sight of the children's Jubilee feast in Hyde Park, for which many thousands of children were assembled. The evening's illumination was very grand and very general, extending to every town, great and small, in the United Kingdom and its Colonies.

At a signal, starting from one of the Malvern Hills, every hill and mountain peak took up the tale, and beacons blazed from John O' Groats to Land's End as if the country

were announcing an invasion.\* Balls, dinners, festivals of every description stretched into July. The Queen took part in four of the great galas—the review of Volunteer troops at Buckingham Palace, the laying of the foundation stone of the Imperial Institute, the review of the troops at Aldershot, and the Naval review off the Isle of Wight.

At the review of the troops at Aldershot (19th July), on a signal given by the Duke of Cambridge, the mass of troops, fifty-eight thousand men, raised three mighty cheers, the Infantry hoisting their helmets on the muzzle of their rifles and waving them in the air. The Cavalry and Horse Artillery advanced in a line a mile long, increasing their speed to a gallop. The Queen retired through an avenue of Infantry.

In the Naval review, off the Isle of Wight, a fleet numbering a hundred and thirty-five vessels were engaged. The Queen embarked in the *Victoria and Albert* yacht at three o'clock in the afternoon, and sailed, followed by the *Osborne* and a procession of boats, through the entire fleet, each vessel firing a salute of twenty-one guns, while the yards, turrets, and breastworks were manned with Jack Tars, cheering with all their might. Her Majesty caused her yacht to be anchored in the middle of the fleet, ordered the ships to anchor, and signalled to each ship to send its captain on board the Royal yacht to be presented to her. She stayed with her sailors till a quarter-past seven, when the anchor was weighed for the return to Osborne. Salutes of twenty-one guns were again fired; at night the whole fleet was illuminated.

On the Queen's part, peerages, baronetcies, and orders were conferred in honour of the Jubilee; on her subjects' willing offerings of every description, public and private, were made, free libraries, hospitals, etc., etc., founded. The Queen set a noble example in her decision that the surplus of the Women of England's Jubilee gift should be devoted to the benefit of nurses and nursing establishments. When all was over Her Majesty addressed a letter to her people, beautiful in itself, and very characteristic of her:—

“I am anxious to express to my people my warm thanks for the kind, and more than kind, reception I met with in going to and returning from Westminster Abbey with all my children and grandchildren.

“The enthusiastic reception I met with then, as well as on all these eventful days in London, as well as in Windsor, on the occasion of my Jubilee, has touched me most deeply. It has shown that the labour and anxiety of fifty long years, twenty-

\* Passing events recalled old associations. On the 29th of June, on her way from Paddington to Buckingham Palace, the Queen paid one of her rare visits to Kensington Palace, where she had received the news of her accession.

two of which I spent in unclouded happiness, shared and cheered by my beloved husband ; while an equal number were full of sorrows and trials, borne without his sheltering arm and wise help, have been appreciated by my people.

“ This feeling, and the sense of duty towards my dear country and subjects, who are so inseparably bound up with my life, will encourage me in my task, often a very difficult and arduous one, during the remainder of my life.

“ The wonderful order preserved on this occasion, and the good behaviour of the enormous multitudes assembled, merit my highest admiration. That God may protect and abundantly bless my country is my fervent prayer,

“ VICTORIA R.I.”

Many statues of the Queen were unveiled in the Jubilee year, among others was Count Gleichen’s statue of Her Majesty at Holloway College, unveiled by Princess Christian. In the course of the month of July the Queen and several members of the Royal Family went from Windsor to Hatfield to be present at a garden-party given by the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury.

In 1887 the Countess of Dufferin, whose husband was Viceroy of India, made an appeal for medical aid to native women, and was answered by a subscription of £50,000. Since then many English women have studied medicine, and practised in the Zenanas. Viscountess Strangford, who received the distinction of the Red Cross along with the Princess of Wales and the Crown Princess of Prussia, whose efforts on behalf of the helpless and suffering in Eastern Europe had been unceasing, died, worn out by her voluntary service. The Maharani Dhulep Singh, who had worn her honours meekly, and been for a time a check on her untrustworthy husband, died at her house in Holland Park, Kensington, at the early age of thirty-nine. Jenny Lind (Madame Goldschmidt), whose sweet singing had taken the world by storm, who was as upright and generous as she was tuneful, long silent in death.

In October a daughter was born to Princess Henry of Battenberg, at Balmoral. Little Princess Ena was the first Royal child born in Scotland since 1600.

## CHAPTER XVI.

INCREASING ILLNESS OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.—DEATH OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.—SILVER WEDDING OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.—VISIT OF THE QUEEN TO FLORENCE AND TO BERLIN.—MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS IRENE OF DARMSTADT.—DEATH OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK, ETC.

THE Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia went to San Remo for the benefit of a milder climate where he was concerned. It was in vain, so far as it had reference to his deadly illness (cancer in the throat), which had declared itself unmistakably. The stateliest figure among the princely riders in the Queen's Jubilee procession had been that of the Crown Prince, in his white uniform, but already death was advancing on him with sure steps.

In the month of February the operation of tracheotomy had been performed by his physician, Dr. Bauman, as a relief to the difficulty in breathing. In that sense it was successful, but so far as curing, or even arresting his disease, it was hopeless. The Crown Princess, in her grief and apprehension, summoned the great English authority on throat complaints, Dr. Morell Mackenzie, to the Prince's aid—a step by which she gave considerable offence to the *amour propre* of the German medical men, even of the German nation, which held that their Prince should be in the hands of his countrymen.

On the 9th of March the Emperor William, a man upwards of ninety, died somewhat suddenly at Berlin. His grandson, Prince William, was with him, and acted for his father till the Emperor Frederick could travel to his capital.

The 10th of March was the Silver Wedding-day of the Prince and Princess of Wales; and, though the rejoicings were necessarily moderated by the nearly simultaneous death of the German Emperor, many tokens of loyalty were given, and a State Banquet, at which the Queen was present, was held in the evening at Marlborough House.

The Emperor William was buried with great pomp on the 16th, members of all

the reigning families in Europe being present at the Cathedral service. But the nearest and dearest—awaiting the stroke of doom which should fall on himself in his goodly prime and newly-acquired power—was absent. The Emperor Frederick's physicians positively forbade his presence at the funeral in the character of a dying man burying his dead whom he was soon to follow.

On the 22nd March the Queen, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, left Portsmouth for Cherbourg, encircling Paris, and travelling by the Mount Cenis Railway to Turin, thence to Florence. A spring sojourn in the city of lilies would have been specially delightful to a lover of nature and art like Her Majesty, had it not been for the cloud of sorrow which was descending nearer and nearer, and threatening to engulf the Royal household—hitherto so attached and so happy—at Charlottenberg.

The Queen resolved to pay a farewell visit to the son-in-law who had been after her own heart, and deservedly dear to her from the beginning. She started from Florence on the evening of the 23rd of April, and travelled by Innsbrück, where she was met by the Emperor of Austria,\* reaching Berlin on the morning of the 24th, and being loudly cheered on her way to Charlottenberg. One can only imagine her sacred interviews with her son-in-law and daughter, how the wasted person of the Red Prince, and the wistful eyes stamped with pain, must have reminded her of the look worn by the Duke of Athol, who died of the same distressing ailment, and to whom she paid a sad parting visit more than twenty years before. But a queen cannot deliver herself up to regret. State needs and ceremonials can never be set aside. The Queen had an interview on the following day with the great minister, Prince Bismarck, and showed herself at a State banquet before she left on the same morning for Windsor, at which she arrived on the evening of the 25th April.

During the month of May, and the early part of June, the Emperor Frederick's health improved a little, so as to afford a faint hope that he might live for some time longer. The apprehensions of his friends were so far relieved. On the 8th of May the Queen attended a concert at the Albert Hall, where there was a performance, by command, of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Golden Legend."

On the 22nd of May the congregation of the University of Oxford practically passed a Statute admitting women to compete for honours in the final classical school.

On the 24th of May the Queen's heart was at Berlin, for it was the day of the

\* There is a popular notion that the Queen's meetings with the Emperor of Austria are ominous. He went to see her at Lake Maggiore just before she heard of the death of Prince Waldemar of Prussia, he greeted her now on her way to the dying Emperor Frederick, he visited her in her foreign place of sojourn, shortly before the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg.

marriage, at Charlottenberg, of her grand-daughter, Princess Irene of Darmstadt, to the Queen's grandson, Prince Henry, second son of the Emperor Frederick. It was a pathetic marriage, for it included the last public appearance of the Emperor Frederick, who, in his wish to do honour to the occasion, declined to figure as an invalid, but stood in his splendid military uniform, the ghost of what he had been. Towards the middle of June a change for the worse took place in his condition, and he died of inflammation of the lungs, superadded to the disease in his throat, at Potsdam, on the morning of the 15th of June, 1888. His devoted wife was with him to the end; her last act on the occasion was one of womanly, tender forethought. When all was over she drew from her pocket a white silk handkerchief she had ready, with a request to Morell Mackenzie to wrap it round the poor throat—scarred and marred—and thus to screen it from intrusive eyes. The Emperor Frederick, like the Prince Consort, had “worn the white flower of a blameless life,” bravest of the brave in war, sagacious and tolerant in peace, chivalrously generous and kind-hearted, happily married to a woman as large-hearted and large-minded as he was, what might not have been expected of progress and prosperity to Germany, and benefit to Europe from his reign? But while the Emperor William lived to be upwards of ninety, the Emperor Frederick died at the age of fifty-seven. The Jubilee of the Emperor William's reign had come and gone years before his death, the Emperor Frederick only reigned ninety-nine days, the Empire passing to William II., a young man not yet thirty, who, however well intentioned, was inevitably without his father's experience, without the moderation of mature years, and like most of the early inheritors of power and a prominent position in the world, liable to be betrayed into acts of self-assertion, egotism, and rashness.

The Emperor Frederick's short reign availed to secure to the woman he loved the higher title, and the ampler jointure, with their numerous privileges which she would not have possessed had her husband not survived his father.

In March, 1889, the Queen, with Princess Henry of Battenberg, etc., etc., left Portsmouth for Cherbourg and Biarritz. On the 27th of March Her Majesty had a meeting with the Queen Regent of Spain, Marie Christina, at St. Sebastian, the first visit on record of an English King or Queen to Spain—but not of an English prince, though he travelled incognito. The reference is to the romantic expedition of Charles I., as Prince of Wales, when he went in secret with “Steenie,” Duke of Buckingham, to Madrid, in order to catch a glimpse of the Infanta, who was suggested as a bride for him. The Queen was received with all honour and goodwill by the Spaniards and their Queen Regent.

Before the Queen returned to England, an honest patriotic Englishman, who had



Emperor Wilhelm II of Germany

H I M THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY



been her champion on one occasion, John Bright, the Quaker manufacturer, died, and was buried very quietly and simply, but not without a representative of the Queen among the mill hands and labourers, factory masters, country gentlemen, and members of both houses of Parliament, who, to the number of forty thousand, saw him laid to rest in the churchyard of the George Street Meeting-house, Rochdale.

In April the old Duchess of Cambridge, ninety-two years of age, a relic of what was now the far past, was gathered to her fathers. Her funeral took place at Kew, and was attended by the Queen, the Royal Family, and the late Duchess's near relations and connections.

Towards the end of April the Queen went on a visit to Sandringham, where Irving and Ellen Terry played "The Bells" and "The Merchant of Venice" for her delectation. On the 18th of May the Queen repaired to Eton to lay the memorial stone of the new school buildings in Keate's Lane. On the 21st of the month Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg's second son was born. On the 31st of May Her Majesty held a review of upwards of eleven thousand men at Aldershot.

The Shah of Persia was again in England, and was received by Her Majesty.

On the 27th July the marriage of the Princess Louise of Wales, eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales, with the Earl of Fife, on whom the Queen conferred a Dukedom, was celebrated quietly, but with due State and rejoicing, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal Family, and a select circle of guests, in the private chapel of Buckingham Palace.

Princess Louise was the second of the Queen's descendants, the second "Princess Louise" who married—not a foreign Prince—but one of Her Majesty's subjects. In this case the newly-created Duke had neither the long descent (the Earldom of Fife dating only from 1759) nor the local prestige of the future Duke of Argyle. There was also some disparity of age—the Duke of Fife being forty and the Princess Louise twenty-two years of age. On the other hand, he was a near neighbour of the Queen and the Prince of Wales at Balmoral and Abergeldie, an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, and acquainted with the Princess from her childhood. There was no question that it was a marriage of affection, and that in a family whose members are strongly attached to each other, not the least attached members are the Duke and Duchess of Fife. The Duke is a rich man, and at the time of his marriage possessed extensive estates and many seats in Scotland, his grandfather having had the desire to acquire land, which is said to be a particularly Scotch attribute. Since then the Duke has sold a considerable part of his Scotch property. Duff House, Banff, Mar Lodge, Braemar, are among the Scotch seats he has retained. His town houses are 15, Portman Square, and Sheen Lodge, Richmond. The Duchess of

Fife is entitled to her share of the annuity of £36,000 voted as a provision for the children of the Prince of Wales.

It has been remarked that when a marriage has occurred between a member of the English Royal Family and a subject there has been no formal renunciation of the bride's place in the succession to the crown, such as is uniformly done on similar occasions in foreign Royal Families, while it is inferred, without question, in all morganatic marriages. This omission caused considerable searching of heart in the English public, when, for a time, there stood but two heirs (the Prince of Wales and Prince George) between the Queen and Princess Louise. English palates swallowed with difficulty, by anticipation, a Scotch nobleman, however public-spirited and esteemed, for a King Consort, and his child for a future sovereign. Happily, such a contingency has now been rendered highly improbable.

In August the young German Emperor and his brother Prince Henry were on a visit to the Queen, when they reviewed, at Aldershot, twenty-seven thousand soldiers "of all arms." Two days afterwards, in lieu of a naval review off Spithead, which was postponed on account of stormy weather, the Queen reviewed the seamen and marines of the German fleet lying in Osborne Bay, previous to the departure of her Imperial grandson.

On the 12th of August Her Majesty was gazetted in the German *Reichsanzeiger*, Honorary Colonel of the 1st Regiment of Prussian Horse Guards, to be in future called "the Queen of England's own."

On the 23rd of August the Queen, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, visited North Wales, residing for a short time at Pale Hall, near Lake Bala. Her Majesty was warmly welcomed to the Principality, and her purchases of the soft, warm, woollen shawls, the staple manufacture of the locality, were long remembered with pride and gratitude.

A Royal death and a Royal marriage took place in the month of October, 1889; the death was that of the King of Portugal—one of the Queen's more or less short-lived Portuguese cousins. The marriage was that of Her Majesty's handsome grand-daughter, Princess Sophia of Prussia, second daughter of the Empress Frederick and the late Emperor, to the Duke of Sparta, eldest son of King George of Greece, and nephew of the Princess of Wales. The wedding took place at Athens, in the presence of the Empress Frederick, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the bridegroom's family, etc., etc. Princess Sophia did not profess the Greek form of Christianity before her marriage, but she conformed to it not very long afterwards, and, in doing so, incurred the displeasure of her brother, the Emperor of Germany, who thought the act uncalled for, and regarded it

as a slight to her country, and to its Lutheran creed. She followed the example of her cousin the Grand-Duchess Sergius of Russia (Princess Elizabeth of Hesse-Darmstadt), who entered the Greek Church some time after her marriage. The step was the more regretted by Lutherans, inasmuch as Princess Alice, the Grand-Duchess's mother, in a published letter had expressed her repugnance to the idea of any princess, any woman, changing the form of her faith in order to accommodate it to that of a husband and of an adopted country.

Towards the close of the year Robert Browning died at Venice, when his body was carried in solemn state to St. Michele, preparatory to its removal to Westminster Abbey. With his genius unrecognised for many a year, he lived to see it triumphantly vindicated. He and his wife, Elizabeth Barrett, were the poet couple of their generation. Her melodious passionate poetry appealed—high-souled though it was—to a multitude of readers. His depth and subtlety of thought, combined as it was with an obscurity of style only approached by the eminent novelist, George Meredith, robbed him of the sympathy of the multitude, who could only address themselves by snatches to his “Ring and the Book.”

Early in January, 1890, the German Empress Augusta, widow of the Emperor William and mother of the Emperor Frederick, died, at the Royal palace “Unter den Linden,” where her husband had passed away. She was an accomplished princess, a daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Wiemar, who was Goethe’s friend. In the following month the Duc de Montpensier, whose marriage to the Spanish Infanta dealt the death-blow to the reputation of his father, Louis Philippe, died in Andalusia. One of his daughters had become the wife of her cousin, the Comte de Paris.

In August, John Henry Newman, whose secession in 1846 to the Church of Rome, to which he carried many fellow perverts, convulsed Oxford and the Church of England, died in a Roman Catholic oratory at Birmingham. His magnanimous disinterestedness, and his utter unworldliness, won adherents to his newly-adopted creed, to a far greater extent than did his “Apologia,” etc., etc., which, though a model of beautiful English, was inconclusive in its argument.

In November, Princess Victoria, the eldest daughter of the Empress Frederick, who had been sought in marriage by Alexander of Battenberg, Prince of Bulgaria, was married in Germany to his Serene Highness Prince Adolphe of Schaumburg-Lippe.

In the following month of December the Queen unveiled in St. George’s Chapel, Windsor, a full-length statue of the Emperor Frederick, by Boehm.

A singular trial in one of the chief law courts engrossed the public mind like the

most exciting chapter in a sensational novel. The case was that of Mrs. Osborne, wife of an officer in the army, who prosecuted her cousin, Mrs. Hargreaves, for slander, on account of a theft of valuable pearls from Mrs. Hargreaves, which had been laid to Mrs. Osborne's charge. Eventually the theft was brought home to Mrs. Osborne, who, after a brief attempt to escape, surrendered, pled guilty, and was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment, with hard labour.

Two women, notable and lovely in their widely different lives, died this year. Mrs. Booth, the wife of the leader of the Salvation Army, who was followed to her grave by twenty thousand mourners, and Marianne North, the unwearied traveller and glad enthusiastic painter of the gallery of paintings of plants which enriches Kew, and is invaluable to the botanist. Still women were making progress. Four ladies were appointed to act as Sub-Commissioners on the Labour Commission.

In 1891 the Guelph Fund of £650,000 was given back unconditionally to the Duke of Cumberland by the young German Emperor.

In March the Queen and the Empress Frederick visited the Horse Show in the Agricultural Hall, Islington.

On the following day, for the first time since the death of the Prince Consort nearly thirty years before, there was a dramatic performance at Windsor, by command of the Queen. The piece was "The Gondoliers," played by D'Oyley Carte's company.

In the course of the month, the Queen received the intelligence of the dangerous illness of her son-in-law, the Grand-Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, from a paralytic attack, and on the 23rd she left with Princess Beatrice for the neighbourhood of Hyères, with the intention of visiting Darmstadt and the ailing Grand-Duke on her return journey. This Her Majesty did on the 23rd of April. The 25th of April was the day of the admission of the Grand-Duchess Elizabeth, wife of the Russian Grand-Duke Sergius and second daughter of Princess Alice and the Grand-Duke of Hesse, into the Greek Church, at the private chapel of the winter palace, St. Petersburg. Whether the step was approved of by the Queen and the Grand-Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt has not been made public.

Another extraordinary case appeared in one of the law courts. Mrs. Montagu, the wife of a country gentleman, residing at Dromore House, Coleraine, was tried for manslaughter—the result of severe and injudicious treatment, which was fatal to a little daughter under four years of age. Mrs. Montagu was found guilty, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment, with hard labour.

In May, the Queen on her way from Windsor to Balmoral stopped at Derby, and laid the foundation stone of the new buildings of the Royal Infirmary.

The 26th of May saw the golden wedding of the King and Queen of Denmark. They kept it at Copenhagen, surrounded by their family.

On the same day Her Majesty conferred upon Captain Grant, of the Indian Staff Corps, whom she promoted from the rank of Lieutenant to that of Captain, with the brevet rank of Major, the Victoria Cross, for conspicuous gallantry at Manipur.

At the close of the month the Queen came to London to act as sponsor at the christening of the infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Fife. The ceremony took place in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

On the 6th of July, Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, the younger daughter of Prince and Princess Christian, was married in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, to Prince Aribert of Anhalt, in the presence of the Queen, the various members of the Royal Family, and the Emperor and Empress of Germany. The silver wedding of the bride's father and mother was held at the same time.

## CHAPTER XVII.

APPROACHING MARRIAGE AND DEATH OF THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.—DEATH OF SPURGEON.—  
LAST ILLNESS OF THE GRAND-DUKE OF HESSE-DARMSTADT.—DEATH OF TENNYSON.—  
MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF YORK, ETC., ETC

IN January, 1892, occurred the pathetic tragedy of the approaching marriage, and the death which, suddenly and strikingly, came between and carried off the Royal bridegroom, the Duke of Clarence, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, and after him the heir to the crown. Edward, Duke of Clarence, had been a delicate child, but had grown up to manhood with fair health and every prospect of completing the ordinary span of human existence. He had seen a good deal of the world, had been at Cambridge, entered the army, and lived in barracks like his comrades, officiated, as a prince was bound to do, at many public functions, and had reached the age of twenty-eight. Of course, there had been little opportunity for the public to judge of the character and tastes of the future King, but there was a prevailing impression that he was a quiet, well-disposed lad, of a kindly nature. In the Queen's letter to her subjects after his death, she refers to his gentle, amiable disposition; she was greatly attached to him. Indeed, he was the style of young fellow likely to give and receive much affection to and from his family. His marriage was naturally a subject of interest to more than his family. It is said the Comte de Paris reckoned with such hopeful confidence on the Duke of Clarence's marriage to his stately daughter, Princess Hélène, that the father was prepared to apply to the Pope to grant her a dispensation to conform outwardly to the rites of the Church of England, but no such compromise was required. The marriage of the future sovereign to a Roman-Catholic princess, who had received what might be called an indulgence from the Pope, would not only have been highly antipathetical to the mass of the English people, it would have been a positive breach of the laws of the succession by which the House of Hanover became seated on the English throne. In addition, France, with which it was desirable that our relations should be cordial, would have looked with doubt and suspicion on such a match. An



H.R.H THE DUKE OF CLARENCE

Died 1892



English Protestant bride was found for the Duke in all respects suitable and acceptable in the opinion of his future subjects. Her Protestantism was a *sine qua non*, her English birth and nurture were great points. It was long, indeed, since the coming Queen of England had been English born, with all the familiarity with and attachment to the language and ways of the country which the distinction implied. The last princess by marriage so endowed was Anne Hyde, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, and wife of James, Duke of York; but Anne lived in troubled times and owed her proud promotion to the temporary adversity and exile which befell the Stuarts as a prelude to their final downfall. In the case of the bride proposed for the Duke of Clarence, there was royal rank, and ties of kindred—not too near to alarm scientists, who protest against the marriage of first cousins. The Princess May of Teck was the great-grand-daughter of good King George III. Her mother and the Queen, the grandmother of the intending bridegroom, were first cousins. There was another link of connection which was hardly counted. The Princess's father, the Duke of Teck, was descended from Anne, Princess of Orange, the eldest daughter of George II. Not only had Princess May grown up on English soil, her mother had done the same before her, and fair mother and daughter were deservedly popular for their gracious intercourse with high and low among their country people, and their many acts of benevolence where the poor and needy were in question. The marriage was announced and hailed with the utmost satisfaction, the wedding-day was fixed, only six weeks were to elapse—already the workmen were busy making the necessary alterations in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, for the auspicious event, when the blow fell.

Influenza was raging in London, and one of the victims of that, and of a mortal disease with which he had been already struggling, was the Queen's nephew, Count Gleichen. The Duke of Clarence attended the funeral in inclement weather, and it was supposed he then caught the cold which he carried down to Sandringham, where he went to join a large family party, that included the Duke and Duchess of Teck and their daughter, Princess May. Influenza in its worst form showed itself in the young Duke, followed immediately by acute inflammation of the lungs. The country had hardly heard of his illness before it was told of his extreme danger. The illness from first to last was only one of six days, and for the final day and night the despairing watchers by his bed were hopeless. He died early in the morning of the 14th of January, 1892.\*

\* Almost contemporaneous with the death of the Prince was that of Cardinal Manning in London. Nearly the last words of the aged Prelate were those of thankfulness for a supposed improvement in the Duke of Clarence's condition.

When it was all over, his sister, Princess Victoria, returned to the room which the mourners had quitted in order that the last sad duties might be performed, and placed, with tender reverent hands, round the dead, lilies, hardly more quickly fading than had been the young prince who had mated with no earthly bride.

It would be difficult to describe the shock sustained by the whole nation, and the awe and pity which caused working men returning from their day's task to stop and exchange with their neighbours a word spoken with bated breath of the young prince—the Queen's grandson, in time her successor—who had been at the summit of earthly grandeur and happiness, whom God, in His providence, had laid low by a single stroke. Nothing so touchingly sad had taken place in the annals of any Royal House since the days of the great Empress Maria Theresa, whose young daughter, betrothed to the King of Naples, was seized with smallpox on the eve of her embarkation for Italy, and lay dead before the altar of the church where she had been confirmed, on the day and at the hour when her marriage ceremony was to have been performed.

The body of the Duke was removed first to the neighbouring church, where it lay a night, and where a memorial service was held, in the presence of the family and servants; afterwards it was conveyed, it is said at the Queen's desire, to Windsor.

The Prince of Wales followed the funeral on foot several miles to the railway station at Wolferton. Prince George, still weak from the effects of typhoid fever, from which he had suffered severely the previous autumn, was unable to walk with his father.

At Windsor, which was not reached till late in the winter afternoon, the coffin was placed on a gun-carriage of the Royal Horse Artillery, and was escorted by the officers and men of the late Duke's regiment—the 10th Royal Hussars—through the town to the entrance of St. George's Chapel. Immediately behind the coffin walked the Duke's horse, hooded and draped in black. The Prince of Wales followed, supported by his son, Prince George, and his son-in-law, the Duke of Fife. Next came the Duke of Clarence's uncles, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Connaught; after them his uncles by marriage, the Grand-Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, the Marquis of Lorne, and Prince Henry of Battenberg; then his cousin, the Emperor of Germany; his uncle by marriage, the Czar of Russia; his grandfather, the King of Denmark; his more distant kindred, the King of the Belgians and the King of Portugal; and the kinsman of Princess May, who was to have been present at her marriage, the King of Würtemburg.

The Chapel was filled with a distinguished company. The approach of the cavalcade was announced by the Royal Horse Artillery's guns in the Long Walk, the tolling of bells, and the beating of drums from massed military bands playing Chopin's "Funeral March."

The coffin, wrapped in the Union Jack, was covered with flowers, which half-concealed the dead officer's sword and busby. Among the wreaths was the Queen's, with a card bearing the inscription, "A mark of tenderest affection and love, from his most devoted, loving, and sorrowing grandmother, Victoria R.I." Another wreath, from his comrades, was of scarlet flowers, with white Prince of Wales's feathers in the centre.

The coffin was carried into the chapel by a detachment of the men of the 10th Hussars, while the officers bore the pall. The Prince of Wales was in the uniform of his son's regiment, Prince George in naval uniform, the Duke of Fife in volunteer uniform.

The service was read by the Bishop of Rochester and the Dean of Windsor. Garter King-at-Arms proclaimed the style and titles of the deceased. The Prince of Wales, as chief mourner, knelt at the head of the coffin while the Lord's Prayer was said. Canon Dalton strewed the earth on the coffin, Sir Arthur Sullivan's anthem, "Brother, thou hast gone before us," was sung, and the funeral party retired, while Chopin's "Funeral March" was played. The ladies of the family, including the Princess May, were in the Royal Closet, from which they witnessed the melancholy ceremony. The Queen was not present; the blow had hit her hard. In the letter in which she thanks her people for their sympathy, she refers to the occasion as the saddest and most tragical of any but one which had befallen her and hers, as well as the nation. She writes of the promise for the future which the dead Prince had shown, of his endearing qualities, of her love for him, and his regard for her (which are said to have been marked). She ends simply and touchingly, "My bereavements during the last thirty years of my reign have, indeed, been heavy." She adds, "Though the labours, anxieties, and responsibilities inseparable from my position have indeed been great, yet it is my earnest prayer that God may continue to give me health and strength to work for the good and happiness of my dear country and Empire while life lasts.—VICTORIA R.I."

In the same month of January, Spurgeon, the great Nonconformist preacher and philanthropist, whose huge Tabernacle with its weekly crowds was one of the sights of London, died at Mentone. Messages of sympathy and condolence from many thousands, including the Queen, the Prince of Wales, etc., etc., greeted his widow.

In March, 1892, the Queen received the sad intelligence that the Grand-Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, for whom she had always felt a motherly, tender affection, had sustained another paralytic stroke, which had proved fatal. He was only fifty-five years of age: he had survived Princess Alice fourteen years.

In October, 1892, Alfred, Lord Tennyson, died at Aldworth, Haslemere. All England

mourned for its poet, whose great gift had been untouched by upwards of threescore-and-ten years. Wherever the English language is spoken, "The Idylls of the King," "In Memoriam," etc., etc., are, and will be, recognised as the work of a true poet, and a genius whose heart beat in sympathy with the great heart of humanity. His exquisite clearness, strength, and grace of style expressed what he thought and felt. In his ease no entangling obstacle of thought within thought, no inverted obscurity of diction, stood between him and his readers.

It matters little to the abiding fame of Tennyson that some hypercritical souls have dealt to him, with far less reason, the same measure they have dealt to Longfellow. They have professed that because Tennyson spoke to men and women in language they understood, that he was effeminate, emasculated, and narrow-minded—the poet of women and priests. The great gathering in Westminster Abbey when he was laid to rest, when his own noble words, written on his death-bed, served as his requiem, showed how he lived, and will live, in the hearts of the people.

In December, a warrant was issued at Paris for the arrest of the Panama Canal Directors, and the Lottery Loan Company. It was the end of a gigantic fraud and political swindle, which had grown out of the ambitious enterprise of the great engineer, Lesseps. He alone was excepted from the warrant, because his complicity with the dishonesty of his colleagues was without proof, and because his bitter disappointment at his failure to do for Panama what he had done for Suez had left him a wreck, bodily and mentally, unconscious of the peril in which he stood. For many long years Lesseps, who was of remote Scotch descent, had been hailed with universal plaudits for his achievement at Suez. Now the greatest mercy which could be shown to him was to suffer him to die in peace.

On the 10th of January, 1893, the marriage of the Queen's beautiful young granddaughter, Princess Marie of Edinburgh, to Prince Ferdinand of Hohenzollern, Crown Prince of Roumania (whose mother, the Queen Consort of Roumania, is well known as a poetess and novelist by her pseudo name of "Carmen Sylva"), was celebrated with great splendour at Siegmaringen.

A fortnight later, another of the Queen's grand-daughters, Princess Margaret of Prussia, youngest daughter of the Empress Frederick, was married with much rejoicing in the chapel of the Royal Palace, Berlin, to Prince Frederick Charles of Hesse.

The Queen's foreign trip this year was to Florence.

Later, the silver wedding of the King and Queen of Italy was celebrated with great enthusiasm, the Emperor and Empress of Germany being present during the festivities.

On May 10th, the Queen went in State from Buckingham Palace to Kensington to open the Imperial Institute. The crowds on the route and in the building were immense; the reception of Her Majesty very warm. She was supported by her sons and by the other members of the Royal Family; but as she stood forward on the dais alone for a moment, the ageing woman's figure, in its mourning garb and in its solitude, the centre of the mighty assembly, deeply impressed the spectators.

On the 28th of June, Her Majesty unveiled, in Kensington Gardens, the statue of herself of which Princess Louise was the sculptor.

1893 was a year for Royal marriages. The exigencies of Royal races are more imperative than the motives which influence private persons. It was incumbent on Prince George, who had been created Duke of York, who stood second to the throne, to marry without delay. What bride more suitable for him than the popular English Princess whom the nation had welcomed with one voice as the bride of the Duke of Clarence and the future Queen? The transfer of the hand of the maiden from the relaxed clasp of the one brother to the firm grip of the other was not altogether unnatural or unprecedented among humbler folk, and it is still more common among reigning families, the choice of whose members is necessarily more restricted, while the claims of expediency are more binding on the contracting parties. To go back to the old story of the resemblance between the pathetic fate of the Duke of Clarence and that of the Archduchess Josephina, the daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa, the parallel still holds good, for the Archduchess Caroline took the place of the Archduchess Josephina, and sailed forthwith to Naples to the bridegroom content to accept an Archduchess, whether Josephina or Caroline, for his Queen. A much more recent analogy presents itself in the case of the Princess Dagmar of Denmark, sister to the Princess of Wales, who, after having been betrothed to the Czarevitch, son of the Emperor Alexander, and after having crossed Europe to visit him on his death-bed, became the cherished wife of his brother, the next Czarevitch, who proved the most faithful and attached of husbands.

On July 7th, eighteen months after the Duke of Clarence's death, the Duke of York was wedded to Princess May of Teck, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, in the presence of the Queen and the Royal Family, the King and Queen of Denmark, the Duke of York's grandfather and grandmother, and members or representatives of the reigning houses of Europe. The scene of the marriage was that of many a royal wedding, going as far back as the era of the last of the Stuarts. Notably it was the place where the Queen took her marriage vows more than fifty years before. The locality was highly popular with the Londoners and the crowd viewing the processions (some of them traversing a course

of upwards of six miles) was almost as vast as at the Jubilee. A moiety of the throng remembered the Queen's marriage, which, though this later marriage was conducted with all state and splendour, exceeded it in glory even as the dignity and glad trust of a Queen in her own right, a young happy Queen who has not known sorrow, surpassed in splendour and unclouded confidence the experience of an heir once removed and his bride, for whom a similar pageant had been planned, only the bridegroom was not the same. It does not follow that there may not be loyal faith and tender regard in the one case as in the other, but the radiance is dimmer.

Between eleven and twelve, in brilliant sunshine, the first procession appeared, heralded by resounding cheers. It consisted of a half-squadron of soldiers preceding thirteen carriages, containing the various suites and the princely guests who had come to attend the marriage.

The second procession, with its accompaniment of soldiers, was that of the Duke of York and the Prince of Wales, both in naval uniform. The third procession, with a similar escort, was the bride's. She sat in her bridal white, by her father, the Duke of Teck. The fourth procession was that of the Queen. Sir E. Bradford, V.C., and a groom in Royal livery rode in front of detachments of Life Guards, and three carriages containing members of the Royal Family, etc., etc., more Life Guards, the Victorian Horse Artillery, with the Indian Cavalry, and at last the Queen, in a state carriage drawn by four of her cream-coloured ponies. She was received with a thunder of applause, in response to which she repeatedly bowed her head with its small coronet of diamonds and white lace veil. Further detachments of Life Guards closed the procession.

The last Royal marriage celebrated in St. James's had been that of the Princess Royal and the Crown Prince of Prussia, thirty-four years before.

Under foot was the crimson carpet, which bore the Tudor roses designed by Princess Louise. Upon the altar blazed the gold service, including Charles the First's alms-dish, the sacramental cup, two feet high, and the gold erueifix. Tempering the glitter was a mass of white flowers.

As the clock struck the Princes and Princesses, with their suites, entered, while a March from Handel was played. Presently the silver trumpet announced the entrance of the Queen. She walked in unsupported, and took her seat in the chair of state. On her right were the King and Queen of Denmark and their daughter, the Princess of Wales. On Her Majesty's left was the young Grand-Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt. The bridegroom entered with his supporters, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh. The bridegroom's entrance was followed by that of the bride, between her father, the Duke of Teck, and her

eldest brother, Prince Adolphus of Teck. She wore a silver and white brocade, woven with clusters of roses, thistles, and shamrocks. The Honiton lace veil was caught back from the fair flushed face, and fell over the bridal orange and myrtle blossoms. The bridesmaids were Princesses, the two Wales Princesses, the three beautiful Edinburgh Princesses, ranging from early maidenhood to childhood, the two Connaught Princesses in their early girlhood, the womanly Schleswig-Holstein Princess, and the tiny Battenberg Princess. To the left of the dais were the Duchess of Teck and her two younger sons, while the rest of the Royal Family and guests were disposed around the central groups.

The service was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London. The roar of cannon outside proclaimed that the Royal pair were made man and wife.

The return processions were in reverse order, led by the bride and bridegroom. The Queen left on the arm of her grandson, the Grand Duke of Hesse. She appeared on the balcony at Buckingham Palace, where she was joined by the Duke and Duchess of York, to the delight of the shouting crowd. The wedding breakfast was over by four. The Duchess of York, in a travelling dress of white and gold, with pink roses in her bonnet, started with the Duke, amidst the usual showers of old slippers and rice, while the Queen, the Duchess of Teck, the Duchess of Edinburgh, and the two younger matrons, Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Henry of Prussia, looked on from the balcony and saw the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh in naval uniform run out to throw the final handfuls of rice after the young couple. All London was in gala, Venetian masts, banners, floral arches, and a cheering multitude all along the route. At the Mansion House the triumphal progress to the station was brought to a halt, where the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress stood on their hospitable "door-step," with their little grandchildren, ready to scatter red rose petals before the carriage. The Mayoress presented the Duchess with a superb bouquet; the Mayor had an address for the Duke. Then came the inevitably brief thanks, and the party drove to the railway station. Even there the customary dust and grime were banished for the day, and red and white roses were conspicuously *en évidence* as the Duke and Duchess started for Sandringham, where their honeymoon was to be spent, their country house of York Cottage being close to Sandringham. Their residence in town is the fine suite of apartments formerly occupied by the bride's grandmother, the late Duchess of Cambridge, in St. James's Palace.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DEATH OF LOUIS KOSSUTH.—THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO COBURG FOR THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MELITA OF COBURG.—BIRTH OF HER MAJESTY'S GREAT-GRANDSON, PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK.—DEATH OF THE CZAR ALEXANDER III.—DEATH OF PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG, ETC., ETC.

IN July the Queen addressed a letter to her people, thanking them for the welcome they had given to her “beloved grandson and his dear bride” on their wedding. In September Her Majesty was paying her autumn visit to Balmoral, where she laid the foundation stone of the new parish church at Crathie.

The year 1894 began with the first intimation of the serious illness of the Czar Alexander III.

The Liberal Party in the English political world split asunder on the question of Home Rule for Ireland. Mr. Gladstone resigned office as Prime Minister, and was succeeded by Lord Rosebery.

The Queen again spent part of the spring in Florence, where she was visited by King Humbert and Queen Margherita.

The Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth, died out of the country he had loved and served, but his body was given back to Hungary, and at his funeral at Buda-Pesth two hundred thousand of his country people did him honour.

On her return from Florence the Queen paid yet another visit to Coburg; this time it was a visit to her son, the Duke of Edinburgh, who had succeeded his late uncle, Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, in the duchy. It was a bright and happy occasion, for the Queen was also there to grace the wedding of her granddaughter, Princess Melita of Coburg, second daughter of the Duke and Duchess, with her cousin, the Queen's grandson, the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt. The Emperor William, the Prince of Wales, and the Czarewitch, were present, and the Emperor William





FRONT View of  
THE CATHEDRAL  
AT LICHFIELD

FRONT View of  
THE CATHEDRAL  
AT LICHFIELD

announced to the Queen the betrothal of yet another of Her Majesty's granddaughters, the young sister of the bridegroom, Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt, to the Czarewitch.

In May the Queen reviewed the troops at Aldershot, and the Berkshire and Middlesex Yeomanry in Windsor Great Park, two of the many reviews at which she has been present. On her way to spend her birthday at Balmoral the Queen stopped at Manchester and opened the new Ship Canal.

On the 23rd of June a son was born to the Duke and Duchess of York, in her mother's house, the White Lodge, Richmond. He was the heir of England in the fourth generation, and was christened, in the Queen's presence, on the 16th July. A deputation of the Lord Mayor and Common Council had already waited on the Queen at Windsor with an address of congratulation on the birth of her great-grandson in the direct line of succession.

On the 30th of June the Tower Bridge, begun eight years before, was opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales for the Queen, who was unable to take part in the ceremonial. The tricentenary of Greenwich Hospital was celebrated by the review at Windsor, on the part of the Queen, of the boys of the Greenwich Hospital Naval School, who were exultant over the occasion. In July Her Majesty was able to spend a night at Aldershot, when she heard a grand military tattoo, and held a review of troops on the following day; while the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughter, Princess Victoria, gratified Wales by being present at the ancient musical and lyric competition of the Eisteddfod at Carnarvon.

In August the Comte de Paris died, at Stowe, near Buckingham. He was an estimable and accomplished man, who would have been worthy to reign had France been still a monarchy. He was buried at Weybridge, where the bodies of Louis Philippe and his Queen had lain. The Duke of York was one of the mourners at the funeral.

In October the Czar and his family were ordered by his physicians to spend the winter in the Crimea, for the sake of his health. Soon afterwards, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Princess Alix of Darmstadt, the betrothed bride of the Czarewitch, were summoned to the sick man, who died peacefully on the 1st of November. An honest man, the occupant of the most despotically constituted throne, and the most difficult to govern, in Europe, he did his best for the myriads who owned his sway, while the plots of the Nihilists darkened his life and rendered it little short of a miracle that he escaped the fate of his father. His efforts to preserve the peace of Europe endeared him to surrounding nations. His body was conveyed

to Moscow, the Prince of Wales accompanying the new Emperor on the long and dreary journey. Deposited in the Archangel church of the Kremlin, the body lay in State for six days, in anticipation of the magnificent ceremonies of the funeral.

On the 24th of November the Czar Nicholas II. and the Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt were married in accordance with the wish of the late Czar, the national mourning being left off for one day. The circumstances of the marriage of Princess Alix bore a great similarity to those of her sister, Princess Irene, when she married Prince Henry of Prussia. Both sisters were hurried to the death-chambers of dying princes; both had their wedding festivities saddened by the near neighbourhood of death; both were eagerly welcomed as daughters by kingly fathers, whose eyes were fast closing on this earth and its ties. Princess Alix entered the Greek Church before her marriage. A certain amount of delay in connection with it was attributed to scruples which she entertained with regard to changing her creed.

In October the American poet and humorist, O. Wendell Holmes, and the English historian, J. A. Froude—distinguished men both of them—died. In December Louis Stevenson, the gifted essayist and novelist, died, in Samoa, and Christina Rossetti, the exquisite writer of lyrics and sonnets, died in London.

In 1895 Jabez Balfour, the fraudulent Director of the Liberator Building Society, the collapse of which brought ruin to thousands of innocent victims, was at last secured in Buenos Ayres, brought to England, and in due time tried and condemned to a long term of imprisonment, with its criminal accessories.

In May the Queen, unlike her wont, spent her seventy-sixth birthday at Windsor, when the Royal Operatic Company gave Verdi's Opera of "Trovatore," in her presence, in the Waterloo Gallery.

In June there were gay doings at the old-fashioned little town of Kingston-on-Thames, when in the Catholic Church there Princess Hélène, daughter of the late Comte de Paris, was married to the Duc D'Aosta, nephew to King Humbert, and son of the late ex-King of Spain, in the presence of a brilliant company, which included not only the relations of the couple, but the Prince and Princess of Wales and many members of the English Royal family.

Carlyle House, in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, was bought by public subscription, and became a storehouse of relics of the Carlys.

Pasteur, the great French physiologist and scientist, who rescued the French vineyards from destruction, and was the first to attempt to cope with the terrible disease, hydrophobia, died.

Early in the year, as the consequence of a General Election, which returned an overwhelming majority of Conservatives and Liberal Unionists, Lord Rosebery resigned the office of Prime Minister, and a new Cabinet was formed by the Marquis of Salisbury. Lord Randolph Churchill, a Conservative leader, who, after a careless University course and an idle start in life, had suddenly turned to politics and hard work, and promised to be one of the chiefs on his side, died prematurely.

Mrs. Thorneycroft, the sculptor, who, on her return from her studies in Rome, modelled so many statues of the Royal Family in their childhood, died at the age of eighty-three.

Field-Marshal the Duke of Cambridge retired from his office, after nearly fifty years' service, and was succeeded by Lord Wolseley.

In the beginning of December, 1895, Prince Henry of Battenberg volunteered to accompany, to Ashanti, the military expedition which was undertaken to reduce to order and obedience to law the small African kings or chiefs, some of whom were inflicting barbarous injuries on their neighbours.

Prince Henry had quickly adapted himself to the life of an English country gentleman. He was simple and domestic in his habits, a dutiful and affectionate home-son to the Queen, who became much attached to him, an excellent husband and father, a courteous friendly neighbour, rendered popular wherever he went by his unassuming frankness and cordiality. He was an eager sportsman, a good shot, an active deer-stalker, and specially fond of yachting. His absences from Court were chiefly spent in yacht trips in *The Sheila*, when the Princess occasionally went with him, or in visits to his old home and German relatives, among whom was his mother, the Countess von Battenberg. But he was still a young man, thirty-eight years of age, to whom novelty and adventure offered strong attractions. Probably the presence of his young nephew, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, who was with his regiment in the expedition, suggested the idea that he—Prince Henry—might also have his share in the stir and variety of the voyage, the going into camp, the march into the interior of the savage African State, while he could also serve his adopted country in the military fashion which is the accredited fashion for princes. He was particularly anxious that his position should be that of an ordinary officer, and that he should fare no better than his comrades.

Prince Henry took leave of the Queen on the 7th of December, the Princess accompanying him to Aldershot, where she and the Duchess of Connaught were present, when the Duke inspected the departing troops under the command of Sir Francis Scott.

The farewells were said at the railway station—cheerfully, no doubt, for the work of subduing the Ashanti chiefs was not likely to be a long one; and had not the Duchess seen her husband set out for Egypt and return safe and sound with his Tel-el-Kebir laurels? But Egypt has a different climate from that experienced on the fatal coast of Africa, which has been styled “The White Man’s Grave.”

The train steamed out of the station to the music of “Auld Lang Syne,” while at the last moment the Prince received a telegram, which was supposed to contain the motherly “God speed” of the Queen.

Cape Coast Castle was reached on Christmas morning, a somewhat forlorn Christmas at Osborne, but soon the absentee would return, bringing manly strength and cheer to the family of women and children. The first proceeding of the expedition was necessarily to march day after day through thick African forests in sultry heat—so toilsome a progress that each officer was provided with a hammock and bearers to relieve him, at regular intervals, from the intolerable oppression and fatigue of other modes of travel. The first news that Prince Henry was ill came in the telegram of the 10th of January, which mentioned that he was suffering from a slight attack of fever and had been sent to the rear under the care of a surgeon. Inevitably communication was difficult as the cable had been broken, and no more was heard till the 15th of the month, but still there was nothing very alarming—the temperature of the patient was lower, his strength was maintained, he was continuing his journey to the coast. In two more days another and still more reassuring telegram reached the anxious Princess and Queen: “The Prince weak, but without grave symptoms,” had embarked in the *Blonde* and sailed for Madeira. With the African malaria left behind, all would speedily be well.

So persuaded were the household at Osborne of the Prince’s recovery that the Queen had arranged to review the Flying Squadron from one of the terraces, and a dinner and theatrical entertainment were to be given in the evening in honour of the event. In the course of the morning the attendance of the warships was countermanded. The melancholy news had come of the death of the Prince. He had died of a relapse of fever on the morning of the 20th, two days’ sail from Cape Coast Castle.\* The Queen and the Duke of Connaught broke the tidings to the stunned and heart-broken widow.

The cruiser *Blenheim* arrived at Portsmouth, with the body of Prince Henry on board, on the 4th of February, a little less than two months from the date of his departure from Osborne. At two o’clock the same afternoon Princess Henry, Princess Christian, the

\* It seems that, to a healthy man in his prime, a stranger to the noxious climate, the disease is violent and deadly, well-nigh in proportion to his strength.





THE YACHT AL-BAFFIA BRINGING BACK THE BODY OF H R H PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG

Yacht Al-Baffia bringing back the body of Prince Henry of Battenberg.

Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, the Princes Louis and Francis Joseph of Battenberg (brothers of the dead Prince), crossed in the *Alberta* from Osborne, and went on board the *Blenheim* (alas! for such a greeting, such a welcome home). Service was held on board the cruiser. The Princesses returned to the *Alberta*, to which the coffin was removed, followed by the Princes, and the sail back to Osborne, through the Special Service fleet, which saluted as the yacht passed, was accomplished. The yacht, with the body, lay all night at Trinity Pier, Cowes. The next morning was bleak and cheerless as a February morning could be, widely removed from the splendid summer day on which Prince and Princess Henry had been married, ten and a-half years before, in the same Whippingham Church to which the funeral was bound. She came early in the morning with the Duke of Connaught and the Duchess of Albany and the dead Prince's little children, who put flowers on his coffin. She came again with Her Majesty and the other members of the Royal Family just before the funeral started.

The coffin, covered with the Union Jack and its tribute of flowers, was mounted on a gun-carriage. The procession, viewed by crowds of spectators, was headed by the mounted police, two corps of volunteers of the Island, "Princess Beatrice's Volunteers," of which Prince Henry had been Colonel, a detachment of Cameronians, a battalion of Scots Guards, the gun-carriage with the coffin bearing the Prince's sword and sabretâche, his servants walking alongside, the riderless horse with the empty boots in the spurs following. The chief mourner was Prince Alexander of Battenberg, a boy in his tenth year, walking between the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught. In the Queen's carriage was Her Majesty, with Princess Henry and her second son, a little boy of seven. Two more carriages followed, with the Princess of Wales and the other Princesses. The naval and military attachés of the various embassies, the gentlemen of the Royal Households, the Lords of the Admiralty, the Commander-in-Chief and his staff, etc., etc., completed the procession—a strange and striking sight—winding along a country road lined with soldiers.

The carriages of the Queen and the Princesses left the procession that they might go on before through the grounds, in order that the occupants might enter the church by a private door.

In the church, fragrant with masses of white flowers, the Queen and the Princesses sat in one of the recesses of the nave, in the other the coffin was placed. In the silence of the church the arrival of the procession was heralded by the distant sound of muffled drums, the blare of brass instruments, and the wail of the pipes of the Cameronians drawing nearer and nearer. The Bishop of Winchester and the clergymen of the parish

received the coffin at the lych-gate, from which it was carried, shoulder-high, by men of the Scots Guards, the Royal mourners and the representatives of kingly houses forming a semi-circle and saluting as the bearers passed. Conspicuous in the circle was Prince Albert of Prussia, Regent of Brunswick, sent to represent the German Emperor. The coffin was carried into the chancel and deposited there, the chief mourners standing behind the coffin, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Prince Louis of Battenberg to the right, Prince Albert of Prussia to the left. After part of the service the coffin was removed to the mortuary chapel and laid on a slab of Bath stone. The Bishop of Winchester pronounced the words of committal, the hymn, "Sleep Thy Last Sleep," was sung. Three volleys, fired by the Isle of Wight Volunteers, broke the dead silence, and all was over. The Queen waited for a moment for the boy prince, who lingered where his father had been laid, and then left with the Princesses.

The wreaths and crosses were in thousands, the Queen's in bay, "From his mother, Victoria R.I." Princess Beatrice's, "From his broken-hearted wife." King Humbert's, a white crown. That of the King of Portugal, who had gone with Prince Henry to Balmoral the autumn before, a cushion of purple violets, and on it a coronet of white lilies and orchids.\*

It was close on the season of Her Majesty's usual trip to the Continent in the company of her youngest daughter. But this year Princess Beatrice went before her mother in order to spend the first pale, sad moon of her widowhood in retirement with her children, only rejoining the Queen in time to return with her to England.

Once more the Queen wrote a letter to her people, thanking them for their sympathy, and referring in frank, simple words, which showed her trust in their fellow-feeling to her personal loss, and to the blow to her much-loved daughter's happiness, in the death of the son and husband who had been very dear to those nearest to him.

The principal public events of 1896 were Dr. Jameson's raid in Southern Africa, while England was at peace with the Boers, and all the complications which followed—the defeat of the raiders, the protest of the Dutch president, Kruger, the denial of the English Government of all responsibility for the outrage, the trial of the chief offenders, with their condemnation to different terms of imprisonment, the vexed question of how far the chartered companies in Southern Africa, with Cecil Rhodes at their head, had instigated the raid, etc., etc.; the horrible assassinations in Armenia and at Constantinople, with the great European powers in concert to coerce the Sultan into better government

\* It is said that Prince Henry had expressed a wish that when his time came he might be buried in Whippingham Church, where he was married.

of his subjects; and the return of the gallant Norwegian explorer, Nansen, from his expedition in search of the North Pole. To these have been added in 1897 the war between Greece and Turkey.

In 1896, and in the previous years, the ranks of Her Majesty's familiar friends in connection with her household have been growing thinner and thinner. Sir John Cowell, master of her household, is gone. So is Sir Henry Ponsonby, her private secretary, and the Keeper of her Privy Purse, in whom she put, with reason, the utmost confidence.

The sister of the Queen's lady-in-waiting—the beautiful, good, and gifted Lady Canning—Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, herself as beautiful, good, and gifted, in whose art studies the Queen, an artist from her girlhood, took an appreciative interest, is dead. Charlotte, Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch, the Queen's first hostess in Scotland, and for some time Mistress of the Robes, passed away in a good old age in 1894.

A few months later, Susanna, Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh, who had been a lady-in-waiting from the date of Her Majesty's accession, whom the Queen twice visited (at Fleurs and at Broxmouth), was called on, at the age of eighty, to follow her Duke, who had quitted this life sixteen years before her. She, too, had acted as Mistress of the Robes on occasions. Jane, Dowager Marchioness of Ely, long in the Queen's household, sent by her on confidential missions, Her Majesty's companion on many of her Highland excursions, has also paid the debt of nature.\*

Elizabeth, Duchess of Bedford, who died quite lately (1897), was almost the last survivor of the Queen's beautiful bridesmaids.† Little more than a memory remains of the lovely group which attracted much admiration more than half a century ago. Lady Foley, another of the bridesmaids, pre-deceased the Duchess of Bedford by not more than eight or ten days. Her Grace was Mistress of the Robes for a time. A woman of ability and benevolence, the intimate friend of Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Bedford's influence at Court was counted considerable in its day.

The sole representative of the Queen's older Ladies of the Bed-chamber, for many years her attached friend and her companion in joy and sorrow, is Jane, Lady Churchill. Another old friend, whom the Queen visited repeatedly, who was for many years a Lady of the Bed-chamber, Anne, Dowager Duchess of Athole, died so lately as the 18th of May, 1897.

\* When Lady Ely lay on her death-bed the Queen went to bid her an affectionate farewell.

† A survivor is the Duchess of Cleveland. As Lady Catherine Wilhelmina Stanhope she married first Lord Dalmeny, father of Lord Rosebery, and second, the Duke of Cleveland.

Two striking figures, long prominent in the higher social life of the reign, have vanished from the scene. They were not in the Queen's circle, nor were they of Her Majesty's habits and tastes ; but the ancient dames must have been well known to her by report. The one was Maria, Dowager Marchioness of Ailesbury, and the other was Caroline, Dowager Duchess of Montrose. Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, was wooed and married at the exciting era when the Reform Bill was passed. She mixed thenceforth untiringly in the gay world, and, being endowed with a ready wit and a retentive memory, her good stories of her contemporaries and of the leading characters in successive generations were much in request. So long did she flourish, untouched by time, appearing punctually in full dress and with unabated spirits at the most crowded dinners and routs after she had passed her fourscore, that a rumour went abroad which described her as recuperating her physical powers and mental faculties by lying one day in the fourteen in bed, motionless and silent, with the eyes which had seen so much closed for a time on the busy world.

Caroline, Dowager Duchess of Montrose, was married three times—to the fourth Duke of Montrose, to Stirling Craufurd, of Milton Park, and to Marcus Henry Milner, of West Retford, Notts. From her second husband, a well-known racing man, she acquired a passion for the turf, on which she ran horses independently, under the name of "Mr. Manton." She is said to have won £60,000 by racing transactions. Her house (Sefton Lodge), near Newmarket, was a favourite resort during the great races. The unsurpassable collection of orchids in her greenhouses competed in attraction with the horses in her stables.

An event at the Court and in the Country was the visit to the Queen, at Balmoral, of the young Czar and Czarina, with their infant daughter the Grand-Duchess Olga, one of Her Majesty's now numerous great-grandchildren. The young Czar, who has only recently entered on his great inheritance, has had the eyes of the world fixed upon him. In accordance with Royal etiquette he has, since his coronation, made a tour of most of the European Courts, gaining golden opinions wherever he went. Intelligent, thoughtful, considerate, he has seemed all that a young man ought to be, barring a lack of robustness to bear the burden of his awe-inspiring responsibility. His visit to France was the climax of his official visits. It roused the utmost enthusiasm in the French, and if it purports a close alliance between the two countries, it may be an event of historical importance.

The family event of the year was the marriage of the Queen's grand-daughter, Princess Maud, younger daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, to her cousin, Prince Carl of Denmark, second son of the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark. The



THE LADY'S PICTURES



ceremony took place in the Chapel of Buckingham Palace on the 22nd of July. The Queen and various members of the Royal Families of England and Denmark, etc., etc., were present.

Foreign marriages in which Her Majesty had an interest were those of the Prince of Naples, the only child of King Humbert and Queen Margherita, to a Princess of Montenegro; and of the Due d'Orleans, eldest son of the late Comte de Paris and great-grandson of Louis Philippe, to an Austrian Arch-Duchess. Other more recent marriages were finally arranged during the Queen's visit to the neighbourhood of Nice (1897). It was a happy visit, full of sunshine in the sky and in the home for the time. The Queen had various members of her family with her, or near her. In addition to Princess Henry of Battenberg and her children, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, who has latterly been much with Her Majesty, and has accompanied her on many of her journeys, was with her grandmother. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg was in the neighbourhood, and he and the Queen exchanged visits. So was the Prince of Wales, who came to see the Queen. The Dowager-Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, the widow of Duke Ernest, and Her Majesty's sister-in-law, was also in the vicinity; and so was another old friend, the Empress Eugénie. The weather was so fine that, in the morning, the Queen could not only take her donkey drives in the grounds, she could even, though the month was April, breakfast occasionally in her tent out-of-doors. After the morning's work was done, and lunch followed, there was the carriage drive, lasting frequently for two hours, to the different points of beautiful scenery within reach, with the refreshment of tea taken before the return in the evening. At dinner chosen guests from the foreign royalties thronging to pay their respects to the Queen diversified the usual circle. Among these guests were two newly-betrothed couples, with the parents of the one bride and the father of the other. One couple consisted of Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg, younger brother of the lamented Prince Henry, and Princess Anna of Montenegro, sister of the beautiful Princess Hélène of Montenegro, the young wife of the Prince of Naples. A rumour has gained ground that, in case of the concerted European powers establishing, as they have pledged themselves to do, practical independence for the island of Crete, with a Governor under the suzerainty of the Sultan, Francis Joseph of Battenberg will be the Governor.

The other plighted pair on whom the Queen smiled consisted of the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Denmark—after his father, Denmark's future King—who is also the nephew of the Princess of Wales, and brother-in-law of his cousin, Princess Carl of Denmark—and the daughter of the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. In this instance a painful incident broke in on the sunshine of a Royal wooing. The Grand-

Duke was an ailing man, a victim to asthma and to lingering consumption. Only the other evening he had been able to dine with the Queen; this evening he dismissed his medical adviser and his valet that he might rest the sooner. He was left undisturbed, and a few hours afterwards he was found lying dying in a public road outside the garden of the house he had been occupying. At first all the details seemed to indicate a case of suicide. Later, another conclusion was arrived at. It was conjectured that the Grand-Duke, unable to rest and labouring for breath, as was not unusual with him, had gone in his dressing-gown into the garden, seeking relief in the open air, and that, leaning on the wall for support, he had overbalanced himself, and fallen into the public road. His funeral broke in sadly enough on the wedding preparations.

Though the public functions of Royalty are more frequently performed for the Queen by her sons and daughters, now that age has laid its arresting hand upon her, she has not relinquished entirely those old offices which, however fatiguing, are always pleasant where sovereign and people are wholly *en rapport*. The effort by which the Queen, at her age, broke a long day's journey between Windsor and Balmoral, in order to stop at Sheffield for two hours and drive to different quarters of the town, shows more than any words could do her good-will to her people, and her desire, if possible, to gratify them, for she knows that to grace their festivals with her presence is to put the finishing touch to their rejoicings. Accordingly, the Queen on her way north, on the 21st of May, consented to alight at Sheffield for the opening of a new and splendid Town Hall. She was received by the Duke of Connaught and Princess Christian, with the Duke of Norfolk and his sister, Lady Mary Howard, the Mayor and Mayoress of Sheffield; for, by a good old custom revived, dukes, earls, and squires have agreed to renew a connection which often existed formerly between them and the municipalities of towns near their seats. Peers and country gentlemen again consent to preside over town councils, and to take a patriotic interest in the burghs and their burgesses. Whether or not the County and Village Councils have paved the way for this desirable amalgamation of classes, or whether it is a mere fashion of the hour, the Mayoralty where his Grace of Norfolk is concerned has been signalised by the munificent gift of a park to the town, and by other generous favours.\*

The Queen's first destination was the Town Hall. She drove to it in one of the eleven carriages, which contained the Chief Magistrate, the Council, the different officials, the suite, etc., etc., the whole escorted by mounted police and a troop of Lancers. The

\* Sixty years before, at the ball given at St. James's on Princess Victoria's eighteenth birthday, she opened the ball with the Duke of Norfolk's father, then Lord Fitzalan.

Queen's carriage, in which she sat with Princess Christian, was drawn by four fine bays, and so great was the loving care taken of her that here, as on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee, several rehearsals were made beforehand, to accustom the spirited horses to miles of Venetian masts, floating banners, floral arches, grand stands, windows crowded with spectators, before the horses were called upon to endure the still greater test of the jubilant shouts that hailed and followed Her Majesty, which she acknowledged by gracious smiles and bows.

The route went up the hill to Fargate, and was presently flanked by square columns and capitals, replacing the Venetian masts. Before the spacious structure of the Town Hall was the guard of honour of the Volunteer York and Lancaster Regiment. Five of the main thoroughfares of Sheffield open into the ample space in front of the hall. In the middle stood a circular stand (under a canopy), "faced round" with potted yews. It was capable of holding one or two thousand of ladies and gentlemen. The Duke of Norfolk, wearing his Mayor's robes over his splendid uniform as hereditary Earl Marshal, drove with his sister, and stood ready with the Duke and Duchess of Portland and Earl Fitzwilliam—great Yorkshire magnates—to receive the Queen. The Lord Chamberlain, with his white wand of office, and the Home Secretary, with his papers, were also there. The Queen looked bright and happy, though she could no longer alight and inspect the magnificent building, of which the oak work alone had cost many thousand pounds. The Recorder, standing near her carriage, read the town's address, and the Duke of Norfolk delivered it in a golden casket to Her Majesty. Her written reply was handed to the Mayor-Duke. Several other addresses were read and replied to in the same manner. One was from the managers of the Sheffield Infirmary, opened a hundred years before, begging that it might be called thenceforth "The Sheffield Royal Infirmary," a petition which was granted. Another was from no less a person than "the Master Cutler" (Mr. A. Wilson), the representative of Sheffield's great craft.

At last the Queen was presented with a detached lock fastened by a long cord to the gates of the Town Hall. Her Majesty turned a gold key in the lock and set to work machinery which immediately opened the gates. She proclaimed them open, a fanfare of silver trumpets echoing her words. A number of gentlemen were quickly presented to her, for time was precious, and this part of the day's proceedings was over.

The procession then turned in the direction of many streets of working-men's houses and small shops—the Queen being as warmly welcomed and the attempts at decoration in her honour being as sincere as in more select quarters. An interlude in her progress must not be forgotten. It was Her Majesty's passing a stand, on which were eighty

veterans who had served in the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, etc., etc. Two had been in the famous Balaclava charge ; others wore the medals for Alma, Inkerman, Sevastopol, Lucknow, etc., etc. A special flag had been designed for the old men, and there they stood proudly under its folds, straightening their stiff backs, lifting up their weather-beaten, war-worn faces, and hurrahing with the best, affording a glimpse of "the red badge of courage" amidst the white blazonry of peace.

The Queen was on her way to the Duke of Norfolk's gift to Sheffield of a people's park, where his guests, in the shape of fifty thousand children from day-schools and Sunday-schools, were waiting to greet her. Happily for the scenic beauty of the surroundings, not only did the sun shine in a blue sky, a favourable breeze drove away the smoke, which is the plague of Sheffield as of other manufacturing towns, so that the Queen could see "the green slopes and the wooded uplands" bordering the valley beyond. In fact she was in a country suburb driving along an avenue of limes in their perfection of early summer greenery into "Norfolk Park," where the mighty multitude of children with their two thousand teachers were divided into companies, each company bearing a Union Jack, each child in each company displaying its medal (gift of the Duke of Norfolk), the sturdy hands waving the flags, the shrill voices cheering, as to the sound of the National Anthem the Queen's carriage drove up before the Royal Standard, facing the children. The Mayor-Duke presented his young guests in a mass, after which, in a great volume of sweet treble, they sang a hymn and "God save the Queen," a demonstration of all things the most touching to her who is indeed a Queen-Mother to her people. The Chairman and Clerk to the School Board were presented to Her Majesty, and thanked by her for their services on the occasion. The reporter for the *Daily News* has told us further, with regard to the buns and lemonade with which the children were subsequently refreshed, that the weight of the buns amounted to nearly twelve tons and three-quarters. Other claimants on the Duke's and the town's bounty were not to be forgotten. On the following day upwards of four thousand old men and seven thousand old women were to be entertained in memory of the Queen's visit.

That visit did not end till Her Majesty drove into the very citadel of Sheffield industry—the great Cyclop Works, where she was to see the rolling of an armour plate for one of her warships. The Master Cutler was, of course, in attendance, with his wife, prepared to present a bouquet, while the West York Engineer Volunteers were the guard of honour. The Queen was provided with a gold and tortoise-shell mounted smoked glass hand-screen for her eyes while the furnace doors were opened, the fiery glow from within suffusing the company. For nineteen hours the plate to be rolled had

been exposed to the tremendous heat. It was now dragged out with huge pincers worked by machinery, and passed under the rollers, which rolled it again and again, the operation being controlled by eighty men—swarthy giants dressed for the hour in white jackets, blue tunics, blue blouses and caps, while the Master Cutler stood by the Queen's carriage and explained the whole process. The plate, when completed, was 13 feet 3 inches in length, 7 feet 4 inches in breadth, 12 inches in thickness, and 35 tons in weight. At the completion of the performance the Queen expressed her gratification at the sight. She then drove with Princess Christian to the station, and started on her night journey, reaching Ballater and Balmoral, where she found the encircling hills crowned with snow, on the following morning. She did not let the day go by without causing a telegram to be sent to the Duke of Norfolk to announce her safe arrival, to express her gratification at the loyalty and good order of the people and her pleasure in the children's singing.

The following Monday, the 24th of May, was the Queen's birthday, on which she completed her seventy-eighth year. How few women of a similar age, in whatever rank, would have cheerfully endured the fatigue of these ceremonies at Sheffield in addition to the strain of a long journey! There was no necessity laid upon her to make the exertion, it was merely her desire to give again to the population of one of her great towns the satisfaction of realising their Queen's sympathy with their achievements, and her willingness to do honour to their holiday.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE DIAMOND JUBILEE DAY.

AT last there dawned on London the 22nd of June, 1897, the day of the Diamond Jubilee, the commemoration of the Queen's sixty years of a happy and prosperous reign.

The Queen had arrived at Buckingham Palace several days before. The palace itself, St. James's, Marlborough House, Clarence House, the various Embassies, the principal hotels were full of Royal visitors, and Colonial Premiers; Colonial troops, English cavalry, artillery, foot soldiers, blue-jackets, and gorgeously-clad soldiers of the Empire to the number of nearly forty-seven thousand, were quartered in private houses and public barracks. The streets were flaunting in draperies and banners of all colours.

The procession began with the Colonial troops under Lord Roberts, and these alone presented a fine sight. Nothing could exceed the striking variety of uniform (the very headgear ranged from the puggaree to the skull cap, from the heavy steel helmet to the comfortable felt hat with its bunch of black and white feathers). The different types of race were as marked, and extended from the copper-coloured native of Borneo to the ruddy Scotch Canadian. The gallant commander on his white Arab, which had carried him over his most famous battlefield, was hailed as "Our Bobs" in the Rudyard Kipling fashion, which is only practised where the most popular of generals is in question.

With the Colonial troops were the Colonial Premiers of New Zealand, Canada, the Cape of Good Hope, &c., &c., men of English descent, stamped with the sedate middle-aged dignity and responsibility of their position. The Colonial troops and Colonial Premiers were a happily-thought-of novelty since the last Jubilee.

The next contingent was the superb show of English cavalry, &c., &c., with the Aides-

de-Camp of the Queen and the Commander-in-Chief, the Lord Lieutenant of London, other military and social magnates, including "a hundred equerries, gentlemen-in-waiting, and military attachés." This division numbered also a deputation from the Prussian regiment of which the Queen is the honorary Colonel, and the bronzed men of the Imperial service in their Eastern dress, with Lord Wolseley as their commander.

The last eight of sixteen Royal carriages, the first half of which conveyed the ladies and gentlemen of the suites, held the Queen's great-grandchildren grown or growing up, her grandchildren and children, together with a sprinkling of more distant relatives. In the foremost of the second eight Royal carriages (each drawn for the most part by four Hanoverian horses) were Princess Alice of Albany, a girl of fourteen, daughter of the late Leopold, Duke of Albany, and grand-daughter to the Queen; Princess Alice of Battenberg, another girl in her teens, daughter of the eldest of the Darmstadt Princesses, grand-daughter of Princess Alice of England, and great-grand-daughter of the Queen; Princess Ena of Battenberg, a little girl of ten, the daughter of Princess Beatrice, and the home grand-daughter of the Queen, fatherless like her cousin Princess Alice of Albany. The Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Buccleuch, presided over these youthful Princesses. We are told they behaved with great dignity and decorum, bowing prettily in return for the acclamations which greeted them. Naturally the favourite of the public was the youngest, Princess Ena, in her white frock, with her bright face.

The ninth carriage held Princess Patricia of Connaught, a girl of eleven, the second daughter of Duke Arthur of Connaught (commanding the forces that day), grand-daughter of the Queen; Prince Arthur of Connaught, Princess Patricia's brother, an Eton boy of fourteen, son to Duke Arthur and grandson of the Queen; Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, a young woman of twenty-seven, elder daughter of Princess Christian, and that grand-daughter of the Queen who has been frequently Her Majesty's companion within the last two years; Princess Feodore of Saxe-Meiningen, a maiden of sweet seventeen, daughter of Princess Charlotte of Prussia, grand-daughter of the Empress Frederic of Germany, eldest great-grandchild of the Queen, and namesake of Her Majesty's sister, who was step-grandmother of the young Princess; Prince Alexander of Battenberg, a boy of eleven, eldest son of Princess Beatrice and grandson of the Queen.

The tenth carriage contained Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg, a girl of thirteen, youngest daughter of Alfred, Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and grand-daughter of the Queen; Princess Margaret of Connaught, a girl of fifteen, elder sister of Princess Patricia, elder daughter of Arthur, Duke of Connaught, and grand-daughter of the Queen; Princess Louis of Battenberg, a matron of thirty-four, the eldest of the Darmstadt Princesses,

daughter of Princess Alice of England and grand-daughter of the Queen; Princess Aribert of Anhalt, a young matron of twenty-five, the second daughter of Princess Christian and grand-daughter of the Queen; the Duke of Albany, a boy of thirteen, the only son of the late Leopold, Duke of Albany, and grandson to the Queen.

In the eleventh carriage were the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, a handsome matron of thirty-seven, daughter of the Empress Frederic of Germany, a grand-daughter of the Queen; two of her younger sisters, Princess Adolphe of Schaumberg-Lippe,\* and Princess Charles of Hesse, matrons of thirty-one and twenty-five, younger daughters of the Empress Frederic of Germany and grand-daughters of the Queen; the Hereditary Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, a fair young matron and mother, of nineteen, third daughter of Alfred, Duke of Saxe-Coburg, grand-daughter of the Queen.

In the twelfth carriage were the Princess Carl of Denmark, a matron of twenty-eight, youngest daughter of the Prince of Wales, grand-daughter of the Queen; Princess Frederica of Hanover, a matron of forty-nine, elder daughter of the late blind King of Hanover, cousin of the Queen; the Duchess of Teck, a matron of sixty-four, youngest daughter of the late Duke of Cambridge, cousin of the Queen; the Princess of Bulgaria, a young matron of the House of Hapsburg, wife of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, a prince of the Roman Catholic branch of the House of Saxe-Coburg, cousin of the Queen.†

The thirteenth carriage held Princess Victoria of Wales, a princess of twenty-nine, second daughter of the Prince of Wales, grand-daughter of the Queen; the Duchess of York, a matron of thirty, daughter of the Duchess of Teck and wife of the Duke of York, sole surviving son of the Prince of Wales, heir apparent, after his father, to the throne, cousin by birth, and grand-daughter by marriage, to the Queen; Princess Henry of Prussia, a matron of thirty-one, the third of the Darmstadt Princesses daughters of Princess Alice of England, and wife of Prince Henry of Prussia, second son of the Empress Frederic of Germany, grand-daughter both by birth and by marriage of the Queen; the old Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Sovereign "Regnant," husband of Princess Augusta of Cambridge, cousin by marriage of the Queen.

The fourteenth carriage contained Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, a matron of thirty,

\* Whose marriage with the unfortunate, headstrong Alexander of Battenberg, Prince of Bulgaria, was once on the *tapis*.

† The Princess of Bulgaria's attachment to the Roman Catholic Church caused her to oppose the national obligation that her little son, Prince Boris, should be reared in the Greek Church. The consequences were the separation of husband and wife for a time, and the double baptism of the unconscious Prince Boris, first into the Roman Catholic and afterwards into the Greek Church.

eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales, grand-daughter of the Queen; the beautiful Grand Duchess Serge of Russia, a matron of thirty-three, the second of the Darmstadt Princesses, daughter of Princess Alice of England, grand-daughter of the Queen; the Grand Duchess of Hesse Darmstadt, a pretty young matron of twenty-one, second daughter of Alfred, Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and wife of Ernest, Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, grand-daughter both by birth and marriage of the Queen;\* the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, a matron of seventy-five, elder daughter of the late Duke of Cambridge, cousin of the Queen.

In the fifteenth carriage were Princess Henry of Battenberg (Princess Beatrice), a widow of forty, youngest daughter of the Queen. She was in white, having laid aside her widow's weeds for the day at the request of her mother the Queen; the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, a matron of forty-four, wife of Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, daughter-in-law of the Queen; the Duchess of Connaught, a matron of thirty-seven, wife of Duke Arthur of Connaught, daughter-in-law of the Queen; the Duchess of Albany, a princess of thirty-six, the widow of the late Leopold, Duke of Albany, daughter-in-law of the Queen.

The sixteenth carriage contained the Empress Frederic of Germany (Princess Royal of England), a widow of fifty-seven, eldest daughter of the Queen; the newly-married Crown Princess of Naples, daughter of the Prince of Montenegro, and wife of the only son of Humbert, King of Italy, the Queen's old and faithful ally; the Marchioness of Lorne (Princess Louise), a matron of forty-nine, fourth daughter of the Queen; Alfred, Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, a reigning Prince of fifty-three, in somewhat ailing health, second son of the Queen.

Behind the long array of Royal carriages appeared the Colonial escort, and the forty English and foreign Princes (riding three abreast) who had been so striking a feature of the former Jubilee. Alas! these ten years had thinned their ranks: there had been heavy losses as well as welcome gains among the Queen's kith and kin; the Queen must have marked them while she sat at the door of St. Paul's with her princely body-guard ranged around: her kind eyes must have seen sad blanks invisible to the ordinary spectator. The stalwart figure of the Crown Prince of Prussia was gone, so also had vanished the soldierly bearing and broad shoulders of Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt, and the comely manly presence of his kinsman, Henry of Battenberg. Three of Her Majesty's sons-in-law,

\* The prettiest of the pretty Saxe-Coburg Princesses, a matron of twenty-two, eldest daughter of Alfred, Duke of Saxe-Coburg, grand-daughter of the Queen, was absent because of the recent dangerous illness of her husband Ferdinand, Crown Prince of Roumania (son of "Carmen Sylva").

for all of whom she had entertained a great affection, had entered before her into the silent land. The life of one younger, nearer and dearer still, had been snapped in its “flushing.” Edward, Duke of Clarence, the elder son of the Prince of Wales, the grandson of the Queen, to whom she had looked as to her successor in the third generation, for whom she had cherished more than a grandmother’s fondness, had joined in his turn that ever-increasing majority of the dead.

Among the living Princes, who represented nearly every European State, from Russia in the north to Greece in the south—nay, leaving Europe far behind, were not Ameer Khan of Persia, and Prince Mohamed Ali Pasha of Egypt, in the ranks?—those ranks in which resplendent uniforms, glittering stars, and the ribbons of knightly orders dazzled the eye. Two of the Queen’s sons-in-law, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, a veteran of sixty-six, and the Marquis of Lorne, fifty-two; five of Her Majesty’s grandsons by blood, the Duke of York, a man of thirty-two, Prince Henry of Prussia, thirty-five, the Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, twenty-nine, and the two English-born Schleswig-Holstein Princes, sons of Princess Christian, thirty and twenty-eight, were among the riders, to whom were added double the number of the Queen’s grandsons by marriage.

After the Princes came the Indian escort, and at last the Queen’s State carriage, drawn by her eight famous cream-coloured ponies, “ridden by postillions, with red-coated running footmen at their sides.” In the carriage sat the Queen, with her daughter-in-law the Princess of Wales, and her third daughter, Princess Christian (Princess Helena), matrons who were in the gracious maturity of their fifty-three and fifty-one years. Her Majesty’s dress was of black silk embroidered with silver, relieved by a white lining beneath the black lace of her mantle, and white in her black bonnet. Under the burden of her seventy-eight years, she looked her brightest and best—since the widowhood which overshadowed her life ere the afternoon shadows had fallen.

The Queen was accompanied on horseback by her sons the Prince of Wales, now in his fifty-sixth, and the Duke of Connaught, in his forty-eighth year, and by her cousin and contemporary, like herself seventy-eight years of age. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge wore the uniform of Field-Marshal. Then came a further escort of Life Guards with the Royal Standard, the great officers of the household, and the equerries, while the Irish Constabulary and additional squadrons of Life Guards completed the procession.

Amidst the roar of cannon, the pealing of bells, the “National Anthem” played by massed bands, and the lusty cheering of the people, the magnificent cavalcade wended its way up Constitution Hill and by Piccadilly. The “stream of gold and scarlet” flowed like

a sun-lit river." Gold and scarlet were repeated, with flags and flowers innumerable, in the draperies of the balconies and windows of the great houses and clubs. The scene was almost barbarous in its gorgeousness. In Trafalgar Square the Peers sat below the National Gallery. In the Strand, at Temple Bar, the Queen reached the bounds of the City. There the merriest, not the least picturesque, incident of the day occurred to break in upon the brilliant, decorous monotony.

It was the duty of the Lord Mayor, the Chief Magistrate of London, to receive the Queen, to present her with the City sword, which she gave back to him, when, at her request, he mounted his horse and rode before her into the City proper. The Lord Mayor in his robes, the Sheriffs in their red, the Aldermen in their chains of office, the Common Councilmen in their mazarine blue, were duly in attendance. The Mayor's robe was of purple, with an ermine tippet, grand as befitted his dignity, but, unfortunately, a gala dress totally unsuited for the wearer's mounting a steed and riding on horseback.

The sword, with its ivory scabbard and gold handle, was drawn and presented to the Queen by the Lord Mayor on foot; but after the Queen had graciously returned the sword into his safe keeping, and as graciously bidden him lead the way, he had (encumbered as he was with his robes) to spring on his horse without an instant's delay, and trot in advance of the Royal carriage into the City. The undertaking was ludicrously embarrassing and difficult, and though it was gallantly accomplished, the performance called forth peals of laughter, in which Her Majesty was forced to join. "Never in the annals of pageantry," records a reporter, "can a queen have laughed so unaffectedly, so heartily, so loudly, as at that critical, that painful and pathetic moment, when the Lord Mayor hurried off from her, tossed the great sword to someone, and darted to his charger." To the echo of the laughter Sir Faudel-Phillips, thus grotesquely arrayed and bareheaded, marshalled Her Majesty into his domain.

There were galleries erected along the west front of the cathedral, and tier upon tier of seats on the south as far as Cheapside. The neighbouring windows in St. Paul's Churhyard were, of course, densely crowded. Bishops and deans in surplices and hoods clustered round the great door of St. Paul's, while Nonconformist ministers in plain white bands, and in college gowns and caps, were not absent.

Cabinet Ministers and foreign Ambassadors made a brave display of ribbons and orders. Conspicuous among the strangers was the dignified Archbishop Antonius, Metropolitan of Finland and Viborg. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs were again in their places. The great band of musicians, of all ages and conditions, stood ready to form the orchestra.

Longer and louder waves of cheering beat upon the ear in token that the mighty

procession was approaching. The chief Church dignitaries came down the steps to receive the Queen. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York, in copes of purple velvet, were in the centre, their crosses borne by their chaplains; Creighton, Bishop of London, carrying his crozier, stood on the left of Archbishop Temple, supported by the Dean of St. Paul's, the Archdeacon of London, and the Canons Residentiary. The bells clashed out the hour of noon as the troops filed forward, and the carriages with the Princesses, &c., were ranged by the southern rails. The Princes rode in and reined their horses in companies on either side of Queen Anne's statue; the Queen's carriage drove up, the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Connaught and Cambridge, on horseback to the right of the Queen, the Lord Chamberlain and the Vice-Chamberlain, on foot with uncovered heads, to her left.

The service began with Dr. Martin, the organist's, carefully composed and well-sung "Te Deum." The Dean of St. Paul's said the Lord's Prayer. The Bishop of London gave the special prayer of thanksgiving for the sixty years of the Queen's happy and prosperous reign, with the petition that God's good gifts might be long continued to the nation and the Queen. The Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced the blessing. The choir, with the concourse of people taking up the joyful strain, sang the familiar words, "All people that on earth do dwell," to the well-known air of the "Old Hundredth," with such genuine fervour that the ringing notes, grandly simple, rose impressively over the accompaniment of orchestra and kettle-drums.

The ceremony was over, but not before the Archbishop of Canterbury called for "Three cheers for the Queen," responded to by a very thunder of hurrahs from gentle and simple. The procession, in its glittering coils, began to move away by Cheap past the Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor was once more to the front with the Lady Mayoress, who presented Her Majesty with a silver basket full of choice orchids, as a memorial of the day. By King William Street and London Bridge, closed for Jubilee traffic and in a flutter of pennons and garlands, past St. Saviour's Church, into the Borough and St. George's Circus—throwing aside their work-a-day aspect with its comparative shabbiness and meanness, and blazoning it with the best, enthusiastic crowds everywhere, cordial cheering everywhere, the "National Anthem" breaking out at point after point. Across Westminster Bridge into Parliament Street, Whitehall, and the Mall, with Buckingham Palace reached by two o'clock. Not a disaster to mar the festival; perfect order preserved throughout; Her Majesty, unshaken by the exertion she had practised and the emotions she had undergone, able to be present at the banquet to the numerous members of her family, and to her distinguished guests, which ended the day. For her

people there were brilliant illuminations in all the great towns of the Empire, but what were they compared to the beacons on a thousand hills, lit simultaneously, as if by magic, and blazing throughout the dusk of the summer night? There were state concerts and dinners, down to that dinner suggested by the Princess of Wales to the poor of the slums, as a pendant to the Prince of Wales's generous project for endowing the London Hospitals; suppers to old men and women, teas to school children—ten thousand of whom Her Majesty saw and heard with marked gratification in the course of her progress—cricket matches, regattas, &c.

The great naval review at Spithead, in which the Prince of Wales represented the Queen, was in itself without parallel. It was witnessed by our guests, the Colonial representatives, and a vast multitude of the public. Twenty-five miles of upwards of one hundred and sixty great ships, with forty-five thousand seamen, took part in the proceedings. The vessels poured out their broadsides, manned their yards, and at night were lit up from masthead to bowsprit, from stem to stern, yet we are assured that only the ships of our home navy were engaged, for not a frigate was recalled from a single foreign station.

The Queen was present at the military review at Aldershot—less unique because our Continental neighbours can furnish many similar reviews: it is in our naval reviews, in the wooden walls of old England, that we, an island-born nation, excel.

Indeed, Her Majesty has not spared herself in all the minor demonstrations attendant on the Jubilee. She revisited Kensington, as she had done at the celebration of the first fifty years of her reign; she received the Eton boys' serenade; she drove to the Long Walk, Windsor, to witness the inspection of the schoolboy volunteers.

The Queen has seen and specially entertained (whom has she not entertained at receptions, lunches, or garden parties?) foreign royalties, Colonial magnates, the House of Commons (which had by an unfortunate oversight suffered neglect on the great day), the officers and leading men of the Imperial service, the bishops and clergy of every denomination, the heads of the police, &c., &c.

Her Majesty has written her usual unaffected kindly letter, telling her people how their warm welcome has gladdened her, thanking them for their loyalty and affection, and promising to continue her care and labour for them while life lasts.

## CHAPTER XX.

CHANGES.—IMPROVEMENT IN THE DECREASE OF CRIMINALS.—INCREASE OF LUXURY.—RAGE FOR GAMES.—ALTERATION IN THE STANDARDS OF BEAUTY AND SYMMETRY.—POLITICAL EUROPE, ETC., ETC.

IN the *Nineteenth Century*\* for April, 1897, Sir Algernon West has a lively and interesting paper on the social changes which have occurred during the Queen's reign. A man old enough to have witnessed the Coronation—and a man who, from his rank and position, has been in the centre of much of the life and movement of his time, especially where it has concerned the upper ten thousand—he is peculiarly well qualified to deal with the subject he has chosen. He has recalled and laid before the reader with a light touch and a cheerful *bonhomie* many curious details of the progress in dress, habits and customs, manners and morals, etc., etc., of the last sixty years. He has left the discoveries in science, the advance in arts and manufactures, the achievements in literature, to other hands. He has contented himself with telling the transformation he has seen on the surface of life, the change which reflects the secret springs always at work moulding even the most artificial conditions of human existence.

Unlike most elderly chroniclers, Sir Algernon West sees all or almost all of the alterations which have come to pass in the routine—public and private—of the great world as beneficial—a march towards “the glories to be accomplished in succeeding generations.”

Sir Algernon claims as our winnings in the game of life the decrease of our criminals in proportion to the increase of our population, the more humane and rational treatment accorded to debtors, and the more enlightened and merciful provision for the needs of the sick and lunatic poor. After these boons come the abolition of duelling, the

\* Sir Algernon West in the *Nineteenth Century* for April. “‘Tis Sixty Years Since,” in *Blackwood’s Magazine* for May.

restrictions on gambling and drinking, the condemnation of gross and profane language in any quarter pretending to decency and refinement.

The great increase of luxury in foods, wines, furniture, etc., though an indication of wealth is a questionable good, especially in seasons of bad trade and agricultural depression. There is a fallacious idea that all extravagant outlay is good for trade; but when this results in expenditure beyond the individual's means, and in incapacity to live without the indulgences for which the purchaser has no longer the money to pay, the "good" is decidedly doubtful.

The time now expended on games at our public schools and universities is beginning to be deplored by all the more thoughtful and earnest masters and professors. In the case of women students, the better development of the physical frame in girlhood by plenty of open-air exercise in tennis, golf, cycling, &c., has been heartily welcomed—with reason. The increase of health and strength has been all the conclusion at which the generation has had opportunity to arrive. But here, as elsewhere, there are two sides to the shield. When the extent to which young women have lost all love of walking, all personal interest in gardening, is fully recognised, when onlookers have correctly summed up the other quiet, womanly pursuits on which girls in the mass have turned their backs, it may be seen that what can be said, after all, of every social movement is not absent in this one: it has its drawbacks.

Sir Algernon supplies amusing illustrations of the difference in dress. The trousers are no longer strapped tightly underfoot; the scarf, which has become a tie, has ceased to admit of being "folded twice round the neck," and "bulged out from a double-breasted waistcoat;" "the two pins joined with a gold chain" fastening the scarf can very well be dispensed with. The blue or green evening coat with brass buttons has been superseded in favour of a sombre monotony of black. It is not even diversified unless on great occasions, by officers wearing military uniforms, which used to be the universal custom whether for morning or evening wear. Broaded or embroidered waistcoats have followed in their departure the claret or cinnamon colour, green or blue coats. Long hair hanging over the coat-collar with drooping or mutton-chop whiskers have had their day, and vanished before the convict clip close to the scalp, with beards and moustaches. The last two are not only natural and striking appendages: they can boast the protection they afford to the throat and chest.

For women poke or cottage bonnets, "white cotton stockings and sandalled shoes," short plain skirts clear of the mud and the dust, and not unwilling to exhibit a pretty foot and ankle, exist no more where they reigned half a century ago. In their stead are

pretty Dolly Varden hats—really and truly restored from the original of Sir Joshua's pictures by the illustrations to "Barnaby Rudge"—French boots and Oxford shoes, flowing, profusely trimmed drapery, divided skirts, etc., etc. The hair used to be plaited in a coil behind, and in front worn in clusters of ringlets kept in their place by side-combs, or in simple braids which set off a Grecian profile or a graceful head shaped like that of the Venus of Milo. Such a style of *coiffure* is nowhere to be found in the end of the century. We gaze in doubt on towseled fringes and projecting "handles" of boldly knotted loops of hair standing out from the back of the head.

Each age has its standards, but we maintain there were pleas for the modest cottage bonnet, which, in addition to shading the eyes, defended the ears, and did not expose the face too obtrusively; for the natural curls which danced in harmony with the laughing eyes; for the orderly smooth "braids," whose rounded lines and glossy softness were pleasing alike to the sight and the touch. But one item which was apt to accompany curls and braids was dirty and repulsive—let us rejoice in its abolition—in the form of the oils and pomades which rendered the hair objectionably sleek and offensively greasy.

Strange to say, some details of what were once considered examples of physical beauty and grace have been exploded with the articles of dress in which the personal traits were supposed to show to perfection. Long necks and sloping shoulders, with which alone shawls could be becoming drapery, have either stolen off with the shawls, or are so completely out of count that dressmakers do their best by puffs and epaulets to hide what is a defect in latter-day eyes. The prettily arched, delicately pencilled eyebrows, which went admirably with the dancing curls and the coyly demure braids, have to hide their diminished heads before the straight strong brows which have eclipsed them. In a sense everything must be *farouche*, "brutal," to meet the exigencies of the time.

There is one transparent mystery in the toilet of the past which, if we leave out of sight the far past, is on the increase rather than on the decrease, and does not merit commendation. To it Sir Algernon West discreetly makes no allusion. We mean the artificial modes of improving nature, and repairing the breaches of time by paint, powder, hair dye, and by "building up the figure," as the process is technically called. These arts may be conducted with more skill and taste than were exercised formerly, when a daub of rouge, a plaster of flour and pomatum, and a girdle tightened till it rent, pleased the finest of fine ladies; but the performances are, and always will be in their essence, nasty, and more or less dangerous. In the past the recourse to such undesirable methods of dealing with the human body was largely confined to "the quality." In the present,

when the spread of comforts and luxuries has tended to equalise the condition of the higher and upper middle classes, the use of powder, of darkening substances for the eyebrows and eyes, of a *soupcou* of colour to soften the pallor or the sallowness of the cheeks, of liquids to render the hair lighter or darker, or any colour save grey, of pads and puffs and constrictions as unyielding as iron to stuff and confine the figure, are in far more common application.

Sir Algernon West has not discussed a vexed question—that of the lighter literature of the day—alas! there is, in fiction, with worthy exceptions, an alarming deterioration. Many books are published and discussed in the later which would not have been tolerated in the earlier years of the Queen's reign. Their defenders will cheerfully point out to us how free they are from the grossness of the beginning of the Georgian era, and will extol what is by contrast their comparative refinement and delicacy. But the contrast is of little value. It chooses a special period by more than a hundred years removed from us, when the standards of decent behaviour and of the manners of society were widely removed from what they are to-day. The champions of the seamy side of recent literature, followers of Ibsen and Zola, ignore the fact that the sins of Smollett, Sterne, Fielding, and even Richardson are conspicuously those of manner. Their coarseness and immorality are on the face of the authors' works. The pure-minded reader is brought into contact with the open offence at once, and if he or she prolong the contact, he is forewarned, and with a perfect consciousness of what is to be encountered. The writers of the legion of reprehensible books launched on the public to-day err in matter more than in manner. Audacious or insidious, the composition of geniuses or of tyros, they wear, with hardly a reservation, a cloak of decorum—nay, even of high-minded superior morality. Youth, impulsive and unquestioning, plunges into the new literature, sees no harm—on the contrary, is impressed by the unconventionality, the brotherly kindness, the transcendental piety of the productions, and never stops till its own sense of right and wrong is hopelessly confused and led astray, till it has no longer any clear comprehension of the things which are true and pure, honest and lovely and of good report: all are obscured and extinguished in a glamour of false sentiment, false religion, fluent extravagance, introverted, exaggerated analyses and perverse distorted misrepresentations, in which dark becomes light and bitter sweet. Compare the braeing, rational, bright, and reverent fiction of the twenties or even the forties—the writings of Scott, Jane Austen, Dickens, Thackeray—with the cynical, morbid, hysterical effusions under which the press is now groaning, and in connection with which women are among the chief offenders, and there will be a just estimate of the present unhealthy, unholy phase of literature. No doubt there is salt to stay the vitiation and

corruption. There are many distinguished upholders of genuine manliness and womanliness, uprightness and modesty. No doubt also the present is a time of chaotic upheaval, when in religion, philosophy, science, many an old stake is pulled up, many a new landmark planted. Fiction must have its turn of the *sturm und drang* and the laying of fresh foundations which, if they are to endure, are but the old everlasting foundations recast into a wider, more pliable mould to suit, what may be the larger views and more tolerant interpretations of those whose experience is enriched by the teaching of all the centuries. Still the result remains that the literature—as represented in its most popular branch of fiction—of the Victorian era is on the whole, and that while affecting an exuberance of vigour, originality, and often of lofty sincerity and disinterestedness, neither so virile, so just, nor so generous and gentle as it was when the world was half a century younger.

*Blackwood's Magazine* for May has also an article which, under the title of “‘Tis Sixty Years Since” (a quotation from Sir Walter Scott’s second title to “Waverley”), records the social changes wrought in the Queen’s reign. The writer deals less with the vagaries of fashion in select circles than with the far wider consequences of time and progress which in their homely commonness come near to us all. He refers to the rarity of letters in the old days, when, if the writers had not the influence to get them franked, a considerable sum of money had to be paid for postage. If the sum was not prohibitory unless to the very poor, it was deterrent to all thrifty souls among the comparatively well-to-do. Comical were the many *ruses* employed to secure franks which were in themselves, when not used on the business of the State or at least of the country, a fraudulent abuse of the privilege of Members of Parliament. When franks could not be got letters remained unwritten, or else the most ingenious devices were resorted to by which the letters were sent from hand to hand by private persons till the epistles happily arrived at their destination. Letters were letters in those days, written from end to end, and often crossed from side to side or from corner to corner of large imposing sheets of paper, the proper folding of which, so that the folds should be equal and should not gape, was an art in itself. So was the sealing with a clear-cut impression on a faultlessly round foundation of wax leaving no ragged spluttering edges, no wax blots dropped by careless or nervous fingers on the surrounding paper. Generally the wax was of a military scarlet, with black for mourning, but now and then it broke out into varieties of green, blue, etc., etc. There was a kind which was brown sown with gold dust. On a letter still preserved, written by poor Marie Antoinette to her early schoolroom friends the Darmstadt Princesses, the seal had been of this sort of wax called “Love Wax.” It has still tiny particles of gold adhering to it.

Wafers of every colour were considered an inferior substitute, and were mostly reserved for the use of tradesmen. Our neat envelopes with their adhesive corner-flaps known to everybody nowadays were then undreamt-of conveniences.

The deficiency of light in our City thoroughfares is next dwelt upon. It is artificial light which is alluded to, but the writer might have included the daylight, rendered scarce by the window tax, when "blind" or boarded up windows were frequently in evidence, and were resorted to in order to lessen the price paid for daylight inside the dwellings. The present writer can recall the sudden darkening effect produced in a village with which she was acquainted, just previous to the annual arrival of the tax-collector. Fan-lights above doors, staircase windows, etc., etc., disappeared with magical celerity. With regard to artificial light, it was dim indeed in the country, when gas was limited to the larger towns and to squires' houses. The author might well make an impressive pause "before the mild twilight of a pair of candles flanked by a snuffer-tray." Our remembrance is of one candle, in a fairly large dark-wainscoted room, when the members of a tolerably numerous family gathered, old and young, round a central table (in the centre of which the solitary candle stood), and coped with each other for a fraction of the light. All save the middle of the room was in deep shadow; as for the door and the corners they were in semi-darkness, in which occasional visitors were wont to stand bewildered, waiting for any sign of recognition, while host and hostess peered out inquiringly from the inner circle of radiance—such as it was, since it was not the custom for servants to announce newcomers in these antediluvian days. Matters were still worse in an earlier generation, when servants were expected to spin their appointed "hanks" of yarn by no "crusie," no "farthing dip," simply by the light of the "parrot" coal burnt for the purpose in the kitchen fire. "Wax lights in twinkling clusters," writes the contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, "were only for gala nights"; wax lights at all were a costly indulgence in the middle class. One is reminded of Mrs. Carlyle's protest against her mother's extravagance (and of what would be said of it) in buying wax candles for a dinner party at Carlyle's—an ungracious protest which the daughter rued to her dying day, for which she sought to atone by causing the rejected candles to be brought out, lit, and left to shine upon her as she lay in her shroud.

Well might the historian of "'Tis Sixty Years Since" comment upon the terrors of children in traversing the dark stairs and passages—to encounter which only the privileged grown-up people were permitted to carry "bedroom candles." He has an ingenious theory worthy of investigation by psychologists that the non-belief of modern children in ghosts is due to the disappearance of dark corners, stairs, and corridors, and that in

this end of the nineteenth century “nobody is ghost-ridden till he or she has attained the (sympathetic) age of fifteen.”

The writer in *Blackwood*, in commenting on the transformation visible within our houses, dwells chiefly on the gain in sanitation, convenience, taste, and beauty. He repudiates the old horsehair-covered chairs, the catafalque-looking four-post beds, with their heavy moreen curtains duly drawn every night close round the airless interior. Well do we remember the smooth hard glossy chairs, from the slipperiness of which, when new, people—children especially—were in dread of gliding in an ignominious descent to the floor. When the chairs were old, the immaculate hairecloth surface was disfigured by yawning rents and tufts of bristling hair, of which nothing could exceed the disreputableness; and ah! the hardness, coldness, and tickling hairiness of the sausage-like pillows where the hairecloth was finally plaited within a dice, and fastened under a flat hairecloth button at each end. These pillows were supposed to lend ease to a dining-room sofa.

Of the four-post moreen-hung beds, there is a tradition that a canary bird in its cage, left by accident in the dark little room formed by the posts and curtains, was found, after a few hours, dead of mingled gloom and asphyxia. But there is no doubt that a four-post bed of fine-grained dark old mahogany, with the posts fluted and carved, had artistic capabilities. The moreen with which it was hung, though thick and unyielding, was not devoid of stateliness in its straight severe lines. Rep, with its affectation of softness in its shapeless folds, was not an improvement on moreen. Rep also lacked the gloss and shiny “watering” of the finer kinds of moreen, and was decidedly dingier. The “four-poster” was replaced by the tent bed and the Elizabethan bed, both still furnished with curtains—in the latter hanging elegantly, it was presumed, from a crowned canopy in the centre. But the elegance had a propensity to degenerate into a limp dangling droop which frequently deposited a portion of the curtains on the face of the sleeper. There is this to be urged as a plea for curtains of some kind instead of the bare brass or iron framework to which most people cheerfully submit, that—as in the case of the substitution of picture and sailor hats, and bonnets composed of clusters of flowers, to be worn out of doors, in room of the bonnets which closed round the forehead and cheeks—temple neuralgia and face-ache are understood to be promoted by the absence of shelter during sleep. Feather beds, lumpy, stuffy, and oppressive, were the great luxury before spring mattresses were invented.

Coeval with bedposts and curtains were heavy blocks of sideboards and a plethora of gaudy, tasteless gilding and plate-glass, together with floral carpets on which groups of lilies and roses, even of scarlet geraniums, sprawled hideously. China ornaments of inartistic

shapes lent vulgarity to the gorgeousness of Sèvres, and to its still more execrable imitations. Monstrosities of antimacassars in their starched whiteness grated on the eye, rumpled the cheek, and stuck to the back. If they were a despairing attempt of the crushed and outraged imagination to escape from its surroundings, fancy must have taken long strides to arrive at the peacocks' feathers and Japanese fans of a later day. Unquestionably there is a predominance of improvement in the movement, along with fantastic oddities and eccentricities.

The rooms of the present, with their varieties of chairs and tables, generally cosy and handy, their heaps of so-called Oriental rugs and cushions, their abundance of pictures and engravings (extending to the walls of the well-furnished halls and passages), their dados and panels, their profusion of flowers, are a marked advance on the darkness and dimness, the utilitarian dulness and sombreness, or the gaudy gorgeousness and the languishingly delicate hues of the rooms of the past. The Renaissance houses, too, though they have provoked much ridicule, are preferable—if they are not pushed into burlesque, with their corners and pinnaeles, their towers and “crownsteps”—to uncompromising square buildings with now and then feeble outbreaks into incorrect incongruous pillars and porticos. The Queen Anne's houses if properly built and arranged may be quite as comfortable and convenient, and not more draughty, while a hundred times more attractive, than their immediate predecessors in their deadly heaviness and monotony.

The changes in landscape gardening and in garden flowers during the Queen's reign deserve a record. Sixty years ago there was still a strong preference for sheltered situations and the protection of “groves.” Big houses were built in green meadows. If a flowing river was not at hand, then an artificial pond might simulate a natural lake, and be indulgently regarded as “a fine sheet of water.” Distant views were not aimed at, and the clearing away of underwood in order to achieve them or to afford an opportunity for the grouping of trees in mid-distance was hardly attempted.

There were such designs as “Italian gardens” brought from Italy centuries ago, in which terraces, statues, and Italian yews figured conspicuously. Later innovations came in the form of “American gardens” or shrubberies stocked with clumps of newly-imported rhododendrons. But any such glaring devices as “ribbon borders” and geometrical patterns were not dreamt of. How could they be when the brilliant Tom Thumb geranium—a contemporary namesake of the liliputian general which, in its various shades, prevails in ribbon borders and geometrical patterns—had not made its appearance in England? A contemporary of the Queen's has told how much dimmer and paler the old gardens were without the “Tom Thumbs” we all know so well.

Pelargoniums existed, but they were in their infancy, and were poor demure blossoms, rightly characterised by an old-fashioned poet as "genteel geranium." Fuchsias were only seen in the ruby-gemmed little trees which are to this day the most freely flowering as they are the most charming of their tribe. The rebus or red-flowering currant, which now lends spring gaiety to the humblest cottage garden, was unknown. So were such common favourites of later years as canariensis, and to a large extent nasturtiums. For creepers and hanging plants we had to pin our faith to convolvulus, Humility, or Mother of Thousands, Creeping Jenny, Aaron's Beard, which lent us their countenance betimes in our island.

The now ordinary luxury of a greenhouse was reserved for the upper class, the best which less privileged lovers of flowers could command, was a flower-stand in a sitting-room not poisoned with gas. On such a stand a "genteel geranium," a sickly rose, a feeble-scented verbena, an aged myrtle, an arum lily, then generally known as a Lily of the Nile, were tenderly cherished and consented to survive year after year, rewarding their grateful owners by a modest annual show of blossoms. It was a great day in their annals when a weird, mysteriously-growing thorny cactus was added to the collection.

The first popular introduction of growing flowers into living rooms where cut flowers were scarce, even on dinner-tables, was in the guise of a sudden rage for Dutch hyacinths, which lasted for at least a dozen years. Dutch hyacinths the bigger, the whiter, the pinker, the bluer, or the more yellow the better, took the nation by storm. Growing in water in tall glasses for the most part purple or green, that the white fibrous roots might not be too much exposed to the light, hyacinths stood on each mantel-piece and windowsill from October to March. The tall plants in the tall glasses grew top-heavy as the flower developed itself, and had a trying habit of toppling over, so that brass wire cages had to be contrived to fix on the glasses and keep the stems erect. Jane Austen mentions the hyacinth mania in "Northanger Abbey," at the date when the fashion was first introduced. Yet of all flowers the cultivated hyacinth is the most formal; even more than its Dutch ally, the tulip, it has, if a flower can be guilty of such a sin, a dash of vulgarity in its stiff rotundity and ostentatious brightness of colour. On the other hand its wild kinswoman of the woods, with her bending grace and her "unchanging blue,"\* is as much superior to the Dutch hyacinth as the may-blossom of hedgerows is before the double may of parks and gardens.

\* "The hyacinth for constancy,  
With its unchanging blue."—BURNS.

Nevertheless, white and pale reddish hyacinths are to be found growing wild.

If we have gained in colour and splendour where our gardens are concerned, here, too, we have experienced our losses. Modern roses are infinite in their exquisiteness, but where are our old beloved roses—not merely the “musk rose” of Shakespeare’s time, but the “Blush,” the “York and Lancaster,” the common white rose, beautiful in bud, the “Cabbage rose,” distilling sweetness, even the hardy “Monthly rose,” blooming from May to November?—all flowers of a much later date are rapidly disappearing.

A flower highly valued by our mothers, grandmothers and great-grandmothers, has passed away or merged into something very different from the original specimens. We mean the ranunculus, which used to have a “bed” to itself. It was as many-leaved and as globe-like in shape as the yellow Globe-flower or Scotch “Lucken gowan.”\* It was either crimson or orange in colour, the crimson flowers scentless, the orange possessed of a very sweet and delicate fragrance.

Among our fruit trees the lavish introduction of American apples, Normandy pippins, etc., etc., have checked, at least for the market, the home cultivation of yellow “codlins,” “russets,” “jargonelle” pears, etc., etc. Peaches and apricots arrive in such abundance, and are sold at so cheap a rate in tins, that unless for eating from the tree it is not worth the trouble and expense, unless in the gardens of country houses where several gardeners are kept, to undertake the arduous task of bringing the fruit to maturity against the hostile influences of severe winters, spring east winds, and sometimes a scanty supply of sunshine in summer.

The introduction of foreign produce has affected us in another quarter. Our cheese-market has been invaded. Various kinds of English cheeses, including “Double Gloucester,” have been superseded by American, Swiss, and Italian cheeses, until even the reign of our Queen of cheeses, “Stilton,” is threatened.

News travelled slowly in the old benighted times, and there was probably little demand beyond the metropolis for more than a weekly or bi-weekly newspaper, which was right welcome on a rainy day in the country, when subscription libraries and book clubs were yet in their tender youth, and their purchases for the year rarely exceeded half-a-dozen volumes and a couple of magazines, “Maga” itself, and *Chambers’s Journal*, or the *Penny Magazine*.

India and Australia were distant by months of sailing, and America was little less. The exiles who left their native shores returned not at all, or—if they were home-sick to death—once in a long period of time.

\* “The bonnie Lucken gowan  
Has faulded up its ee.”—HOGG.

“With a star on his breast,  
And a Sir before his name,  
And a gray, gray head,  
Young Randal cam’ hame.”

One result of the altered circumstances which permit men to reappear on a six weeks' leave of absence after not more than three or five years' banishment, is that the race of golden Nabobs is extinct. Lesseps' great feat in cutting through the Isthmus of Suez was only the finishing touch to what steam navigation had already done in bringing the far near.

India was the country of “John Company,” with its own all-powerful Directors—compared with whom the Viceroy and his subordinate Governors were imposing figure-heads, largely supernumerary—its own officials, its own army. The disastrous Sepoy rebellion caused the more or less irresponsible Company to be set aside and replaced by an Imperial Government, ruling directly, with no intervening merchant Power. The pride of the long-descended potent Eastern rulers, allies and tributaries of England, has been propitiated by the substitution. Both India and England have benefited. The advance of education, the gradual decay in the higher castes of the ancient elaborate system of Polytheism, with the attendant progress of Deism and Christianity, the abolition of such brutal practices and customs as those of suttees and of the oppression and degradation of child widows, the opening up of the country by railways, are all slow but sure tokens of increasing humanising civilisation.

On the other hand, many abuses and sources of suffering remain and cry for reform. Among them are the worse than precarious condition of the ryots, or peasant owners and cultivators of the land, who are in thrall to the unbridled rapacity of the money-lenders of the bazaars, and the lack of any provision for the periodical droughts and famines, with the appalling misery they inflict. In the meantime two great barbaric kingdoms, those of the Punjab and of Burmah, with the corresponding increase of responsibility, have been added to our Indian territories.

Other Colonies have made great strides in population and prosperity. Australia “had only a fringe of settlements,” one of them penal, round its coasts. Now “it is teeming with flocks and herds”—more precious material than is to be found in its gold-diggings. It has its trades and manufactures, and colleges, with poets and novelists of its own to immortalise the glories of its fertile plains and the awful desolation of its rainless regions.

But here, too, there is a reverse view. Wild speculation, especially in the “land boom,” with the simultaneous failure, almost without an exception, of the colony's banks,

brought it to the verge of bankruptcy, and caused by reflective action no little loss and inconvenience in the mother country, whose unbounded confidence in her daughter's immense natural resources had occasioned the investment (in the form of deposits and shares) of capital, the loss or tying up of which has occasioned serious deprivation at home.

Australia is also following the example of America in repudiating penniless emigrants who, arriving without funds or definite prospect of employment, are in danger of becoming a pauper burden on the community. Australia with her wide area, much of which still remains unoccupied, not only declines to accommodate our criminals—a refusal for which she had some warrant—she protests against providing room and a new start for her shipwrecked brethren in the crowded ranks of the old country. Little England, densely populated by comparison, is fast becoming the sole city of refuge which presents no barrier to Polish Jew or needy German—not even to suspected anarchist. Over-full and over-crowded as she is, she is still hospitable, she still trusts—a trust often enough abused—in the good faith of those who eat her bread and salt; she still cannot stoop to fear their competition, to guard her interests jealously at the expense of generous liberality and merciful charity.

New Zealand, flourishing as she has been, was unfair and unmagnanimous to the natives in the Maori War and cannot soon recover their confidence; in fact, she drove them back and trampled them down when they sought their rights, and thus delayed indefinitely their civilisation in the face of what seemed at first their great promise among native races.

Canada, "the Lady of the Snow," most loyal of colonies, has had no recent drawback to her onward career. Americans say she is behind the States in enterprise, intellect, and culture. If so, she is doing her best to make up for lost opportunities.

Africa was "the Dark Continent," the land of "burning sands," only known to England through such adventurous travellers as Mungo Park, and Bruce, Livingstone, Speke, etc., etc., in the Queen's youth. What they told us was chiefly of deadly forests, deadly rivers and lakes, etc., etc. Now we hear of great tracts of fertile land which are won from the wilderness, of a very El Dorado of gold and diamonds, after which a host of errant knights and their followers, with everything to gain and nothing to lose, flock in multitudes. European princes struggle for suzerainty here and suzerainty there, with their share of the spoils of the Chartered Companies, which are a modern version of the old East India Company, and have in their turn their Directors, their councils, their mounted police, their soldiers. Who is to have the ultimate supremacy—assertor of

Monarchy or of Republic, Englishman or Dutchman or German—time will show. In the interval the natives, whether of Mashona-land, or Matabele-land, or Bechuana-land, whether Zulus or Dahomeyans, Kaffirs or Hottentots, are being rapidly driven to the wall; while away in distant Benin, with its savage King and his savage followers, are found, as in Guatemala, undreamed-of vestiges of ancient civilisation, of a city with temples and public buildings, where worship was held and laws enacted, in forms which bore a greater resemblance to our own cherished ideas of reverence, justice, and orderliness than to the Benin barbarism of to-day. Already even the Africa of the last five-and-twenty years is beginning to have its songs and stories and its history.

The political face of Europe has altered entirely in the course of the Queen's reign. France has been a Monarchy, a Republic, an Empire, and a Republic again, within these sixty years. The dreams of Mazzini and Garibaldi are fulfilled. Instead of fragmentary kingdoms misruled by strangers—offshoots from the Royal Houses of Hapsburg and Bourbon, there is a United Italy ruled by a member of the Italian House of Savoy. Germany, too, has ceased to be a conglomeration of rival States; it has revived its Imperial title, and entrusted it to the House of Hohenzollern.

Great Britain in the inner life of the nation has not stood still. The Church of Scotland, though boasting unity in all save in certain theories of Church government and of spiritual independence, has been “split in two.” The Church of England, with its definitions of different views under the terms “High,” “Low,” and “Broad,” has latterly yielded the pre-eminence in numbers and in social influence to the section known as High Church. At the same time numerous social and official disabilities which affected in their turn Jews, Roman Catholics, and Nonconformists generally, have been removed. Board Schools—with their broad if arbitrary aims, and their iron standards which have a curious facility for being “passed” and thrown behind the pupil, leaving his or her faculties in possession of a farrago of undigested, unapplied knowledge, which is very little preferable to crass ignorance—have superseded the old halting parsons' or squires' schools, and what were at once the more conservative, the more democratic, and the much more effective Scotch parish schools.

In a higher class, proprietary and preparatory schools, superior in tone to, and wider in range than their predecessors (known as commercial schools), and yet distinct from the older Grammar Schools, abound. They aim at rearing undergraduates for the Universities and the masters are University men.

For girls, the High School companies have occupied the field, almost to the exclusion and extinction of private boarding and day schools. The education which the High

Schools offer reaches further and is more thorough than what was formerly attempted by ladies who were their own mistresses, and the supreme authorities on the scene. Regular fundamental instruction is the end sought after, superficial accomplishments fill the subordinate place which they ought to fill, while there is a greater check on the incapacity of teachers. Withal there are symptoms of reaction against the High Schools from those who hold that girls should be treated differently from boys, and that the gathering together and the teaching of young girls in large numbers are doubtful experiments.

Progress has not been absent from the great universities. Take Oxford for example. The Parliamentary Commission, public opinion, and internal reforms have abolished many snobbish abuses even in the most conservative of universities. Gentlemen commoners with their special privileges exist no longer. Peers' sons have ceased to wear distinctive tufts in their trencher hats, originating the word "tuft-hunters." Poor lads, sons of clergymen and officers, need no longer submit to the indignity of sitting at a table apart in hall, and being classed as "servitors" while seeking to avail themselves of the advantages of a university education. "Unattached students" living in unlicensed lodgings or in private families, as Scotch, French, and German students do, are now able to complete the University course at much less expense than could be done formerly. Fellows and professors are, as a rule, elected for a term of years, and not for life. Fellows while under the obligation of residing within each man's college bounds, and not dwelling habitually in London or wandering to the ends of the earth, useless members of their colleges, are no longer condemned to celibacy—that relic of the old monkish *régime*. The competitions for the scholarships and exhibitions with which the colleges are richly endowed are, to a large extent, open to all young scholars, though preferences are accorded to the scholars of certain public schools. The habits of heads of houses, fellows, tutors, and undergraduates have, like those of humbler people, undergone a great modification. The dinner in hall is more frequently accused of an excess of simplicity than of the height of luxury. The "Wines" (the parties at which the young men entertain their fellows), are no longer so costly in character or so prolonged in time as they used to be. Even the famous club dinner, "the Bullingdon," has subsided into what is by contrast a decorous function. Ladies are much more a feature of the university, not so much in the case of the "girl graduates" at the different halls, &c., who have their work cut out for them, and lead collegiate lives, as in the instance of the wives of the fellows and tutors, who are bound to know and take a friendly interest in their husbands' students; thus house and garden parties in their season, concerts, the theatre figure naturally, as at

other places, in the year's routine, in addition to the stereotyped balls and concerts of "the Eights" week and Commemoration week.

Unfortunately, the long-continued agricultural depression has sorely crippled the resources of many of the colleges—the incomes of which are derived chiefly from landed property. The "University Extension," whose meetings, each lasting about a month, are held annually at one or other of the great universities, is a highly creditable scheme to stretch academic teaching by means of reading societies, coaching by correspondence, etc., etc., all over the country, and even into other countries far beyond the bounds of Oxford or Cambridge. Nearly as great a boon is the opening up of some of the colleges and halls during part of the Long Vacation to Teachers' Guilds—the members of which by paying a moderate board, can for a time occupy college rooms and enjoy the privileges of the libraries, the gardens, the Isis, etc., etc.

Toynbee House settlement,\* with its noble effort in the East End of London, has been already referred to in these pages. Recruits for such work are not wanting among the more thoughtful and earnest of the lay members of the University, and among the Divinity students of Pusey House and Wycliffe House, established in the preparation of young clergymen for the exercise of their profession. Mansfield College has also its settlement, and so on a smaller scale have the women's Halls.

It would be impossible to chronicle all the discoveries in science, inventions in machinery, attainments in arts and manufactures made in the reign of Queen Victoria. They range from the discovery of the planet Neptune to that of the X Rays, which penetrate solid flesh and reveal the skeleton within; from the improvements in the locomotive engine which caused railway trains to follow on the heels of steamboats, to the electric light, the telegraph and the telephone, and the motor car. The sun and the photographer's apparatus take our likenesses, our fields are reaped, our garments are stitched together, our very hair may be cut, on occasions, by machinery.

One result of the perfecting and adapting of machinery to a thousand purposes in ordinary request has been the cheapening and the bringing within reach of multitudes of articles and fabrics once only possible to the comparatively wealthy. But there has been an evil in the gain—far beyond the mere monotony of masses aiming at the same standards in dress, furniture and food, with a loss in picturesqueness, solid comfort, and even wholesomeness, in the banishment of national costumes, of old faithful friends in furniture, and of simple satisfying dishes.

There is a temptation against which we are all called upon to struggle. To meet the

\* A monument to the memory of the scholar and teacher, Arnold Toynbee.

increased demand and the ever-louder cry—the gain having been once obtained—for cheapness and still greater cheapness, the masters and workers are led into slighter, less sound, less honest productions, until “scamped” and “jerry” performances and adulterated material have grown flagrant and notorious. So we have learnt to associate the words “cheap and nasty.” We hear continually of silks loaded with dye, and calicoes loaded with fuller’s earth. We are aware that our ostensibly woollen goods have often as much cotton as wool in their composition, hence the recent rage (in spite of the woollen factories of Yorkshire, Selkirkshire, and Dumbartonshire) for Jäger underclothing, which was believed to be of pure wool. We know by national disasters that our iron and our potted meats are not always what they seem to be. We fear with a sinking heart for the credit of our country in what was once her honourable character for sound material and thorough work in many departments of industry. Why should we be challenged to contrast English with American calico, and English and Scotch with Swedish iron? What is the ground of the outcry with regard to “things made in Germany,” ranging from toys and Christmas cards, to gimps, fringes, ribands, even mantles? Why, oh, why have patriotic Englishmen sternly to exclude from their offices those alluring German clerks who are excellent linguists, who never mind long hours, who are content with small wages when trade is bad? Can English clerks not become linguists? Are they incapable of enduring long hours of work when it is necessary? Will they not consent to accept small salaries in consideration of the masters’ reduced profits?

For the long adversity which agriculturists have had to bear, that has lasted well-nigh since the abolition of the corn laws, impoverishing our squires, and converting very many of our farmhouses from homes of comfort and plenty into abodes of hopeless struggle and increasing penury, our rulers, our political economists, our philanthropists are at their wits’ end for a cure. The people must have cheap bread. England as a country is not capable of growing enough corn at a sufficiently low price to meet the wants of the nation. Protection to native products by taxing corn is out of the question, even if the principle of protection were right and wise. In like manner to check the introduction of foreign cattle and foreign beef and mutton sounds an arbitrary measure at variance with recent legislation. Time must be the mediator. Experience must readjust the grim inequalities as it gradually smoothed down the warfare between the work of machinery and hand labour.

But unqualified boons which science and medical skill have secured for us are the lessening, well-nigh the annihilation, of pain in its worst and most destructive forms, and the promotion of healing and recovery from wounds wrought by the anaesthetics—the

gases producing temporary insensibility—which we owe to Simpson—and the antiseptics, the means used for closing up wounds from every possible imperceptible atmospheric atom involving poison and corruption, which is our debt to Lister. From how many sufferers on operating tables, and from beds which would have been too surely beds of death, have blessings and thanksgivings arisen for rescue from untold agonies, for new leases of healthy and useful lives!

What has been done for the sick and lunatic poor has already been slightly touched upon, but that is only a drop in the balance compared with the innumerable agencies at work for teaching, guiding, relieving, comforting, and cheering the destitute and forlorn. Many pages would not suffice to contain a record of the societies, the clubs, the savings banks, the free libraries, the allotments, etc., etc., which now exist on behalf of the people. Among the latest of these efforts is the renting of waste ground, and the employing on it, for its redemption, of able-bodied men out of work in the towns, and willing to turn to the country to do there what their helpers' hands can find for them to do. This is an adaptation, in part, of one of Booth's projects for lapsed Englishmen.

The writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* (the late Mrs. Oliphant) pays a very tender and beautiful tribute to the Diamond Jubilee in its whole tenor: "Were it Beauty and Youth and Hope which set out on that progress, how much less, by dint of being so much more, would it not be? But the great monarch, who goes forth in weariness and painfulness, with many an ache of memory and many a pang of loss, with her white hair and care-lined face, in profound humility of greatness to visit the poorest and the meanest, is such a spectacle as was never seen before."

Thus, full of years and full of honours, surrounded by her children and her children's children, with family links to half the thrones of Europe and family interests stretching far and wide, with the dear home daughter still by her side, her people's reverence and gratitude follow their Queen's every step, and their blessings are showered upon her head because she has been the most righteous and faithful, the bravest and kindest, of all her contemporaries among the rulers of the nations. Every good and honest heart, be it of native or of stranger, in her wide dominions and out of them, leaps up to do her homage.

THE END.





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